ANEW

### TRANSLATION

OF THE

## MORALS

OF

## SENECA:

In FIVE PARTS.

I. Of Benefits.

II. Of an Happy Life.

III. Of Anger.

IV: Of Clemency.

AND

V. Epiftles on Several Subjects.

To which is prefix'd,

Some Account of the LIFE of SENECA.

Together with

The Opinion of the Antients concerning his Writings.

By GEORGE BENNET, A.M.

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## PREFACE.

MONGST all the celebrated Philosophers of Antiquity, Seneca justly merits the highest Esteem; for when others are busied in vain Disquets and trisling Altercations, he strikes at the Root of Vice; and whilst with a nervous Energy, he bares the Villain's Breast, and strikes hame and Horror to the pungent Conscience of the rapacious Man, the furious, the avaritious, he libidinous, the voluptuous, and luxuriant, he makes Virtue triumph over the Oppressor, and exalts her brighter Trophies to Heaven; or, to use his own Thought, makes Heaven descend to visit her.

We bope it will be a sufficient Apology for translating this celebrated Author anew, that the old Abstract which has so long gone under the Notions of his Works, is very desicient, particularly in Point of Language, which is not done suffice too at all; for, many of Seneca's Thoughts seem to rise like Sparks of Fire, by striking a Collison upon each other, and sometimes, to all Appearance, not in the least dependent; but these incomparable Starts and Emanations of his, are much superior to the groveling Harangues of others,

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#### The PREFACE.

others, as the Faculties and Operations of the Soul, are to the menial Functions of the Body. Though with all Reverence to bis divine Essaysupon Providence, Benefits, Anger, Clemency, and the Art of attaining an happy Life, it must be confessed, that he shews as much Skill in the Distribution of bis Matter, the Congruity and Proportion of the Parts, and the Harmony of the whole in the Contexture, as be does a natural Genius in adapting the Tenderness and Strength of all his senten-tious Raptures to the Use of Mankind: So that this ranging Humour of his, as a learned Gentleman of the last Age is pleased to call it, is accompanied with a curious Felicity of lively and pertinent Reflections, even in the most ordinary Occurrences of Life; and he is so judicious in bis Applications, that every Man reads bim over again within himself, and his own Heart feels the Effects, and bears Testimony to the Truth of his Doctrine. And what more can be done towards establishing a right Principle in Ethics? For the greatest Test of Truth and just Reason is, that which carries along with it the universal Assent of Nature. Upon the Whole, therefore we may pronounce these Morals of Seneca, next to the Sacred Writings, the completest System and Rule of Virtue extant.

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## L I F

OF

## SENECA.

ENECA was born at Cordova, in Spain, a Roman Colony, of great Fame and Antiquity: He was of the Family of Annæus, of the Order of Knights; and the Father Lucius Annæus Seneca was distinguished from the Son by the Name of the Orator; his Mother's Name was Helvia, a Woman of excellent Qualities: His Father came to Rome in the Time of Augustus; and his Wife and Children soon followed him, our Seneca yet being in his Infancy. There were three Brothers of them; Marcus Annæus Novatus; Lucius Annæus Seneca; and Lucius Annæus Mela. The first of these chang'd his Name to Jumus Gallio.

Gallio.

Gallio, upon his being adopted by him; the Treatise of Anger is dedicated to him. Anneus Mela, the youngest Brother was Lucan's Father.

In the fifth Year of Tiberius, at the Expulsion of the Yews from Rome, Seneca was about twenty Years of Age; his Father defigned him for the Bar, but his Genius led him rather to Philosophy, and he applied his Studies to Virtue and Morality. He constantly attended the Lectures of the great Men of that Age; as Attalus, Sotion, Papirius Fabianus, and was also a great Admirer of Demetrius the Cynic, whose Conversation he had afterwards at Court, and with whom he travelled into foreign Parts. His Father very much discouraged his studying Philofophy, and would needs put him upon public Employments, in Pursuance of which he was first chose Quastor, then Pretor, and fome fay Conful, but this is dubious.

He was pitch'd upon to be Tutor to Nero, and whilst the Emperor follow'd his Advice, all Things went right; his two chief Favourites were Burrhus and Seneca, who were both excellent in their different Ways; Burrhus for his Military Discipline, and Seneca, for his preceptive Infiructions.

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In the first Year of Claudius he was banished into Corfica, when Julia the Daughter of Germanicus was accused by Messalina, of Adultery, and banished too; Seneca being charged as one of the Adulterers. He was re-called, after he had been in Exile about eight Years, and as much in Favour as ever. His Estate was partly Patrimonial, but the greatest Part of it was the Bounty of his Prince; his Villa's, Gardens, Lands, Possessions, and incredible Sums of Money, are agreed upon at all Hands, which drew an Envy upon him. Dio reports, that he had 250,000 l. at Interest in Brittany, which he called in all at once; yet the Court could never bring him to Flattery, and the Practife of his whole Life witnesses for his Piety, Submission, and Virtue; for finding that he had ill Offices done him at Court, and that Nero's Favour began to cool, he went directly to him, and offer'd to refund all that he had gotten; Nero indeed would not receive it, but however, from that Time he changed his Course of Life, received few Visits, shunn'd Company, and went but little abroad.

He had two Wives; we have no mention of the Name of the first, but his second was Paulina, whom he often speaks of with great Regard; but his Son Marcus was by the former.

Tacitus gives us the following Account of Seneca's Death, to Nero's great Satisfaction; not that there was any Proof against him of being in Pifo's Conspiracy, but Nero was resolved to do that openly which he could not effect privately; for it is reported, that he had corrupted Cleonicus, a freed Man of Seneca to give his Master Poison, but it had not the defired Success; for either the Servant discovered it to his Master, or Seneca by his Prudence and Caution, prevented it; for he lived only upon a simple Diet, as the Fruits of the Earth, and his Drink was most commonly the River Water.

Natalis was fent to visit him, with a Complaint, that he would not let Pifo come near him, and advising him to a Continuance of, their Friendship and Acquaintance; to whom Seneca made answer, that frequent Meetings and Conferences between them, could do neither of them any Good, but that he should be glad to hear of Piso's Welfare. Hereupon a Captain of the Guard was fent to examine Seneca, upon the Discourse that paffed between him and Natalis; Seneca either accidentally, or on purpose, came that Day from Campania, to a Villa of his within four Miles of the City; and the next Evening the Officer beset the House. He found Seneca at Supper with his Wife and two Friends,

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and immediately told his Commission; Seneca admitted that Natalis had been with him in Piso's Name, and that he had excused himself from granting his Request, on Account of his ill State of Health, and his Defire to be private and quiet. " Cafar himself, says he, knew very well " that I was not a Man of Compliment, " having received more Proofs of my Free-" dom than my Flattery."

This Answer of Seneca, was delivered to Nero, in the Presence of Poppaa and Tigellinus, the intimate Confidents of this barbarous Prince; and Nero ask'd him, whether he could gather any Thing from Seneca, as if he intended to make away with himself? The Tribune replied, he did not find him at all moved with the Message, but he went on with his Discourse, and did not so much as once change Countenance. Go back to him, says, Nero, and tell him, that he is condemned to die. Fabius Rusticus, says the Tribune, did not return the same Way he came, but went aside to Fenius, and told him Casar's Orders, asking him whether he should obey them or not; who advised him to it by all Means: Sylvanus, also one of the Con-fpirators assisted now, yet he did not think fit to appear himself in the Business, but fent a Centurion to Seneca to tell his Doom. Seneca

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COLLEG

Seneca without any Surprise or Disorder, called for his Will, which being refused him, he turned to his Friends and told them, "That fince he was not permitted to requite " them as they deferved, he was yet at Li-" berty to bequeath them what he effeemed " most of all, the Image of his Life, which " should give them the Reputation both of " Constancy and Friendship: Where added " he, is all your Philosophy now, all your " Resolutions against the Violences of For-" tune? Is there any Man fo ignorant of " Nero's Cruelty, as to think that after the " Murder of his Mother and Brother, he " would spare the Life of his Governor?" After fome general Expressions to this Purpose, he embraced his Wife, and conjured her to moderate her Sorrows, and betake herself to the Contemplation of a virtuous Life in which she would find an ample Confolation for the Loss of her Husband. Paulina on the other Side, tells him, that she was determined to accompany him; and with a fix'd and resolute Countenance, order'd the Executioner to perform his Office. "Well, fays Seneca, if after the Sweet-" ness of Life, and the many Pleasures therein, which I have often represented " to thee; if notwithstanding the natural " Propensity which all Mankind have to " fustain their Being, even under Calami-" ties and Affections; if thou can't over-

" come that innate Love of Life which "Nature hath implanted in us all, and " hadft rather meet an honourable Death, " thou wilt rife superior to the rest of thy " Sex, and future Ages will esteem thee the first of Roman Dames; and in this " Advice, I confult at the fame Time, the " Fame of a Person I have ever loved, and " my own Tenderness; which alone makes " me fear, and tremble at my approach-" ing Fate, in Dread of the Injuries that " may attend thee when I am gone: Our " Resolution in this generous Act will be " equal, but thine will be the greater Re-" putation." After this, the Veins of both their Arms were open'd at the same Time; Seneca being wasted by Age and a spare-Diet, did not bleed freely; the Veins of his Thighs were therefore cut to haften his Death; his Eloquence shew'd itself to the last, for in the Midst of his Agonies he continued dictating to his Friends. But Nera having no particular Spite against Paulina, order'd her to be faved; fearing his Cruelty would grow too insupportable and odious.

Seneca finding his Death flow and lingring, desired Statius Annæus to give him a Dose of Poison, which he had prepared before-hand; this was brought him, and he drank it up, but to little Purpose, for his Body was al-

### viii. The Life of SENECA.

ready chill'd, and bound up against the Force of it. He was then remov'd into a hot Bath, the Fume of which soon dispatch'd him, and his Body was burnt without any suneral Solemnity, as he had directed in his Testament, though that was made in the Height of his Prosperity and Power.



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## OPINIONS

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## ANTIENTS

ON

## Seneca's Writings.

T appears that our Author had, amongst the the Antients, three profes'd Enemies. In the first Place Caligula, who called his Writings, Sand without Lime, alluding to the Starts of his Fancy, and the Incoherence of his Sentences. But Seneca was never the worse for the Censure of a Person that proposed even the suppressing of Homer himself, and of casting Virgil and Livy out of all Public Libraries. The next was Fabius, who tasks him for being too bold with the Eloquence of former Times, and failing in that Point himself;

and also for being too queint and finical in his Expressions: Which Tacitus imputes, in Part, to the Freedom of his own particular Inclination, and partly to the Humour of the Times. He is also charged by Fabius as no profound Philosopher; but with all this, he allows him to be a Man very studious and learned, of great Wit and Invention, and well read in all Sorts of Literature; a fevere Reproyer of Vice, most divinely fententious, and well worth the reading, if it were only for his Morals; adding, That if his Judgment had been answerable to his Wit, it had been much the more for his Reputation; but, he wrote whatever came next; So that I would advise the Reader, says he, to diffinguish where he himself did not; for there are many Things in him, not only to be approv'd, but admired; and it was great Pity, that he that could do what he would, should not always make the best Choice. His third Adversary is Agellius, who falls upon him for his Style, and a Kind of tinkling in his Language, but yet commends him for his Piety and good Counfels. On the other Side, Colunella calls him a Man of excellent Wit and Learning ; Pliny, The Prince of Erudition ; Tacitus gives him the Character of a wife Man, and a fit Tutor for a Prince: Dio reports him to have been the greatest Man of his Age. A. 100 July enroque T the Antients, three profess'd Enemies. In the

Of those Pieces of his that are extant, we shall not need to give any particular Account; and of those that are lost we cannot, any farther than by Lights to them from other Authors, as we find them cited much to his Honour; and we may reasonably compute them to be the greater Part of his Works. That he wrote several Poems in his Banishment, may be gathered partly from himself, but more expressly out of Tacitus, who says, That he

Defigne courfe takes rulity out of makes felf farth the O had

Son of his Write thew loft,

Colou

Servas How be A courful ays ludge and sup we watton dation reat derir

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meter he saw that Nero took Pleasure in it, out of a Design to curry Favour. St. Jerom refers to a Distribute of his concerning Matrimony. Lactantius the Notice of his History, and his Books of Morality: St. Augustin quotes some Passages of his out of a Book of Superstition: Some References we meet with to his Books of Exhortations. Fabius makes Mention of his Dialogues: And he himself speaks of a Treatise of his own concerning Earthquakes, which he wrote in his Youth. But the Opinion of an Epistolary Correspondence that he had with St. Paul, does not seem to have much Colour for it.

Some few Fragments, however, of those Books of his that are wanting, are yet preserved in the Writings of other eminent Authors; sufficient to thew the World how great a Treasure they have tost, by the Excellency of that little that is left,

Seneca, lays Lactantius, that was the sharpest of all the Stoicks, Divin. Institute How great a Veneration has he for Lib. 1. Cap. 1, be Almighty! As for Instance, dis-

ludge? He is the supreme Governor of Heaven and Earth, and the God of all your gods; and it is upon him that all those Powers depend, which we worship for Deities. Moreover, in his Exhortations: This God, says he, when he laid the Foundations of the Universe, and entered upon the treatest and the best Work in Nature, in the ordering of the Government of the World; the was himself all in all; yet he substituted other ubordinate Ministers, as the Servants of his Commands.

mands. And how many other Things does this Heathen Speak of God, like one of us !

Cap. 2. Which the Acute Seneca (says Lactantius again) saw in his Exhortations. We, says he, have our Dependance elsewhere, and should look up to that Power, to which we are indebted for all we can pretend to that is good.

And again, Seneca fays very Lib. 21. Cap. 2. well in his Morals; They worfhip the Images of the Gods, fays he, kneel to them, and adore them; they are hardly ever from them, either plying them with Offerings or Sacrifices; and yet, after all this Reverence to the Image, they have no Regard at all to the Workman that made it.

Lactantius again. An Invec-Lib. 3. Cap. 15. tive (fays Seneca in his Exhortations) is the Master-Piece of most of our Philosophers; and if they fall upon the Subject of Avarice, Lust, or Ambition, they lash out into such Excess of Bitterness, as if Railing were a Mark of their Profession. They make me think of Gally-pots in an Apothecary's Shop, that have Remedies without, and Poison within.

Lastantius still. He that would Lib. 3. Cap. 9. know all Things, let him read Seneca, the most lively Describer of Publick Vices, and Manners, and the smartest Reprehender of them.

Lib. 6. Cap. 17. in the Books of Moral Philosophy; He is the brave Man, whose Splendor and Authority is the least Part of his

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his Greatness; that can look Death in the Face, without Trouble or Surprize; who, if his Body were to be broken upon the Wheel, or melted Lead to be poured down his Throat, would be less concerned for the Pain itself, than for the Dignity of bearing it.

Let no Man, Says Lactantius, think himself the safer in Lib. 6. Cap. 14. his Wickedness for Want of a Witness; for God is omniscient, and to bim Nothing can be a Secret. It is an admirable Sentence that Seneca concludes his Exhortation withal: God, fays he, is a Great, (I know not what) an Incomprehenfible Power: It is to him that we live, and and to him that we must approve our selves. What does it avail us, that our Consciences are hidden from Men, when our Souls lie open to God? What could a Christian have spoken more to the Purpose in this Case than this Divine Pagan? And in the Beginning of the Same Work, says Seneca, What is it that we do? To what End is it to fland contriving, and to hide ourselves? We are under a Guard, and there is no escaping our Keeper. One Man may be parted from another by Travel, Death, or Sickness: but there is no dividing us from ourfelves. It is to no Purpose to creep into a Corner

It is truly and excellently spoken
of Seneca. says Lactantius once Lib. 6. Cap. 25.
again: Consider, says he, the
Majesty, the Goodness, and the venerable Mercies of the Almighty; a Friend that is always at
Hand,

where no Body shall see us. Ridiculous Madness! Make it the Case that no mortal Eye could find us out: He that has a Conscience gives Evidence

against himself.

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Hand. What Delight can it be to him, the Slaugh. ter of innocent Creatures, or the Worship of bloody Sacrifices? Let us purge our Minds, and lead virtuous and honest Lives. His Pleasure lies not in the Magnificence of Temples, made with Stone, but in the Piety and Devotion of consecrated Hearts.

In the Book that Seneca wrote against Superstitions, treating of Images, fays St. Auftin, he writes thus, They represent the Holy, De Civ. Dei, the Immortal, and the Inviolable Gods, in the bafest Matter, and Lib. 6. Cap. 10. without Life or Motion: In the Forms of Men, Beafts, Fishes; some of mixed Bodies; and those Figures they call Deities; which, if they were but animated, would affright a Man, and pass for Monsters. And then a little farther, treating of Natural Theology, after citing the Opi-nions of Philosophers, he fupposes an Objection against himself: Some Body will perhaps ask me, Would you have me then to believe the Heavens and the Earth to be Gods, and fome of them above the Moon, and fome below it? Shall I ever be brought to the Opinion of Plate, or of Strate the Peripatetick? The one of which would have God to be without a Body, and the other without a Mind? To which he replies? And do you give more Credit then to the Dreams of T. Tatius, Romulus, and Hostilius, who caused among other Deities, even Fear and Paleness to be worthipped? The vilest of human Affections; the one being the Motion of an affrighted Mind, and the other not fo much the Difease, as Colour of a difordered Body. Are these the Deities that you will rather put your Faith in, and place in the Heaven's? And . Speaking afterward of their abominable Customs, with what Liberty does he write? One, fays he, out of Zeal,

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Zeal, makes himself an Eunuch; another lances as Arms: If this be the Way to please their Gods, what should a Man do if he had a Mind to anger them? Or if this be the Way to pleafe them, they do certainly deserve not to be wor-shipped at all. What a Frenzy is this, to imagine, that the Gods can be delighted with fuch Cruelties, as even the worst of Men would make a Conscience to inflict! The most barbarous and notorious of Tyrants, some of them have, perhaps, done it themselves, or ordered the tearing of Men to Pieces by others; but they never went fo far, as to command any Man to torment him-felf. We have heard of those that have suffered Castration, to gratify the Lust of their imperious Masters; but never any Man that was forced to act it upon himself. They murther themselves in their very Temples, and their Prayers are offered up in Blood. Whosoever shall but observe what they do, and what they fuffer, will find it so misbecoming an honest Man, so unworthy of a Freeman, and so inconsistent with the Action of a Man in his Wits, that he must conclude them all to be mad, if it were not that there are fo many of them; for only their Number is their Justification, and their Protection.

When he comes to reflect, says St. Augustine, upon those Passages which he himself had seen in the Capitol, he censures them with Liberty and Resolution: And no Man will believe that such Things would be done, unless in Mockery or Phrenzy. What Lamentation is there in the Egyptian Sacrifices, for the Loss of Osiris? And then, what Joy for the seeing of him again? Which he himelf makes Sport with; for, in Truth, it is all a Fiction; and yet those People, that neither lost any Thing, nor found any Thing, must

must express their Sorrows and their Rejoicings, to the bighest Degree: But there is only a certain Time, fays he, for this Freak, and once in a Year People may be allowed to be mad. I came into the Capitol, fays Seneca, where the feveral Deities had their feveral Servants and Attendants, their Lictors, their Dressers, and all in Posture and Action, as if they were executing their Offices: Some to hold the Glass, others to comb out Juno's and Minerva's Hair: One to tell Jupiter what o' Clock it is; Some Lasses there are that sit gazing upon the Image, and fancy Jupiter has a Kindness for them. All these Things, fays Seneca a while after, a wife Man will observe for the Laws Sake, more than for the Gods; and all this Rabble of Deities, which the Superstition of many Ages has gathered together, we are in fuch Manner to adore, as to consider the Worship to be rather Matter of Cuftom than of Conscience. Whereupon St. Augustine observes, That this illustrious Senator worshipped what he reproved, acted what he disliked, and adored what he condemned.

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## MORALS

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PART I.
Of BENEFITS.

CHAP. I.

Of BENEFITS in general.

MONGST the many and various Errors of a rash and inconsiderate Life, there is nothing more hurtful than the Ignorance of Mankind in giving and receiving Benefits, for 'tis a natural Consequence, that a Favour badly conferr'd must be badly acknowledged, nor is it wonderful that amongst so many and great Vices, nothing is more common than Ingratitude. And this arises chiesly from a Mistake, in not selecting Persons worthy to be obliged, or misapplying the Benefit bestowed. It is necessary therefore first of all to enquire what a Benefit is? which I shall define thus. A Benefit is a friendly Office done with Intention and Discretion, B

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that is, with a due Regard had to the Circumstances of Quality; Manner; Cause; Time; Place; Perfon and Quality: Or otherwise; It is a free and benevolent Action, that delights the Giver in the Comfort it administers to the Receiver. For it is not so material what is done or what bestow'd as with what Inclination. It will be hard to reduce this Subject either into Method or Compass, first because of the infinite Diversity and Complication of Cases, and next by Reason of the large Extent of it. For almost the whole Business of Mankind in their social Capacity will come under this Topic: The Duties of Monarchs and Subjects; Husbands and Wives; Parents and Children; Mafters and Servants; Natives and Strangers; those who are exalted in Grandeur, or groveling in Obscurity; Rich or Poor; Friends or Enemies may all be comprized herein. The very Meditation of it changes our Nature, inspires us with generous Thoughts, and teaches us the Parts of Honour, Humanity, Friendship, Piety, Gratitude, Prudence and Juffice. The Skill of right ordering and conferring Benefits, is of all moral Duties the most absolutely necessary to the wellbeing of Man in general, and of every Individual: It is the very Cement of public Community, and a peculiar Bleffing to Particulars: He that is beneficent to his fellow Creatures does Good to himfelf, not only in the Consequence, but in the very Action, fince the conscious Knowledge of well-doing gives fuch a fubftantial Joy to the Heart as is an ample Reward.

There are several Sorts of Benefits, which may be reckon'd Necessary, Profitable, or Delightful. There are some Things without which Life cannot subsist; others, without which we ought not to live, and some on the other Hand we do not chuse to live without: In the first Rank are those which de-

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liver us from imminent Dangers, or the dismal Apprehensions of Death: Then the Favour is to be estimated according to the Hazard, for the greater the Extremity, the more confiderable is the Obliga-The next is a Case wherein we may indeed live, but in which it is much nobler to die, as when Liberty is in Question, or upon the Account of Chastity, or to preserve a good Conscience. In the third Place, we may reckon those Things which Custom, Use, Affinity, or Acquaintance have render'd valuable to us, as Husbands, Wives, Children, Friends, &c. which a Man of Honour and Honesty will endeavour to preserve at his utmost Peril: And there's a large Field to discourse of Things profitable as Money, Honour, &c. which we might adjoin Matters of Pleasure and Superfluity. But before we come to the Circumstances of a Benefit, it will be proper to make fome previous and general Deliberations upon the Thing itself.

#### CHAP II.

Of different Species of BENEFITS.

IN Order to be the more concise, and to bring this Treatise into a better Method, we will divide Benefits into Absolute and Common. The first wholly appertaining to good Life, and the other only Matter of Commerce between Man and Man: The former are by much the more excellent, upon the Account that they can never be abolished, whereas all material Benefits are continually sluctuating, and in Possession of different Masters.

There are some Offices that have the Appearance of Benefits, yet are nothing but pleasing Conveniences,

niences, fuch as Wealth, or Dignity, and Titles. These a wicked Man may have conserr'd upon him by a good, or a good Man by the most evil. There are some on the other Hand that seem like Injuries which are but Benefits ill taken; as Incifions, Cauftics, or cutting off a Limb under the Hand of a Surgeon. The greatest Benefits of all are those which we receive from our Parents, as a good Education bestow'd on us in a State of Ignorance, or Obstinacy; their Care and tender Concern for us in our Infancy; their Discipline in our Childhood to keep us to our Duties by Fear; and when Perfuafion fails, their proceeding to Severity and Punishment, and by Correction implanting Goodness in us against our Inclinations. There are Matters of great Value many times which bear but a small Price, such are Instructions from a Tutor, Medicines from a Physician, &c. And there are small Matters again which may be of great Confideration to us: The Gift may be little, and yet the Consequence very considerable, a Cup of cold Water in Time of Diffress may fave a Man's Life. Some Things are of great Moment to the Giver, others to the Receiver; for Instance, one Man gives me an House, another snatches me out of it, when it is falling upon my Head; one gives me an Estate, another takes me out of the Fire, or casts me out a Rope when I am finking: Some good Offices we do to Friends; others to Strangers; but those are the noblest we do without Predefert. There is a bountiful Obligation and a charitable one, the first in Point of Convenience, and the latter in a Case of Necessity.

Some Benefits are common, others are personal; as for Example, when a Monarch, of his own Accord, grants any particular Privileges to a City, in that Case the Obligation lies upon the Communi-

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ty, and affects every Individual only as a Part of the Whole; but if it is done particularly for one Person's Sake, then he fingly is the Debtor for it. The Cherishing of Strangers is one of the Duties of Hospitality, and exercises itself in the Relief and Protection of the Diffressed.

There are likewise Benefits of good Counsel, Reputation, Life, Fortune, Liberty, Health, and even of Superfluity and Pleasure. One Man obliges me out of his Pocket, another gives me Matter of Ornament or Curiofity, and a third affords me Confolation in Trouble or Adversity. Not to mention Negative Benefits: For there are fome that reckon it an Obligation, if they do a Person no Hurt, and place it to Accompt as if they faved a Man because they don't undo him, when they have it in their Power. To define it in a few Words, as Benevolence is the most fociable of all Virtues, for it is of the largest Extent, for there is not any Man either fo great or fo little, but he is capable of giving and receiving Benefits.

#### CHAP. III.

A Father may have Obligations to his Son. and a Master to his Servant.

TT is a Question that will bear canvassing, Whether it is not possible for a Father to owe more to a Son, in other Respects, than the Son owes to his Father for his Being. Doubtless there are many Sons who are greater and better than their Fathers, as the Original often falls short of many Things that derive their Being from it: Thus for Example the Tree is larger than the Seed, the River than its Spring, the Foundation of all Things lies hid, and the

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the Superstructure obscures it: How can I owe all to my Father because he gave me Being, when at the same Time I may owe as much to a Physician who faved his Life, for if he had not been cured, I might never have been begotten: Or if I stand indebted for all that I am to my Beginning, my Acknowledgment must run back to the Original of all human Beings. My Father bestowed Life on me, which he could not have done, if his Father had not first given it to him. He gave me Life, not knowing to whom, and when I was in a Condition, neither to feel the Stroke of Death, nor to dread it. But the greatest Benefit is to give Life to one that knows how to use it, and that is susceptible of the Apprehension of Death; it is true, that without a Father I could never have had a Being, and fo without a Nurse that Being had never been improved; but it does not follow therefore, that I am indebted for my Virtue either to the Founder of my Birth. or her that fuckled me. The Generation of me is by much the least Part of the Benefit, for to live and breathe I enjoy in common with the Brutes. but to live well is the main Business of Mankind, and that Virtue is all my own, excepting what I imbibed from my Education. Neither should we hastily conclude, that the first Benefit should be the greatest, because without the first, the greatest could never have been; the Father gives Life to the Son but once, but if the Son faves his Father's Life several Times, though it is look'd upon only as his Duty so to do, it is, notwithstanding, a greater Benesit: And farther, as every Benefit we receive is exaggerated by the Necessity we are under for it, as the living has more Need of Life than he that is not yet born; so the Father receives a greater Benefit in the Continuance of Life, than the Child in his Birth.

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Suppose a Son deliver his Father from the Torture, or which is more, lay himself down in his Place? The giving him a Being was but the Office of a Parent, a fimple Act, a Benefit bestow'd at a Venture; besides that he was a Partaker in it, and did it out out of Regard to his Family, he gave only a fingle Life, and he received a happy one in Return. My Parents fent me into the World naked, exposed, and void of Reason, but my Reputation and Fortune are advanced by my Virtue. If any one makes himself famous throughout the World for Eloquence, impartial Distribution of Justice, or Atchievements in War, does he not confer an inestimable Benefit on his Parents by dragging them as it were from Obscurity, and placing them in the fairest Light. Who had ever known ARISTOS or. GRYLLUS, but for their Sons XENOPHON and PLATO? And the Merit of SOCRATES, first brought us acquainted with SOPHRONISCUS. Sci-PIO whilft he was yet but a young Man preserved his Father's Life in a Battle; and afterwards rescued him from the Machinations and Contrivances of a powerful Faction, who had accused him; loading him with the highest Honours of Rome, and the Spoils of public Enemies. He made himself as eminent for his Moderation as for his Piety and military Skill: He was the Defender and Establisher of his Country, and having destroy'd its most potent Rival, left the Empire without a Competitor, making himself not only the Preserver but the Founder of the Roman Glory: And did not Scipio in all this, more than requite his Father, for barely begetting him. Did Anchifes more oblige Eneas by dandling him in his Arms when an Infant, than the Trojan did his Father, by bearing him on his Shoulders through the Flames of Troy, and making his Name famous to latest Posterity, amongst the Founders of the

the Roman Empire? Titus Manlius had a crossgrain'd haughty Father, who banished him his House, as a Blockhead and a Scandal to his Family: Yet this very Son, hearing that his Father's Life was in Question, and a Day appointed for his Trial, went to the Tribune that was concerned in the Cause, and discoursed him about it; the Tribune acquainted him with the Time that it was to come on, and thinking to oblige the young Man, told him that Part of his Father's Accusation would be his ill Usage to him. Manlius having got what he wanted, drew a concealed Dagger from his Bofom, and laying hold on the Tribune, Unless you fwear, fays he, that you will let this Profecution drop, I will bury this Dagger in your Heart; I know it is in your Power, and I thus leave it to your Option, whether you will deliver my Father or not. The Tribune fwore, and kept his Word, and made a favourable Report of the whole Affair to the Council.

I do not speak this to discountenance the Veneration that is due from us to our Parents, nor to make Children worse but better, and excite in them generous Emulations; for in a Contention of good Offices both Parties are happy, as well the Van quish'd as the Conqueror. It is the only honourable Dispute that can arise between Father and Son, which

shall exceed the other in conferring Benefits.

It is likewise a Question, whether a Master may be obliged to a Servant? And in the Solution of this we must distinguish which are Benefits, which Duties, and which Ministerial Actions: By Benefits are to be understood those good Offices that we receive from Strangers, which are voluntary and may be forbore without Blame. Duties appertain more immediately to a Son or a Wife, and are incumbent upon Kindred and Relations. Ministerial Offices are the Part of a Servant; and fince it must

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be allowed that the Mind, and not the Condition of the Person sets the Value upon the Benefit, a Servant may oblige his Mafter, as a Subject may his Sovereign, or a common Soldier his General, by doing more than he is expresly bound to do: There are many Things in which the Law is tacit, and neither commands nor forbids; and in thefe, the Servant is left free to use his Discretion. But it would be a very hard Case for a Servant to be chastised for doing less than his Duty, and to meet with no Encouragement when he does more; his Service and Person, 'tis true, are his Master's; but his Mind is his own, and there are many Commands which are as improper for a Servant to obey as a Master to impose. No Man is so great, or in ever so exalted a Station, but he may both need the Help and Service, and stand in Fear of the Power and Unkindness even of the meanest of Mortals. One Servant kills his Master, another saves him; nay, preserves his Master's Life at the Hazard of his own; he exposes himself to Torments and Death, and stands unmoved amidst Threats and Flatteries. This is not only a Benefit in the Servant, but much the greater for his being in that Condition.

When Domitius was blocked up in Corfinium, and the Place besieged by Cæsar, he press'd his Servant to administer Poison to him, which finding him backward to comply with, as loving his Master and valuing his Life; "Why do "you delay, says Domitius, seeing I am resolved on Death, and if you deny it me the Way I requested, have it in my Power to find it with my "Sword? The Servant moved by his Despair, was prevailed upon to give him a Potion, which it seems was only an innocent Opiate. Cæsar took the Town, and being enraged at the Servant for B 5

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Only let me be preserved, says he, 'till the Event discovers whether I have given your Father Poison or not. Demetrius recover'd, and Casar gave him his Life, but it was his Servant that gave it him first.

At the Siege of Adrumentum, when it was reduced to the last Extremity, two Servants made their Escape and went over to the Enemy, where they were kindly received. At length the Town was taken and the Romans enter'd, the Soldiers in the Heat of their Fury putting all to the Sword; these two Fellows ran directly home, took their Mistress out of her House, and drove her before them, reviling her all the Way, and telling every Body how barbarously she had used them formerly, and that they were now refolved to be revenged on her. When they had got her without the Walls, they carefully concealed her 'till the Danger was over, by which Means they faved their Mistress's Life, and fhe in Return gave them their Freedom. It was not the Action of a fervile Mind to do fo glorious a Thing under the Appearance of fo much Villany, for if they had not pass'd for Deserters and Parricides, they could not have accomplished their Defign.

Caius Vettius, Governor of the Marsians, was carried out to be put to Death in the Presence of the Roman General; his Servant who accompanied him, and saw him in this Extremity, snatch'd a Sword from one of the Guards, with which he first slew his Master, then, says he, "It is Time" to consult my own Safety, I have set free my Master, and now must seek Liberty myself." And with these Words he immediately plunged the Weapon in his own Breast. Shew me any one that could more nobly share his Master's Fate.

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With one Instance more, (and that a very brave

one) I shall conclude this Chapter.

In the Civil Wars of Rome, a Party coming to fearch for a Person of Quality that was proscribed, a Servant put on his Master's Cloaths, and suffer'd bimself to be taken by the Soldiers as the Master of the House: He was taken into Custody, and put to Death without discovering the Mistake. What could be more glorious, than for a Servant to die for his Master? in so degenerate an Age too, when there were not many Servants that would not betray their Mafters? Who can help admiring so generous a Tenderness, in a public Cruelty? Such invincible Fidelity in a general Corruption, as rather to chuse Death for the Reward of his Honesty, than the greatest Advantages he might otherwise have had for the Violation of it?

## CHAP. IV.

The Intention constitutes the Benefit, not the Matter.

A LL Benefits are derived from their first Fountain, the good Will of the Benefactor; 'tis that is the Benefit itself, or at least the Stamp which set upon it makes it valuable and pass current. There are some People I know, that consound the Matter with the Benefit, and tax the Obligation by Weight and Measure. Bestow any thing upon them, and they presently bring it to Accompt, What may such an House be worth? such an Office? such an Estate, &c? as if the Benefit consisted only in the outward Sign and Mark of it; for the Obligation rests in the Mind, not in the Substance; and all those Advantages

Advantages which we see, handle, and hold in actual Possession, by the Courtesy of another, are but several Modes and Forms of explaining our Intention, and putting our good Will in Execution.

There is no great Subtilty required to prove, that Benefits and Injuries receive their intrinsic Value from the Mind, when the Brutes are able to decide the Question. Tread upon a Dog by Chance, or put him to Pain by dreffing a Wound, the first he passes by as an Accident; and the other, after his Manner, he acknowledges as a Kindness; but offer to strike him in Anger, though you do him no Hurt at all, yet he slies at you even for the Mis-

chief that you barely defigned him.

Moreover, it is to be observed, that all Benefits are good; and (like the Distributions of Providence) Wisdom and Bounty must join to make them compleat; whereas the Gift itself is neither good nor bad; but may be indifferently applied either to one or t'other. The Benefit is immortal, the Gift perishable; for the Benefit itself continues when we have no longer either the Use or the Matter of it. He that is dead, was once alive; he that is blind, did once see; and whatsoever is done, cannot be render'd undone. For Instance, my Friend has the Misfortune to be taken by Pirates, I redeem him; and after that he falls into other Pirates Hands, his Obligation to me is still the fame, as if he had retained his Freedom; and likewise, if I save a Man from any one Mischance, and another happens to him; if I give him a Sum of Money, which he afterwards is deprived of by Thieves, it comes to the same Case. Chance may deprive us of the Matter of a Benefit, but the Benefit itself remains inviolable; if the Benefit confifted only in the Matter, what is good for one Man oftens
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ter W un Man would be equally beneficial for another; whereas oftentimes the very fame Thing given to different Persons works contrary Effects, even to the Hazard of Life or Death, and what is salutary to one, may be poisonous to another; besides, that the right timing of it greatly alters the Value, and a Crust in Time of Need, is a better Present than an Imperial Crown.

What is more common, than in the Heat of Battle to take Aim at an Enemy and kill a Friend? or oftentimes instead of a Friend to save an Enemy; but this Disappointment in the Event, doth not in the least alter the Intention; and it is the fame Thing when Good is done and Injury defign'd. Suppose a Man cures me of a Wen, with a Stroke that was meant to cut off my Head? Or with a malicious Blow on my Stomach, breaks an Imposthame? Providence directing the Issue otherwise, does not at all discharge the Badness of this Intent Even in the most facred Things the same reasoning holds good, for it is not the Increase that renders the Offering acceptable to the Divine Being, but the Purity of the Heart and Sincerity of the humble Adorer.

But let us take Care and not deviate into an Error on the contrary Side, and think that the bare Will without the Action is sufficient; especially if we have the Power of acting; for it signifies as little to wish well, without well doing, as to do Good without an Intention. So that in short, Conscience alone gives us the true Estimation both of Benefits and Injuries.

Neither does it follow, because the Benefit centers in the good Will, that therefore the good Will should always be a Benefit; for if it is not under the Government of Discretion, those Offices, which we miscall Benefits, are but the Effects of

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Passion or of Chance, and oftentimes the worst of Injuries; I can never receive it as an Obligation, when a Man does me good either thro' Mistake. Ignorance, or Compulsion: We do'nt thank the Seas for the Benefit of Navigation, or the Rivers for supplying us with Fish, and watering our Grounds; neither do we own ourselves obliged to the Trees for their Fruits, or to the Winds for a fair Gale; then why should we make any Difference between a Man that does not know, and an Inanimate that cannot. The Obligation is as much to a good Horse, or a Suit of Armour that saves a Man's Life, as to a Person that never intended it. Suppose one falls into a River and the Fright cures him of an Ague, you cannot fo properly call this a Remedy, but a lucky Mischance; And so it is with the Good we receive either without or beside, or contrary to Intention; for it is the Mind and not the Event, that shews a Benefit from an Injury.

# CHAP. V.

A Benefit farther requires Judgment in the Choice of a Person on whom to confer it.

THE Will may design the Benefit, which the Matter conveys, but it is the Judgment that perfects it; and this depends upon so many critical Niceties, that the least Error in any one of the before-mentioned essential Parts of a Benefit, destroys the whole. Consideration in selecting the Person is therefore a main Point, for we are to give by Choice, and not by Hazard. Inclination directs

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directs me to oblige one Man, and Duty or Justice another: There are some Spendthrists that want, to whom I would not give, because they would still be in the same Condition; and perhaps I would but coolly offer that to one Man, which I would earnest-

ly press upon another.

No Money is employ'd to better Use or Advantage than that which we befrow; and we are not to reftrain our Bounties to particular Friends. Acquaintances, or Countrymen, nor to any one Set of Men, but every Person breathing is an Object for a Benefit. We heap Favours upon some that are good already, as an Encouragement to them to proceed, and upon others in Hopes to allure them to Goodness; but all should be done with Difcretion, for we are equally answerable for what we give as for what we receive; nay, the misplacing a Benefit is worse than the receiving of it badly, for the one is my Fault, but the other is another Man's; and thus the Error of the Giver oftentimes excuses the Ingratitude of the Receiver; for a Fayour wrong placed is rather a Profusion than a Benefit, and an inconfiderate Bounty is a shameless Lofs. Select a Man of Integrity, one who is fincere, grateful, temperate, of a good Disposition, neither covetous nor fordid, and when you have obliged such a Man, though he be in the most indigent Circumstances, you have done a meritorious Action; but if we give only with a View of a Return, we shall omit the greatest Objects of our Charity, the absent, the fick, the captive, and the necessitous. On the contrary, if we oblige those whom we are certain can never retaliate our Favours, as a Stranger at his Departure, or a poor Wretch upon his Death-bed, we make Providence our Debtor, and exult in the fecret Satisfaction of having done a good Office. Whilst our Passions hold

hold us in Subjection, and we are agitated by Hopes and Fears, or unmann'd by becoming Slaves to our Pleasure, we are incompetent Judges where to bestow our Bounties; but when Death presents itself, and we come to our last Will and Testament, we leave our Fortunes to the most worthy. We all act by Sympathy; the Honesty of another Man moves Kindness in me, I would sooner chuse to oblige a grateful Person, than one that is ingrateful, but this should not prevent my doing good also to one that is known to be so; but I would make this Distinction, that I would serve the one in all Extremities with my Life and Fortune, and the other no further than fuited my Couvenience. But how shall I know, you'll say, whether a Man will be grateful or no? I'll follow Probability, and hope the best; the Sower is not sure to reap, the Sailor to reach his wish'd-for Port, nor the Soldier to win the Battle; he that weds, is not fure his Wife will prove honest, or his Children dutiful. But shall we for that Reason neither sow, sail, bear Arms, nor marry ? If therefore I knew a Man to be incurably thankless, I would do him some little Favours, which would stand him in Stead, yet not be reckon'd as Benefits from me; for I do them carelesly, and not for his Sake, but my own, as an Office of Humanity without any Choice or Kindness.

## CHAP. VI.

The Matter and Circumstances of Obligations.

WHEN we have fix'd our Choice upon a proper Person, we are next to consult about the

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tha M the Matter, in which a due Regard must be had, to Time and Place, Proportion and Quality, and even to the critical Turns of Humour and Opportunity; one Man prefers Quiet and Ease to Honour, and another esteems Honour more than inglorious Sasety. And there are Numbers in the World, that, if they can indulge their bodily Appetites, never care what becomes of their Souls; so that good Offices very much depend upon Construction: Some think themselves obliged when they are not, others doubt it even when they really are; and some consound Obligations and Injuries, mis-

taking the one for the other.

In this Dilemma, let us observe, that a Benefit is a reciprocal Tie between the Giver and Receiver, for which Reason it must be conformable to the Rules of Discretion; all Things have their fixt Bounds and Measures, and so must Liberality especially, that it be not either too much or too little, the Excess being full as bad as the Deficiency. Alexander would have bestow'd a City upon one of his Favourites, who modeftly excufed himself, by faying, that it was too much for him to receive: But, replies Alexander, it is not too much for me to give. This was certainly a haughty and imprudent Speech, for what was unfit for one to take, could not be proper for the other to give. To be perpetually giving and loading one with Bounties, the World militakes for Greatness of Mind; but there is a wide Difference between understanding how to give, and not knowing how to keep. Let me have a Heart that is open and easy of Access; but no Holes in it; let it be judiciously bountiful, but not liberally flowing without Discretion: Upon the whole then, he that refused the City, was greater than him that offer'd it. It is the Error of weak Minds and large Fortunes to throw away Money

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not to be thank'd when they have done, no Man esteeming what comes to him by Chance; but when the Gift is govern'd by Reason, it brings Credit both to the Giver and Receiver; whereas they are scandalous Favours, that make a Man blush for his Patron's Indiscretion.

A prudent Man will always adapt the Benefit to

as if they were angry with it, and yet, perhaps,

A prudent Man will always adapt the Benefit to the Condition of the Receiver, who is either his Superior, his Equal, or his Inferior, and what would highly oblige the one, the other would take as a Mockery and Affront; for Instance, a Plate of broken Victuals may be Charity to a poor Man, which purposely sent to a rich one, would be the

greatest Indignity.

The Benefits of Princes and great Men, confift in Honours, Offices, Money, profitable Commiffions, Protection; the poor Man has nothing to present but good Will, good Advice, Faith, Industry, the Service and Hazard of his Person, an early Apple, perhaps, or fome other cheap Curiofity. Equals indeed, may correspond in Kind; but whatfoever the Prefent is, or to whomfoever offer'd, this general Rule must be observed, that we always intend the Good and Satisfaction of the Receiver, and never grant any thing to his Detriment. When 2 Man grants any thing that is prejudicial to us, it is no Excuse for him to plead that he was overcome by Importunity; for when our Heat of Defire is over, we deteft the Man that was prevailed upon to our Destruction. And I would no more ruin a Person at his own Request, than I would neglect faving him against it; for in some Cases it is a Benefit to deny what in others we should grant, and we should rather confider the Advantage than the Defire of the Petitioner. We may in a Paffion carnefly intreat the very Thing, which upon Deliberation,

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iberation, we may come to think not only a pernicious Bounty but a Curse; therefore avoid giving any thing that may turn to Mischief, Insamy, or Shame: It is a Fault to give a Man Water in a high Fever, or to put a Sword in the Hands of a Lunatic: He that lends a Man Money to carry him to a Strumpet, or a Weapon to satiate his Revenge,

participates of his Crime.

To make an acceptable Present, we ought to pitch upon fomething that is scarce and hard to come at, yet which the Person who desires it, may have always in his Eye, and remind him of his Benefactor. It is the better if it be lafting and durable, as Plate rather than Money, Statues than Apparel; for by being permanent, it will bring the Obligation to Remembrance in a handsomer Manner than the Presenter can. However at the same Time take care that it is not improper, as Arms to a Lady, a Library to a Clown, or Toys to a Philofopher. To give any Man what fuits not his Capacity to receive, is to throw a Ball to one without Hands. Nor any thing that may reproach a Man of his Vice or Infirmity, as Dice to a Gamefter, or Spectacles to a Man that's blind: Neither let it be unseasonable as Furrs in Summer, or a flimsey Suit in Winter. It much encreases the Value of the Present, if it was never given him by any body else, nor by me to any other, for what we give to every Body, is Welcome to no Body. The Particularity does much, but the same Thing may receive a different Estimate from several Perfons; for there are Ways of marking and recommending it in fuch a Manner, that the fame good Office may be done to twenty People, and every one shall reckon himself particularly obliged, but this is a Proftitution of Benefits, and rather the Artifice of Conversation than the Virtue of it.

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The Corinthians deputed a folemn Embaffy to Alexander in the Height of his Conquests, to compliment him with the Freedom of their City. Alexander feem'd to receive their Proposal with a Smile of Disdain, but when they told him, it was a Present which they had never made but to Hercules and himself, he entertained them and kindly accepted of it, not for the Presenters Sakes, but because they had joined him with Hercules; tho' they acted as if they were void of Reason in so doing, for Hercules subdued nothing with a felfish View, but all his Actions tended to vindicate and protect the wretched, without accumulating any thing to himself; but the intemperate Macedonian, from his Youth enured himself to the Trade of Violence; to deem him virtuous is wrong, for all his Exploits were the Effects of a successful Temerity; he was rather a common Enemy to Mankind, to Friends and Foes alike, and only prided himself upon being terrible to all Mortals: But could this Madman have reflected, why should he boast of rendering himself more obnoxious to the World than others? He never confider'd, that the dullest Creatures are as dangerous and dreadful as the fiercest, and a Man is as foon destroy'd by the Poison of a Toad, or Tooth of a Serpent, as the Paw of a Tiger.

## CHAP. VII.

The Manner of bestowing a Favour heightens the Obligation.

DO Benefit is so great in itself but it may be prodigiously sweeten'd and improv'd, by the Manner of conferring it. The Virtue rests in the

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the Intention; the Profit in the judicious Application of the Matter; but the Manner gives the Beauty and Grace to the whole, and a good Office can't be faid to be perfect, unless it is accompanied with all the Charms of Humanity, good Nature, and Address, and Dispatch too; for he that keeps

a Man in Suspence was never right at Heart.

What we give let us do it freely, a kind Benefactor makes a Man happy as foon, and to as great a Degree as he can. The Receiver may use Modesty in accepting, but a Delay in the Benefit is unpardonable; if we cannot foresee the Request, let us immediately grant it when ask'd, and by no Means suffer a Repetition. Consider how grievous 2 Thing it is to fay, I beg; the very Sound shocks us, besides it is a double Kindness to do the Thing and fave an ingenuous Man the Confusion of a Blush; it comes too late, that comes for asking; nothing costs us so dear as what we purchase with our Prayers; that's all the Offering we make even to Heaven itself, and there our choicest Petitions we rather present in secret Ejaculations than by Word of Mouth; the most lasting and acceptable Benefit meets the Receiver half Way. We should give as we would receive; chearfully, quickly, and without Hesitation, for there is no Grace in a Benefit that sticks by the Way; if there is Occasion for Delay, let us not however feem to deliberate, for demurring is next Door to denying, and whilst we fuspend we are unwilling. It is indeed the Fashion of Courts to keep Peoples Expectations upon the Stretch, they are fudden in their Injuries but flow in their Benefits; great Men love to put us upon the Rack of Attendance, and thro' Oftentation hold their Suitors in Hand, that they may have many Witnesses of their Power; a Benefit should should be made acceptable in all Shapes, that the Receiver who is never to forget it, may think of it with Satisfaction. Our Obligations must carry no Mixture of Sourness, Severity, Contumely or Reproof with them, nay, should a gentle Admonition be required, referve it to another Opportunity; for Injuries are longer remember'd than Benefits, and it cancels an Obligation to bestow it in such a Manner

as may give Offence.

Some People spoil a good Office after it is done, and others the very Instant of doing it, they require fo much Intreaty and Importunity, that it is tirefome: If they suspect a Petitioner, they immediately look with a four Face, turn from him, and pretend fome trifling Business or other to keep him off with artful Delays; if they oblige him at last, it is rather extorted than obtained; it is not giving a Bounty, but like a Wreftler extricating himfelf from the Gripe of his Antagonist; he does it for

his own Ease, rather than be tormented.

The Value of the Thing itself, consists very much in the Manner of Saying-or doing it. A good Office done with an ill Will, was by Fabius Verrucosus aptly term'd a stony Piece of Bread; he that is hungry is glad to receive it, tho' it breaks his Teeth in eating it. Pride, Arrogance, or Boafts, debase a Benefit; a Pause, an unkind Look or Word, fullies the Lustre of a Courtefy, and corrupts it: And it is the same to shift off a Suitor with a Turn of Wit or a Cavil, as in the Case of the Cynic that begg'd a Talent of Antigonus. That's too great a Sum, fays he, for a Cynic to ask; and when after this Repulse he fell to a Penny, That's too little, fays he, for a Prince to give : He might have found a Way to compromise this Matter by giving him a Penny as to a Cynic, and a Talent as from

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mo of from a Prince. Therefore whatsoever we bestow, let it be done with a frank and chearful Countenance: We must not give with our Hands and deny with our Looks; he that gives quickly

gives willingly.

We should likewise accompany good Deeds with good Words, how much more beautiful does it render a Benefit to bestow it with a placid Countenance and benign Address, in a Sort of familiar Complaint, chiding the Receiver that he did not ask sooner. As for Example,—Why should you make such a Matter of this? Why did you delay coming to me? Why should you make Use of any Body else? I take it ill that you should bring me a Recommendation; pray let me have no more of this, but when you have Occasion hereafter, come to me upon

your own Account.

That is the truest Bounty, the most noble Benignity, when the Receiver goes from us with Joy in his Countenance, and can fay to himself, This has been a lucky Day to me, nothing could be more generoufly or tenderly done, a thousand Times as much another Way could not have equalled this, I can never acknowledge this Favour as I ought. In this Case let the Benefit be ever so great, the Manner of conferring it is by much the noblest Part; where there is Asperity of Countenance, or a fullen Behaviour, a Man had better be without it; a flat Denial is to be preferred to a vexatious Delay; a speedy Death is Mercy compared with a lingering Torment, but to be constrained to use Intercessions and put to Attendance after a Promise is past, is an intolerable Cruelty: Attendance and Dependance is the most troublesome State on Earth, and he that holds me needlesly in Pain, loses two the most precious Things on Earth, Time and the Proof of Friendship. The

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The very Hint of a Man's being in Want often comes too late; If I had Money, faid Socrates, I would buy me a Cloak. They who knew he stood in need of one, should have spared him the Intimation of that Want, for it is not the Value of the Present, but the Benevolence that we are to consifider: He gave me but a little, but it was generoufly and frankly done; it was a little out of a little; yet he gave it me without asking, he press'd it upon me; he waited the Opportunity of doing it, and took it as an Obligation upon himself. On the other Hand, many Benefits make a great Appearance, which are intrinfically little or nothing, they come hard, flow or at unawares; what is given with Pride and Often-

tation is rather an Ambition than a Bounty.

All Philosophers agree that some Benefits are to be conferr'd publickly, others in private. All military Rewards, Posts, and Preferments, or whatever else carry Honour and Reputation with them, should be bestowed openly, but the good Offices we do a Man in Want, Infirmities, or under Reproach, should be known only to those who have the Benefit of them, nor to them neither, if we can handsomely conceal from whence the Favour came; for Secrecy in many Cases is the best Part of the Favour. Arcefilaus having a Mind to relieve a Friend who was fick and in want, yet would have concealed his Distress, privately convey'd a Purse of Money under his Pillow, that the vainly bashful Wretch might feem to find it rather than receive it. Provided I know that I gave it, it is no Matter whether he that has it knows whence it comes: Many Persons stand in need of Help that thro' Shame will not confess it; if the Discovery may give Offence, let it be conceal'd; he that gives to be feen, would never relieve a Man in the dark; in a few Words,

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Words, he must be a wise, a friendly, and a well-bred Man, that perfectly acquits himself in the Art and Duty of obliging, all his Actions must be according to the Standard of Civility, good Nature, and Discretion.

## CHAP. VIII.

Of Benefits in particular, and first of the Value of them.

W E have treated already of Benefits in general, the Matter and Intention, and the Manner in which they should be conferr'd; it is a necessary Consequence, that we should now say something of the Value of them, which we must rate either according to the Good they do us, or by the Inconvenience they fave us, and has no other Standard than a judicious Regard to Circumstance and Occafion; I may fave a Man from drowning, and the Advantage of Life is equal to him, from what Hand foever it comes, or by what Means, but there may be a vast Difference in the Obligation. I may do it with Hazard or Security, with Trouble or with Ease, willingly or by Compulsion, upon Intercession or without it, I may have a Prospect of Vain-glory or Profit, I may do it in Kindness to another, or an hundred By-ends to myfelf, and every Circumstance exceedingly varies the Case.

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Two Persons may part with the same Sum of Money, and yet it may not be the same Benefit: The one had it of his own, and it was but little out of a great Deal; the other borrow'd it, and bestow'd upon me that which he wanted for himself. Two Boys were sent out to setch a certain Person

to their Master; one of them hunts up and down, and comes home again tired, without finding him; the other goes to play with his Companions, fees him by Chance paffing by, delivers his Errand, and brings him: He that found him accidentally deferves to be punished, and he that fought for him and mis'd him, to be rewarded for his

good Will.

In some Cases we value the Thing, in others the Labour and Attendance. What can be more precious than good Manners, Learning, Life, or Health? And yet we pay our Physicians and Tutors only for their Service in their Professions: If we buy Things cheap, it matters not, for it is still a Bargain; it is no Obligation from the Seller, if no Body elfe will give him more for it. What would a Man give to be fet ashore in a Storm? For a House when he is in a Wilderness? A Fire or a Bit of Meat; when he is pinch'd with Hunger or Cold? For a Defence against Thieves, and a thousand other Matters of great Moment that cost but little? Yet we know that the Captain has but his Hire for our Paffage, and that Carpenters and Bricklayers work by the Day. Those are many Times the greatest Obligations, which in vulgar Opinion are the fmallest, as Comfort to the Sick, Poor, Captives, or giving good Counfel, &c. and we should reckon that we are the most indebted for the noblest Benefits. If a Physician or Tutor, adds Care and Friendship to the Duty of his Calling, or to his Instructions, I am to esteem them as my nearest Relations; to watch with me, to be troubled for me, and to put off all other Patients for my Sake, is a particular Kindness, and so it is in my Tutor, if he takes more Pains with me than the rest of his Scholars; it is not enough in this Case, to pay the one his Fee and the other his Salary, but I am indebted to them over and above for their Friendship: It is customary to give the meanest Mechanic a Gratuity more than his bare Agreement, if he does his Work carefully and industriously, and shall we deal worse with the Preservers of our Lives, and Reformers of our Manners?

He that gives himself, if he be worth accepting, gives the greatest Blessing, especially in the Cases before-mentioned. When feveral Persons were offering many valuable Prefents to Socrates, for the Advantages they had reap'd from his Instructions, Æschines a poor Disciple of his, willing to do fomething to shew his Gratitude: I have nothing to give, fays he, that is worth your Acceptance, and in this alone, I confess myself poor, but I give you all I have, which is myself; others may have bestow'd much upon you, I am the only Man who bas left nothing to himself. This Gift, replies Socrates, you shall never repent of, for I will take care to return it better than I found it. Æschines in this Present, exceeded all the rich Gifts of the haughty Alcibiades, and the other more wealthy Disciples, so that we see a brave Mind can never want Matter for Liberality in the meanest Condition; for Nature has been so kind to us, that, notwithstanding we have no Fortunes, we may bestow Comething of our own.

It often happens, that a Benefit is succeeded by an Injury: Let which will come first, the latter is like one Piece of Writing upon another; it in a great Measure hides it, and hinders it from appearing, but does not quite take it away; we may in some Cases, divide them, requiting the one, and revenge the other, or otherwise state them fairly, as between Debtor and Creditor. As for Instance, you have obliged me in my Servant, but wounded me in my B. other; you have saved my Son but de-

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ftroy'd my Father: I will here allow as much as Piety, Justice, and Good-nature will bear, but am unwilling to set an Injury against a Benefit. I would have some Respect to the Time and Circumstances, the Obligation came first, that was perhaps design'd, the other involuntary; by these Considerations, I would amplify the Benefit, and lessen the Injury, burying the one in the other: If I would pardon the Injury without the Benefit, much more after it.

Tho' I would not by this feem to argue as if a Man were bound by one Benefit to fuffer all Sorts of Injuries; for there are some Cases wherein we lie under no Obligation for a Benefit, because a greater Injury absolves it: As for Example, a Man extricates me from a troublesome Law-suit, and afterwards ravishes my Daughter, here the following Impiety cancels the antecedent Obligation. One lends me a little Money, and then fets my House on Fire; the Debtor is here turn'd Creditor, when the Injury outweighs the Benefit. Nay, if a Man repents of a good Office done, and grows four and infolent upon it, and upbraids me with it, if he did it only for his own Sake, or for any Reason without any View of mine, I am in some Degree quitted of the Obligation; for I am not at all beholden to him that makes me the Instrument of his own Advantage. He that does me good for his own Sake, I'll do him good for mine.

The greatest Benefits of all have no Witnesses, but lie concealed in the Conscience, a Benefit by Chance very much alters the Property; as in the Case of a conditional Redemption: Suppose a Man makes Suit for a Place and cannot obtain it, but upon the Ransom of ten Prisoners out of Goal, if there be ten and no more, they owe him nothing for their Release; but if there are more, they

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are indebted to him for the Choice, for he might have taken ten others as well as them. If on the other Hand, there is an Act of Grace, by which so many Prisoners are to be discharged, and their Names are to be drawn by Lot, and mine happens to come up amongst the rest; one Part of my Obligation is to him that put me in a Capacity of Freedom, and, the other to Providence for my

being one of the Number.

There is a wide Difference between an Obligation bestow'd in common and one in particular; He that lends my Country Money, obliges me only as Part of the whole. Plato cross'd a River, and the Ferryman would take nothing of him for it; the restected on it as an Honour done to himself, and told him, that PLATO was in his Debt, but Plato when he found it to be no more than he did for others, recalled his Word: For, says he, PLATO will owe nothing in particular for a Benefit in common, what I owe with others, I will pay with others,

It is a vulgar Error that common Humanity, and the Necessity we are under of wishing our Species well, is an Abatement to the Obligation in doing a good Office; but I think on the contrary, that it is the greater, because the good Will cannot be changed. It is one Thing to fay a Man could not refuse me this or that Civility, because he was forced to it; and another, that he could not quit the Benevolence of doing it. In the former Cafe, I am a Debtor to him that imposed the Force, and in the other to himfelf. An unchangeable good Will is an indispensable Obligation, and to fay, that Nature cannot go out of her Course does not discharge us of what we owe to Providence. Shall he be faid to will that may change his Mind the next Moment? And shall we question the Will of that

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that Almighty Being, whose Nature admits no Change? Must the Stars quit their Stations and fall foul on one another? Must the Sun stop in the Middle of his Courfe, and Heaven and Earth fink into Confusion, the Harmony of the Creation be dissolved, and the whole Frame of Nature swallow'd up in a dark Abyss? And will nothing less than this serve, to convince Mankind of their audacious and impertinent Follies? We cannot fay these heavenly Bodies are not made for us; for they partly are, and we are involuntarily the better for their Virtues and Motions, though doubtless the principal Cause is the unalterable Law of God. Providence is not moved by any outward Efforts, the divine Will is an eternal Law of Right, an immutable Decree; and the Impossibility of Variation, proceeds from the Perseverance of the supreme Being; for he never repents of his Counsels, neither is it with our Heavenly as with our Earthly Father. God thought of us, and provided for us, before he made us, for unto Him all future Events are present; Man was not the Work of Chance, his Mind bears him aloft above the Flight of Fortune, and naturally aspires to the Contemplation of Heaven and divine Mysteries. How desperate a Frenzy is it then to undervalue, nay to contemn and disclaim those divine Bl slings, without which we are utterly incapable of enjoying any other?

#### CHAP. IX.

An honest Man cannot be outdone in Courtesy.

I T is a Shame for a Man to be exceeded in good Offices, passes in the World for a generous and a noble

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a noble Speech, and it will not be amifs to examine both the Truth and the Mistake of it; there can be no Shame in a virtuous Emulation, neither can there be any Victory, without one Side giving up the Contention and yielding the Caufe. One Man may have the Advantages of Strength or Fortune, and these will undoubtedly operate upon good Purpofes without any Denomination of the Virtue; Benevolence may be the same in both, yet one may get the better of the other; for it is not in good Offices as in a Horse-race, where he wins the Plate who comes first to the Post, and even there Chance has oftentimes the upper Hand in the Success. In a Contest about Benefits, where one has not only good Will but Matter to work upon, and a Power to put that Intent in Execution; and the other has barely the Benevolence without the Means or Opportunity of a Requital. If he wishes it affectionately and endeavours it, he is no more overcome in Courtefy than the Man is in Courage, who dies Sword in Hand facing his Enemy, and not fhrinking from his Station, for where Fortune is partial, it is sufficient that the good Will is equal.

There are two Errors in this Proposition; to imply that a good Man may be overcome, and to imagine that any thing shameful can befal him; the Spartans prohibited all Exercises wherein the Victory was declared by the Confession of a Party concerned; the three hundred Fabii were never said to be conquered but slain, nor Regulus to be overcome; though he was taken Prisoner by the Carthaginians. The Mind may remain firm under the greatest Malice and Oppression of Fortune, and yet the Giver and Receiver continue upon the same Terms. As it is reckoned a drawn Battle when two Combatants are parted, though one has

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lost more Blood than the other; he that knows how to owe a Courtely, and heartily wishes that he could requite it, is invincible; fo that every Man may be as grateful as he pleases. It is your Happiness to give, the Meanness of my Fortune makes me only capable of receiving, what Advan-

tage now has your Chance over my Virtue?

There are some Men that by the Assistance of Philosophy, have overcome the very Sense of human Affections; as Diogenes, who poorly clad and almost naked, walk'd unconcern'd through the Midst of Alexander's immense Treasures, and refused to accept them when they were proffer'd to him. was at that Time as well in the Opinion of other Men as his own, above Alexander himself, though he had the World at his Feet; for the Cynic scorned to take more than the other had in his Power to give, and is it not a greater Generofity for a aggar to refuse Money, then a Prince to bestow it? That Tumor of a Man, that puff'd up Animal, who used to boast that never any Man went beyond him in Benefits, liv'd to fee a poor Fellow in a Tub to whom there was nothing that he could give, and from whom there was nothing he could take away. This is a remarkable Instance of an inflexible Mind, and there's hardly any contending with it.

A Man is nevertheless valiant for being worsted by an invulnerable Enemy, nor the Fire the weaker for not confuming an incombustible Body, or the Sword the worfe for not cleaving an impenetrable Rock, neither is a grateful Mind overcome for want of a suitable Fortune; no Matter for the Inequality of the Things given and received fo long as in Point of good Affection the Parties stand upon

the fame Level.

Nor is it always necessary for a poor Man to fet an unconquered Mind in Competition with the Bounties of a plentiful Fortune; for if it often falls out that the Returns which he cannot make in Kind, are amply return'd in Dignity and Value. Archelaus King of Macedon, fent to invite Socrates to his Court, but he excufed himself as being unwilling to receive greater Benefits than he was able to return. This might not be Haughtiness in Socrates, but Prudence; for he was afraid of being forced to accept fomething which possibly might have been unworthy of him, befides, he was then at his Liberty, and did not care to make himself a voluntary Slave; though upon the whole, we must conclude, that Archelaus had more need of Socrates, than the Philosopher of the Monarch, for he wanted a Man to instruct him in the great Science of Life and Death, and the Art of Government; to read the Book of Nature to him, one that could fet him right in his Errors, and fhew him as it were the Light at Noon-day, for he was fo ignorant, that when the Sun was in Eclipse, he lock'd himself up in all the Horror and Despair imaginable; he then wanted a Man to deliver him from his Apprehenfions, and explain the Prodigy to him, by telling him there was nothing in it but the Moon was got between the Sun and the Earth, and all would be well again prefently; then judge whether the Treasure of Archelaus, or the Philosophy of Socrates, would have been the greater Prefent; he is ignorant of the Value of Wisdom and Friendship that does not esteem a prudent Friend as the noblest of Gifts, a Rarity scarce to be found, not only in a Family but in the most extended Dominions, and no where more wanted, than where there feems to be the greatest Store of Wealth: The greater a Man is, the more need he hath of. fuch

fuch an one, and the more Difficulty there is in finding and knowing him; nor on the other Hand should the wise Man say, I cannot requite such a Benefactor, because I am poor, and have it not in my Power; for he may bestow on him good Counsel; a Conversation wherein he may take both Profit and Delight; Freedom of Discourse without Flattery; a kind Attention where he deliberates, and Faith inviolable where he trusts; he may bring him to a Love and Knowledge of Truth; deliver him from the Errors of Credulity, and teach him to distinguish between true Friends and fawning Parasites.

#### CHAP. X.

Whether a Man can give or return a.
Benefit to himself.

W E are apt in many Cases to speak of our-felves as of another Person; I may thank myself for such a Thing; I am angry at myself for this; or I hate myself for that: And this Habit. of speaking has rais'd a Dispute among the Stoics, whether a Man may confer a Benefit on, or receive it from himself. For fay they, if I hurt myself, I may oblige myself; that which is a Benefit to another, why is it not so to myfelf? And am not I as crimipal in being ungrateful to myfelf as to another Body: And the Case is the same in Flattery and other Vices; whereas on the other Side, it is reputable for a Man to commend himself. Plate thank'd Socrates for what he had learn'd of him, and why might not Socrates as well thank Plato for suffering him to. teach him? What you want, fays Cato, borrow of yourself. And why may not I as well give to myfelf felf as lend? If I may be angry with myfelf, I may thank myfelf; if I may chide myfelf, I may commend myfelf; and do myfelf Good as well as Hurt, and thus you may reason concerning all Contraries: It is a common Thing to say such a Man hath done himself an Injury, if an Injury, why not a Benefit.

This is the Stoic's Manner of arguing, but I fay that no Man can be a Debtor to himself; for the Benefit was naturally preceeding the Acknowledgment; and there can be no Debtor without a Creditor any more than a Husband without a Wife; fomebody must give that another may receive, and paffing a Thing from one Hand to another is neither giving nor receiving; if a Man should be ungrateful in the Case, there is nothing loft, for he that gives it, has it, and the Giver and Receiver are one and the fame Person; and properly speaking no Man can be faid to bestow any thing upon himfelf, for he obeys his Nature that prompts him to do all the Good he can for himself; would you call him liberal that gives to himself, or good-natur'd that pardons himself, or pitiful that is affected with his own Misfortunes. Bounty, Clemency, or Compassion to another, to myself is Nature; a Benefit is a voluntary Thing, now I am under a Neceffity to do good to m felf; who commends the Humanity of a Man, for getting out of a Ditch, or helping himfelf against Thieves?

Suppose we allow that a Man may confer as Benefit on himself, yet he cannot owe it, for he returns it the Instant that he receives it. No Mangives, owes, or makes Return but to another; how then can one Man do that, to which two Parties are requisite in so many Respects? Again, if giving and receiving must go forward and backward between two Persons, a Man that gives to himself may sell!

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to himself; but to sell is to alienate a Thing, and to translate the Right of it to another, fo that to make a Man both the Giver and Receiver is to unite two Contraries. A Benefit when it is given may possibly not be requited, but he that gives to himself must necessarily receive what he gives; befides that all Benefits are bestowed for the Receiver's Sake, but what a Man does for himself is for the Sake of the Giver.

This is one of the Niceties which is hardly worth a Man's while to discuss, yet his Labour is not absolutely lost neither; there's more Trick and Artifice in it than Solidity, though it affords Matter of Diversion, and tries the Sharpness of our Wits to unloose these knotty Points, and may ferve to pass away an Hour or two, and keep a Man awake when he is droufy.

## CHAP. XI.

How far one Man may be obliged for a Benefit done to another.

THIS Question requires Caution and Distinction, I for though it may be natural and generous to wish well to my Friend's Friend, yet a second-hand Benefit binds no further than to a second-hand Gratitude, fo that I may receive great Satisfaction and Advantage, from a good Office done to my Friend, yet lie under no Obligation myself. If you think otherwise, I would ask where it begins, and how far it extends! That it may not be boundless: if a Man obliges the Son, and that Obligation reaches the Father, why does it not fpread to the Uncle, the Brother, the Wife, the Sifter, Mother, nay, upon all that have any Kindness for him, upon all Lovers of his Friends, and upon all that love them

them too, and fo ad infinitum. In this Case we must have Recourse, as I have observed before, to the Intention of the Benefactor, and fix the Obligation upon him to whom the Kindness was directed. If a Man manures my Land, faves my House from burning or falling, it is a Benefit to me, for I am the better for it, and my House and Land are infenfible. If he faves my Son's Life, the Benefit is to my Son, it is a Joy and a Comfort to me. but no Obligation; I am as much concerned as I ought to be, in his Health, Felicity, and Welfare, happy in the Enjoyment of him, and I should be as unhappy in his Lofs; but it does not follow that I must of Necessity lie under an Obligation for being either happier or less miserable by another Person's Means. On the other Hand, there are some Benefits, which though conferr'd upon one Man, may yet work upon others; as for Instance, I may give a Sum of Money to a poor Man for his own Sake, which may prove the Relief of his whole Family; but still the immediate Receiver is the Debtor for it, for the Question is not to whom it comes afterwards to be transferred, but who is the Principal, and upon whom it was first bestow'd. You will fay, perhaps, my Son's Life is as dear to me as my own, and in faving him you preferve me too. In this Cafe, I will acknowledge myself obliged to you, that is, in my Son's Name, for in my own and in Strictness I am not, but I am content to be fo voluntarily; if he had borrow'd Money, my paying it does not make me Debtor. It would make me blush, perhaps, to have him taken in Bed with another Man's Wife, but that does not make me an Adulterer; I take great Delight in his Safety, but still his Good is not a Benefit; a Man may be the better for an Animal, a Plant, a Stone, but there must be a Will and Intention to make it an Obligation.

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Obligation. You fave the Son without so much as knowing the Father; nay, without so much as thinking of him, and perhaps you would have done the same if you had hated him. But to leave all Alteration, the Conclusion is manifestly this; if you meant him the Kindness, he is answerable for it, and I may enjoy the Benefit of it without being oblig'd by it, but if it was done for my Sake then I am accountable, and upon any Occasion I am ready to do you all the kind Offices imaginable, not as the Return of a Benefit, but as the Earnest of a Friendship, which you are not to challenge neither, but to entertain as an Act of Honour and of Justice rather than Gratitude.

Defart and give it Burial, if he did it as to my Father I am beholden to him; but if the Body was unknown to him, and he would have done the fame for any other, I am no further concerned in

it than a Piece of public Humanity.

There are moreover, some Cases, wherein an unworthy Person may be obliged for the sake of others; and the fortish Extract of ancient Nobility may be preferr'd before a better Man, that is but of a few Days standing. It is but reasonable to pay a Reverence even to the Memory of eminent Virtues, and he that is not illustrious in himself, may yet be reputed fo in Right of his Ancestors, and there is Gratitude entail'd upon the Offspring of famous Progenitors. Was it not for the Father's fake that Tully's Son was made Conful? And was it not the Eminence of one Pompey that rais'd and dignify'd the rest of the Family? How came Caligula to be the Emperor of the World? A Man fo cruel that he spilt Blood as greedily as if he were to drink it; the Emperor was not given to himself, but to his Father Germanicus; a brayer Man deferved. ferved that for him, which he could never have challenged upon his own Merit. What was it that preferr'd Fabius Perficus (whose Mouth was the uncleanest Part about him) but the three bundred of that Family who so generously oppos'd the Enemy for the Safety of the Common Wealth?

Providence itself is gracious to the wicked Posterity of an honourable Race. The Counsels of Heaven are guided by Wisdom, Mercy, and Justice; some Men are exalted to the Regal Dignity without any Respect to their Predecessors, others for their Ancestors sakes, whose Virtues, though neglected in their Lives, are afterwards rewarded in their Issue; and it is but Equity that Gratitude should extend as far as the Insluence of their heroic Actions and Examples.

#### CHAP. XII.

The Benefactor must have no By Ends.

bate, which is, Whether or no it be a desirable Thing to give and receive Benefits? There is a Sect of Philosophers that account nothing valuable, but what is profitable, and so make all Virtue mercenary, a mean unmanly Mistake to imagine that the Hope of Gain or Fear of Loss, should make a Man either more honest or otherwise, as if he should say, Tell me what I shall get by it, and I'll be an honest Man, whereas on the contrary, Honesty is a Thing in itself to be purchas'd at any Rate. We must not say, it will be a Charge, a Hazard, I shall give Offence, or so: It is my Business to do what I ought, and all other Considerations are foreign to the Office; when my Duty calls

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Scruples upon Forms or Difficulties. Shall I fee an honest Man oppress'd at the Bar, and not affist him for fear of a Court Faction? Or not second him upon the Highway against Thieves because I dread a Wound? Shall I chuse rather to sit still, and be the quiet Spectator of Fraud and Violence? Why should Men be just, temperate, or brave, but because it carries along with it Fame and a good Confeience, and for the same Reason, if there was no

other, a Man should be bountiful.

The School of Epicurus, that Tribe of effeminate voluptuous Philosophers will never relish this Doctrine, they tell you that Virtue is but the Servant and Vassal of Pleasure. Yet, says Epicurus, I am not for Pleasure neither, without Virtue. But why for Pleasure, say I, before Virtue? Not that the Stress of the Controversy lies upon the Order only, for the Power and Dignity of it are now under Debate. It is the Office of Virtue to superintend, to lead and to govern; but the Parts you have affign'd it are to fubmit, to follow, and to be under Command; but this you'll fay is nothing, so long as we both agree that there can be no Happiness without Virtue, Take away that, says Epicurus, and I am as little a Friend to Pleasure as you. The Point in short is this, whether Virtue itself is the supreme Good, or only the Cause of it. It is not inverting the Order which will clear it (tho' it is a prepofterous Error to fet that first which should be last) it does not so much offend me to range Pleafure before Virtue, as to compare them, and the bringing two Opposites, and profess'd Enemies into any fort of Competition.

The Drift of this Discourse is to support the Cause of Benefits, and to prove that it is a mean and dishonourable Thing to give for any other End than

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giving fake. He that gives for Gain, Profit, or any felfish View, destroys the very Intent of Bounty; for it falls only then upon those that do not want, and perverts the charitable Inclinations of Princes and great Men, who cannot reasonably propose to themselves any such End. What does the Sun get by travelling round the Universe, and visiting and refreshing the several Quarters of the Earth? Is not the whole Creation made and order'd for the general Good of Mankind, and not for one in particular? Every Hour of our Lives we enjoy the Bleffings of Providence without Measure, and without Intermission; And what Design can the Almighty have upon us, who is in himfelf full fafe and inviolable? If he should give only for his own Sake, what would become of poor Mortals, who have nothing to return him at best but dutiful Acknowledgments. It is not a Benefit but Ufury, when we bestow it where we expect Advantage.

Let us be liberal then, after the Example of our great Creator, and give to others as he gives to us. Epicurus will reply to this, That God gives no Benefits at all, but turns his Back upon the World, and without any Concern for us leaves Nature to take her Course, and whether he is doing any thing, or nothing at all (which last Epicurus reckons to be a State of perfect Felicity) he sits supine in Heaven, deaf to the Prayers and Complaints of us

poor Mortals below.

On the other Side, in Answer to these Philosophers, I say, how comes it that all Mankind have always so unanimously agreed in worshipping a Power that can neither hear nor help them? Some Blessings are spontaneously bestow'd upon us, others are granted to our earnest Supplications, and imminent Dangers daily avoided by seasonable Intercessions of the divine Mercy. What Man can be

fo infensible as not to acknowledge a Deity in the ordinary Methods of Nature? Though many have been so obstinately ungrateful as not to confess it; yet none are so wretched as not to draw some Comforts from the overflowing Source of the divine Bounty. Some Benefits may indeed seem to be unequally divided, but we still possess enough in common, and Nature gives us sufficient in herself.

Vain Man! If God is not bountiful, whence have you all that you pretend to? That which you give? That which you deny? What you hoard, and what you idly fquander away? From whence do you derive those innumerable Delights that entertain your Eyes, your Ears, and other Senfes, together with that Superfluity which ferves even for Luxury? For Care is taken not only to supply your Necessities but to gratify your Pleasures: So many pleasant Groves, fruitful Trees, and salutary Plants; so many fair Rivers that serve you for Recreation, Plenty, and Commerce; Viciffitude of Seasons, Varieties of Food prepared by Nature to our Hands; all Sorts of Curiofities, and Creatures that tread the Earth, that swim the Deep, or wing the upper Air; all Nature and the whole Creation offering you its Tribute, and subjected to your Power. You can be thankful to a Friend for a few dirty Acres, or a trifling Sum of Money, yet look upon yourself as under no Obligation to Heaven from the Freedom and Command of the whole Earth, and for the great Benefits of your Being, Life, Health and Reason. If a Man bestows a Mansion on you delicately adorn'd with Marble, rich Paintings, Statues or superb Gildings, you esteem it as an extraordinary Gift, yet a Puff of Wind, a Spark of Fire, or a thousand other Accidents may bury it in Ruins. But it is nothing to walk under the Canopy of Heaven, to have the whole

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whole Globe for a Place of Repose, and the Glories of the Firmament to gaze at and admire. How comes it you fet so high a Price on what you have, and yet at the same Time are so unthankful for it. Whence do you draw your Breath, your vital Life and Heat? Or whence the Blood that fills your Veins? the Cattle that feed you, and the Fruits of the Earth that feed them? Whence have you the Growth of your Bodies, the Succession of your Ages, and the Faculties of your Minds?-Whence but from God, who gives not sparingly like Man, but spreads the ample Space of the Creation for our Use, not to mention so many Veins of Metal, Quarries of Marble, which lie conceal'd from Sight, and court us to a Search. The Seeds of every thing are in itself, and it is the divine Bleffing that raises them from Obscurity into Action and Motion. Add to these the soft Varieties of Music, beautiful Objects, delicious Provisions for the Palate, and exquisite Perfumes, which are cast in over and above to the common Necessities of our Being.

All this, fays Epicurus, we are to ascribe to Nature, and why not to God? Don't you know that in saying this you only change the Name? For what is Nature but God? The divine Reason and Power working in the whole World and every Part thereof? Or if you please, you may call him the Almighty Jupiter, the Thunderer, or Preserver, but not as the Historians write for stopping the Roman Army in their Flight, but because by the Stability of his Benesits he preserves his whole Creation. Or suppose you stile him Fate, Fate is but a Connection of Causes, of which he is the Principal on

whom the rest depend.

The Stoics represent the several Functions of the almighty Power under several Appellations, when when they fpeak of him as the Author of all Things form'd for the Pleasure of Mankind; they call him Bacchus, or the liberal Father; under the Name of Hercules they denote him to be invincible, and indefatigable, hinting at the Dissolution of Nature, which when it was tired with operating ended in Fire; for the Reason, Order, Proportion, and Wisdom of his Proceedings they stiled him Mercury: So that under what Name foever they couch their Meaning, or which Way foever they turn, he meets their Views; for there is no Space, but his Spirit is diffus'd through it, and he every where fills his own Work; thus Nature is God, and God is Nature, vary their Titles how you will. Man should borrow Money of Seneca, and say he owes it to Anneus or Lucius, he may change the Name but not the Creditor, for let him take which Name he pleases, he is still Debtor to the same Perfon. As Justice, Probity, Prudence, Fortitude and Frugality, are all the Goods of one and the fame Mind, yet we cannot fay which of them distinctly pleases us but the Mind.

But to digress no further, we are certain that what God himfelf does is well done, and we are no less sure that for whatsoever he gives he neither wants, expects, or receives any thing in return: so that the only End of a Benefactor ought to be the Advantage of the Receiver, and this we must do without any felfish View. You will object perhaps to this, the fingular Caution we have prescribed in the Choice of a Person, for it were a Madness we fay, for a Husbandman to sow the Sand: Which if right, you will retort, you have an Eye upon Profit as well in giving as in plowing and fowing. And again, that if the conferring a Benefit were a Thing defireable in itself, it would not depend upon the Choice of the Man, for give it when, how, or where-

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wheresoever we please, it would be still a Benesit; at this does not at all affect our Assertion: For the Person, the Matter, the Manner and the Time, are Circumstances absolutely necessary to the Reason of the Action; there must be a right sudgment in all Respects to make it a Benesit. It my Duty to be true to a Trust, and yet there may be a Time or a Place, wherein I would make title Difference between the renouncing and delivering it up, and the same Rule holds in Benesits; will neither render the one, nor bestow the other to the Damage of the Receiver. A wicked Man will run any Risk to perpetrate an Injury, or gratify his Revenge, and shall not an honest Man

venture as far to do a good Office?

All Benefits must be gratuitous. A Factor sells me Corn that keeps me and my Family from starving, he fold it for his own Interest, and for mine I bought it, fo that I owe him nothing for it. He that gives for Profit gives to himfelf. A Physician or Lawyer gives Counfel for a Fee, and only uses me for his own Ends, as a Grazier fats his Cattle to bring them to a better Market. This is more properly the driving a Trade than the cultivating a geherous Commerce, it is rather an Exchange than a Benefit, and he deferves to be cozen'd that gives any thing in hopes of a Return: And to come nearer to the Point, what End should a Man honourably propose; Not Profit fure, that's vulgar, and he that does not contemn it can never be grateful; if for vain Glory, it is an empty Thing for a Man to boast of doing his Duty: We are to give if it were only to avoid not giving; whatever comes of it is clear Gains, and at worst there's nothing lost, and one Benefit well placed makes amends for many Miscarriages.

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Not that I would be thought by this, to exclude a Benefactor from being the better for any good Office he does for another. Some do us good for their own Sakes, others for ours, and some again for both; he that does it for me equal with himself, if he had a Prospect to both in the doing it, I am oblig'd to him for it, and glad with all my Heart he had a Share in it, and I should be ungrateful and unjust not to rejoice that what was beneficial to me might be so likewise to himself.

But we never give with so much Judgment and Care, as when we consider the Honesty of the Action without any Regard to the Profit of it, for our Understandings are corrupted by Fear, Hope, and

Pleasure.

## CHAP. XIII.

There are many Cases wherein a Man may be reminded of a Benefit, but never upbraided, and we should be cautious how we challenge it.

WE come now to the Matter of Gratitude and Ingratitude; there never was any Man yet so wicked, as not to approve the first and detest the latter, as two Things in the whole World, one to be most abominated, and the other esteem'd. The very Relation of an ungrateful Action puts us out of all Patience, and gives a loathing for the Author of it; the inhuman Villain, we cry, to do so horrid a Thing! Not the inconsiderate Fool for omitting so profitable a Virtue, which plainly shews the Sense we naturally have both of the Virtue and Vice, and that we are led to it by a common Impulse both of Reason and Conscience.

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Epicurus fancies God to be without Power and Arms, above Fear himself, and as little to be fear'd; he places him between the Orbs, folitary and idle, out of the reach of Mortals, and allows him only fuch a Veneration and Respect as we pay to our Parents. If a Man should ask him now, why any Reverence at all if we have no Obligation to him? Or rather why greater Reverence to his fortuitous Atoms, his Answer would be, that it is for their Majesty and admirable Nature, and not out of any Hope or Expectation from them: So that by his own Confession, a Thing may be defirable for its proper Worth; but fays he, Gratitude is a Virtue that has commonly Profit annex'd to it, and where's the Virtue, fay I, that has not? But still the Virtue is to be valued for itself, and not the Profit that attends it. There is no Question but Gratitude for Benefits received is the ready Way to produce more, and in requiting one Friend we encourage many, but these Accessions fall in by the bye; and if I were fure that my doing of good Offices would be my Ruin I would yet pursue them. He that vifits the Sick in hopes of a Legacy, let him be never fo friendly in all other Cases, I look upon him in this to be no better than a Raven, that watches a weak Sheep only to pick the Eyes out.

If the World were as wife and honest as it should be, there would be no need of Caution or Precept how to behave ourselves in our several Stations and Duties, for both the Giver and the Receiver would do what they ought of their own Accord, one would be bountiful and the other grateful, and the only way to remind a Man of one good Office would be to follow it with another; but as the Case stands we must take other Measures, and consult the common Ease and Relief of Mankind.

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As there are divers Sorts of Ingratitude, fo there must be several Ways of dealing with it, either by Artifice, Counsel, Admonition, or Reproof, according to the Humour of the Person, or the Degree of the Offence; provided that in reminding a Man of a Benefit as in bestowing it, the Good of the Receiver be the principal Thing intended; there is a curable Ingratitude, and an incurable, there is a flothful, a neglectful, a proud, a diffembling, a disclaiming, a heedless, a forgetful and a malicious Ingratitude, and the Application must be fuited to the Matter we have to work upon. A gentle Nature may be reclaim'd by Authority, Advice, or Reprehension, a Father, a Husband, or a Friend may do good in this Cafe. There are a fort of lazy fluggish People that live as if they were asleep, and must be lugg'd and pinch'd to awaken them, these Men are between grateful and ungrateful, they will neither deny an Obligation nor return it, and only want quickening. I will endeavour to hinder any Man from ill-doing, but especially a Friend, but more especially from doing ill to me; I will refresh his Memory with new Benefits, if that will not ferve, I'll proceed to good Counfel, and from thence to Rebuke, if that fails, I'll look upon him as a desperate Debtor, and e'en let him alone in his Ingratitude, without making him my Enemy; for no Necessity shall ever make me spend my Time in wrangling with any Man upon that Point.

Associated as Memory, and pursues ungrateful Man till he becomes grateful, if one good Office will not do, try a second, and then a third, no Man can be so thankless, but either Shame, Occasion, or Example will at some time or other prevail upon him; the very Beasts themselves, even Lions and Tigers are gain'd by good Usage; besides that one Ob-

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ligation draws on another, and a Man would not willingly leave his own Work imperfect; it is natural for us to fay, I have help'd him thus far, and I'll go through with it now. So that over and above the Delight and Virtue of obliging, one good Turn begets another; this of all Hints perhaps is the most

effectual, as well as the most generous.

In some Cases it should be urged more closely, as in the Case of a Veteran, who was brought before Julius Cæsar for using Violence to some of his Neighbours, and finding the Cause likely to go against him; General, says he, don't you remember that you strain'd your Ankle when you commanded in Spain, and that a Soldier Spread his Cloak for you, and feated you under the Shade of a little Tree in a violent bot Day, upon the Top of a craggy Rock? I remember it perfectly well, reply'd Cæfar, and that I was almost choak'd with Thirst, and unable to go to the next Fountain, when an honest Fellow fetch'd me a Draught of Water in his Helmet. And does Cæsar imagine, says the Soldier, that he should know that Man or that Helmet if he was to see them again? The Man perhaps I might, (fays Cæfar, angry to be thus trifled with) tho' not the Helmet; but what's this to the Purpose? You are not the Man. Pardon me, Sir, fays the Soldier, I am be, but Cæfar may very well forget me, for I have lost an Eye fince, at the Battle of Munda, where I had my Skull trapan'd, and that very Helmet cleft afunder by a Spanish Blade: Cafar took it as it was intended, and difmis'd the Complaint against him, and it was an honourable and prudent Way of refreshing his Memory. But this would not have been fo well receiv'd by Tiberius, for when an old Acquaintance of his began to address him with, You remember, Cæfar. No, fays Cæfar, taking him up

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short, I do not remember what I was; with him it was better to be forgot than remember'd, for he look'd upon an old Friend as an Informer, and hated the Authors of his Preferment, because they were

Witnesses of his mean Original.

There are some People that are inclinable to be grateful, but they fland in Need of a Prompter to. remind them, they are like heedless School-boys, help them out with here and there a Word when they stick, and they'll go through their Task tolerably well; they must be taught to be thankful, aud it is a great Step if we can bring them only to be Some Benefits we neglect, and some we willing. don't care to rememember; he is ingrateful that disowns an Obligation, and so is he that dissembles it, or when he has it in his Power does not requite it, but he is much worse that forgets it; Conscience or Occasion may revive the rest, but here the very Memory of it is loft; those Eyes that cannot endure the Light are weak, but those are flark blind that cannot fee it. It is a disagreeable I hing to hear People say, Alas! poor Man, he has forgot it, as if that could be an Excuse for Ingratitude, which is the very Cause of it, for if we were not ingrateful we should not be forgetful, and put that out of the way which should be always uppermost and in View. He that thinks as he ought to do of requiting a Benefit is in no Danger of forgetting it. There are indeed some Benefits so great that they can never flip the Memory, but those which are less in Value and more in number do commonly escape us, we are apt enough to acknowledge that fuch a Man has been the making of us; fo long as we are in Possession of the Advantage he has brought us, but new Appetites deface old Kindneffes, and we carry our Prospect forward to something more, without confidering what he have obt ain'd

tain'd already; all that is past we give for lost, so that we are only intent upon the suture. When a Benefit is once out of Sight, or out of Use, it is buried.

It is the Humour of many People, that they cannot do a good Office without boafting of it, and at all Seafons, and in all Companies they are bragging what wonderful Things they have done for this Man or another. A foolish and a dangerous Vanity of a doubtful Friend to make a certain Enemy, for these Reproaches will set every Body a talking. and People will conclude that these Things would never be, if there were not fomething very extraordinary in the Bottom of it; when it comes to that once, there's no Calumny but fastens more or less, nor any Falshood so incredible but in some Part or other it shall pass for a Truth. Our great Mistake is, that we are still inclin'd to make the most of what we give, and the least of what we receive. whereas we should act quite otherwise; we ought to fay, It might have been more, but he had a great many to oblige; it was as much as he could well spare, he'll make it up some other Time. We should be so far from publishing our Bounties, as not to hear them mention'd without fost'ning the Matter; as, I owe him more than that comes to; if it were in my Power to ferve him I should be very glad on't; and this not under the Disguise of a Compliment, but with all Humanity and Truth, for the too frequent reminding of a Favour tears the very Heart. There was a Man of Quality, who in the Triumviral Profcription was faved by one of Cæfar's Friends, and he would be still twitting him with it, and telling him over and over, You had been condemn'd, Friend, but for me. Pray, fays the profcribed Person, let me hear no more of this, but e'en give me up to Cæsar, and leave me as you found me; I acknowledge that that I owe you my Life, bu it is Death to have it rung in my Ears perpetually as a Reproach; it looks as if you had only faved me to carry me about for a Shew; I would fain forget the Misfortune that I was once a Prisoner, without being led in Triumph

every Day of my Life.

Oh! the Pride and Folly of a great Fortune, that turns every Benefit into an Injury, that delights in Excesses, and disgraces every thing it does; who would receive any thing from it upon these Terms? The higher it raifes us the more fordid it makes us, whatfoever it gives it corrupts; What is there in it that should thus puff us up? By what Magic is it that we are fo transform'd, that we no longer know ourfelves? Is it impossible for Greatness to be liberal without Infolence? The Benefits which we receive from our Superiors are most welcome when they come with an open Hand and a clear Brow, fo as to prevent our Necessities without Contumely or State. The Benefit is never the greater for the Noise and Buffle that is made about it; but the Benefactor is much the less when he is oftentatious in his good Deeds. for that makes it odious, which would be otherwise delightful. Tiberius had got a Trick, when any Man begg'd Money of him to refer him to the Senate, where all the Petitioners were to deliver up the Names of their Creditors; his End was to deter Men from asking by exposing the Condition of their Fortunes to an Examination; but it was however a Benefit turn'd into a Reprehension, and he made a Reproach of a Bounty.

But it is not enough to forbear reproaching a Man with a Benefit, for there are some that will not allow it to be so much as challenged, an ill Man say they will not take it, tho' it be demanded, and a good Man will do it of himself, and the asking of it seems to turn it into a Debt. It is a kind injury to be too quick, and to call upon him too

foon reproaches him, as if he would not have done it otherwise; I would recall a Benefit from any Man so as not to force it, but only to receive it; if I let him quite alone I make myself guilty of his Ingratitude, and undoe him for want of Plain-dealing. A Father may reclaim a disobedient Son; a Wife may mend a diffolute Husband, and one Friend excite the languishing Kindness of another. many Men are lost for Want of being urged to Goodness? So long as I am not press'd, I will rather defire a Favour than fo much as mention a Requital; but if my Country, my Family, or Liberty be at Stake, my Zeal and Indignation shall over-rule my Modesty, and the World shall then understand, that I have done all I could, not to stand in Need of an ungrateful Man; and the Necessity of receiving a Benefit shall overcome the Shame of recalling it, nor is it only allowable upon some Exigence to put the Receiver in mind of a good Turn, but it is many Times for the mutual Advantage of both Parties.

#### CHAP. XIV.

How far a wicked Man may be obliged or requited.

THERE are some Benefits which a wicked Man is altogether incapable of receiving, these we shall treat of hereaster; there are others which are bestow'd upon him, not for his own Sake, but for secondary Reasons, and these we have partly mention'd already; and there are certain common Offices of Humanity, which are only allow'd him as he is a Man, without any Regard either to Vice or Virtue. To pass over the first Point, the Second

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must be handled with Care and Distinction, and not without fome feeming Exceptions to the general Rule; as first, there's no Choice or Intention in the Case, but it is a good Office done him for some sectet Interest or by Chance; neither is there any Judgment in it, for it is to a wicked Man, and without these Circumstances it cannot possibly be a Benefit, at least not to him, for it has another Tendency; as for Example, I rescue a Friend from Thieves, of which the other takes the Benefit, and escapes for Company; or, I pay a Debt for a Friend, and the other is discharged at the same Time, because they happen'd to be in a Bond together. The Third is more extensive, and varies according to the Degree of Generofity on one Side, and Wickedness on the other. Some Benefactors will fupererogate, and do more than they are bound to do, and some Men are so bad that it is dangerous to do them any good Turn, not even by Way of Return or Requital.

If our Bounty must extend to the Bad as well as the Good, how shall Ido, when I promise a good Office to an ungrateful Man? We must first distinguish between a common Benefit and a personal One, between what is given for Merit, and what for Company; in the next Place, if we know the Person to be ingrateful, and are fure that his Vice is incurable; and laftly, we must consider how far the Promise may oblige us; the two first Points are clear'd both in one, for we cannot justify any particular Kindness for a Man that we conclude to be incorrigibly wicked, fo that the Force of the Promise is the only Point in Question: I am to blame if I knowingly make a Promise to a wicked or ingrateful Man, and I am wrong if I do it ignorantly, but I must make it good, under proper Restrictions, because I promis'd it; that is if Matters continue in the same State, for no Man is answerable for Accidents. I'll keep the Time I appointed to be at fuch a Place, though it be cold; and I'll rife at fuch an Hour, though I should be sleepy; but if it should prove tempestuous, or I should be seiz'd by a Fever, I am excused from both. I promise to second a Friend in a Quarrel, or plead his Cause, and when I come into the Field or the Court, it proves to be against my Father or my Brother; I promise to go a Journey with him, but the Road is so dangerous there is no travelling, my Child is taken ill, or my Wife lies at the Point of Death, these Circumstances are sufficient to discharge me; for a Promise against Law or Duty is void in its Nature. The Counsels of a wife Man are certain, but the Events are uncertain: And yet if I have pass'd a rash Promise, I will in some Degree punish my Temerity in making it, with the Danger of keeping it, unless it turn very much to my Shame and Detriment, and if it should, I will be my own Confessor, and rather be once guilty of denying than always of giving. It is not with a Benefit as a Debt, there is a Difference in trufting an ill Paymaster and obliging an unworthy Person, the one is a bad Man and the other only an ill Husband.

Philip of Macedon had a couragious Fellow in his Army who had fignaliz'd himfelf in feveral Expeditions, which rais'd him so high in his Master's Esteem, that he bestow'd several considerable Posts and rich Gifts upon him; this Man put to Sea and was Shipwreck'd upon their own Coasts, which a charitable Neighbour hearing of took him up half dead, carried him to his House, and there at his own Charges maintain'd and provided for him thirty Days, till he was perfectly recover'd, and then furnish'd him at parting with a small Sum to defray his Expences on the Road; the Soldier was very thankful for all Fa-

vours, and promised to do mighty Things if he did but live to see his Master again: He finds King Philip, tells him of his Wreck, but never mentions his Preserver, and presently begs the Estate of this very Man who had faved his Life. It was with Philip as with many other Princes, that give they know not what, especially in Time of War; he granted the Soldier's Request, murmuring all the while at the Impossibility of gratifying so many ravenous Appetites as he had to please. When the good Man came to be turn'd out of all, he was not To tame as to bear it contentedly, and thank his Majesty for not giving away his Person as well as his Fortune; but wrote a bold free Letter to Philip, in which he related the whole Transaction. The King was so incens'd at this abuse, that he immediately commanded the right owner to be restor'd to his Estate, and the ingrateful Guest and Soldier to be stigmatiz'd for an Example to others. Philip should not upon any Account have kept his Promife to the Soldier, for he owed him nothing; belides, it would have been injurious and impious, and a dangerous Precedent to fet Mankind, for it would have been little less than an Interdiction of Fire and Water to the miserable, to have inflicted such a Penalty upon relieving them, fo that there must be always fome tacit Exception and Reserve in such Cases; If I can, If I may, or if Matters continue as they zvere.

Suppose it were my Fortune to receive a Benefit from one that afterwards betrays his Country, I fhould still reckon myseif obliged to make him such Requital as is confiftent with my public Duty; I would not furnish him with Arms, nor with Money, or Credit to levy or pay Soldiers; but I would not flick to gratify him at my own Expence with fuch Things as might please him one way, without doing

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Mischief another; I would not do any thing that might contribute to his Support or the Advantage of his Party. But what should I do in the Case of a Benefactor that should afterwards become not only mine and my Country's Enemy, but the common Foe of Mankind? I would there diftinguish between the Wickedness of a Man and the Cruelty of a Beaft; between a limited or particular Paffion and a fanguinary Rage, that extends to the Hazard and Destruction of human Society: In the former Case I would quit Scores, that I might have no more to do with him; but if he comes once to delight in Blood, and act Outrages with Greediness, to fludy and invent Torments, and to take Pleasure in them, the Law of Reason and Nature has discharged me of such a Debt; but this is an Impiety fo uncommon, that it may pass for a Portent, and be reckon'd amongst Comets and Monsters: Let us, therefore confine our Discourse to such Men as we detest without Horror, fuch Men as we fee every Day in Courts and Camps, and upon the Seats of Justice; to such wicked Men I will return what I have have received, without making an Advantage of their Unrighteousness.

Do we not see that the Divine Being is still gracious, tho' we every Day abuse his Bounties? How many are there that enjoy the Comfort of the Light who do not deserve it, that wish they had never been born? And yet Nature goes on quietly with her Work, and allows them a Being, even in despite of their Unthankfulness; such a Villain, we cry, is better used than me, and the same Complaint we extend to Providence itself. How many wicked Men have sine Crops, when a Blast destroys the Fruits of the Righteous? Such a Man we say has treated me ill. What should we do, but the very Thing which is done by God himself? That

is give to the Ignorant and persevere to the Wicked. All our Ingratitude does not hinder Providence from pouring down Benefits, even upon those that question whence they come. The Wisdom of Heaven does every Thing with a Regard to the Good of the Universe, and the Bleffings of Nature are granted in common to the worst as well as the best of Men, for they live promiscuously together, and it is the Divine Will that the Wicked shall rather fare the better for the Good, than the Good fuffer for the Wicked. It is true, a wife Prince will confer peculiar Honours only on the worthy, but in dealing out public Favours there's no Respect had to the Manners of the Man; but a Thief or a Traitor shall put in for a Share as well as an honest Man. If a good and a bad Man fail both in one Ship, it is impossible that the Wind which favours one should cross the other. The common Benefits of Laws, Privileges, Communities, Letters and Medicines are permitted to the Bad as well as the Good, and no Man ever yet suppressed a sovereign Remedy for fear a wicked Man might be cured with it, for the same Physic works upon both; in these Cases we are to set an Estimate upon the Persons, for there is Difference between the chufing a Man and not excluding him. There are some Benefits which unless they are allow'd to all cannot be enjoy'd by any; the Sun was not made for me alone, but for the Comfort of the World, and the providential Order of the Seafons, and yet I am not without my private Obligation. In short he that will not oblige the wicked and the ingrateful must resolve to oblige no Body, for we are all wicked in some respect or other, and every Man of us ingrateful.

We have been discoursing all this time, how far a wicked Man may be obliged, and the Stoics tell us he cannot be obliged at all, for they make him

incapable

incapable of any Good, and confequently of any Benefit; then he has this Advantage, if he cannot be obliged he cannot be ingrateful, for he is not bound to return what he cannot receive; and on the other Side, a good Man and ingrateful is a Contradiction, fo that by this Way of Reasoning there is no fuch Thing as Ingratitude in Nature. compare the Mind of a wicked Man to a vitiated Stomach, corrupting whatever it receives, and turning the best Nourishment to the Disease; but taking this for granted, a wicked Man may be fo far obliged as to pass for ingrateful, if he makes no Requital, for though it is not a perfect Benefit, yet he receives fomething like it. are Goods of the Mind, the Body and Fortune; Fools and wicked Men are incapable of the first, but to the others they may be admitted. But why should I call any Man ingrateful, you'll fay, for not restoring that which I deny to be a Benefit? I answer, that if the Receiver takes it for a Benefit and fails of a Return, 'tis Ingratitude in him. Cleanthes carries it farther, he that is defficient in a kind Office, tho' it is not a Benefit, would have done the same thing if it had been one, and is as guilty as a Thief that has fet his Booty, and is already arm'd to feize it, tho' he has not drawn Blood. Wickedness is form'd in the Heart, and the Matter of Fact only discovers it. Now, tho' a wicked Man cannot receive or bestow a Benefit, because he wants the Will of doing Good, which when he once has, and Virtue takes Possession of him, he is no longer wicked, as we call one that is not learned illiterate, and a Man that is badly clad naked, tho' this can read, and that is cover'd.

### CHAP XV.

The General Qualifications and Duties of a Benefactor.

THE main Points in the Question of Benefits which we have already treated of are, First, a judicious Choice in the Object; Secondly, in the Matter of Benevolence; and Thirdly, a gracious Felicity in the Manner of expressing them. But there are other Confiderations also incumbent on the Benefactor, which deferve a Place in this Discourse.

It is not enough to do one good Turn, even in a courteous Manner, unless we follow it with more, and without upbraiding or repining at it. It is a poor Excuse to charge that upon the Ingratitude of the Receiver, which is most commonly the Levity and Indifcretion of the Giver. Every Circumstance must be duly weigh'd, to make the Action perfect. Some are ingrateful in themselves, but there are more that we make fo by our Forwardness, Change of Humour, and Reproaches; and from hence the Blunder arises, we bestow a Benefit with a Design upon those that are best able to return it; we give to the avaritious, the haughty, and those that can never be thankful, whose Desires are insatiable; the Tribune would be a Prætor, the Prætor would be a Conful, never once looking back upon their Originals, but following their delufive and aspiring Hopes.

Mistaken Men are often calculating how much they shall lose by this or that Benefit, whereas, if it is loft, the Fault lies in the ill bestowing it, for if it is rightly placed it is as good as confecrated; therefore if we are deceived in another, let us not

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deceive ourselves. A patient Creditor will in Time make the worst Paymaster good; an obstinate Goodness overcomes an ill Disposition, as a barren Soil is made fruitful by Care and Tillage: But we have this Pleasure, if a Man is ever so ingrateful and inhuman, he cannot destroy the Satisfaction of my

having done a good Office.

It is our Duty to persevere in good Actions; if others will be wicked, must we be so too? If they are ingrateful shall we be inhuman? To give and to lose is nothing, but to continue giving with Loss shews the truely great Mind. Though the ingrateful Man's is in Effect the greater Lofs, for I lofe but his Benefit, and he lofes himfelf. An illustrious Mind does not propose the Profit of a good Office, but the Duty; if the World is wicked we should continue well doing even amongst evil Men; not to return a Benefit is the greater Sin; but not to confer one the earlier. We cannot propose to ourfelves a more glorious Example than that of the Almighty, who neither needs nor expects any thing from us, and yet he is continually showering down and distributing his Mercies and Graces upon us, to no other End than our common Benefit: With what Face then can we be mercenary to one another, that receive all Things from divine Providence gratis ?

When we have given Money to an unworthy Man, we frequently wish that we had flung it into the Sea. How many Disappointments do we meet in Wedlock? Yet we marry still. The General that has lost one Battle, hazards another; the Merchant trades again after a Wreck; and the Banker ventures a fresh after a bad Security. He that will do no good Offices after a Disappointment, must sink into a State of Inactivity; the Plough works harder after a sterile Year, and before the Ashes

are scarce cold, we raise another House upon the Ruins of the former. No Obligations are greater than those which Children receive from their Parents, yet should we give them over in their Infancy it would be to no Purpose; Benefits like Grain, should be watch'd from the Seed to the Harvest. I will not leave room for Ingratitude, but purfue and encompass the Receiver with Benefits; so that turn which Way he will, his Benefactor shall be still in his Eye, even when he would elude his own Memory. I will throw away a good Turn upon a bad Man, and requite him if he does me a good one, because the first is my Duty, and the last because I would not be in his Debt. It is idle for a Man to complain that he has met with a thankless Person, if he has met but one, he has either been very fortunate or very careful; yet Care is not always fufficient, for there is no Way to eseape the Hazard of losing a Benefit but not bestowing it, which is to neglect my own Duty for Fear another should abuse it; for it is his Fault to be ingrateful but mine not to give, and for the Sake of one thankful Man, I will oblige a great many that are not fo. In short, the Business of Mankind would be at an end, if we should do nothing for fear of Miscarriages in Matters of an uncertain Event. I will try all Things poffible that I may not lose a good Office and a Friend together; I will plead in Excuse of human Weakness, that one Man's Memory is not sufficient for all Things; it is but of a limited Capacity to hold only fo much and no more, and when it is full, fomething must be forgot, for the last Benefit ever fits closest to us. In our Youth we forget the Obligations of our Infancy, and when we are Men, those of our Youth are buried in Oblivion. If nothing will prevail, he is welcome to what he has, but let him take Care of returning Evil for Good,

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and making it dangerous for a Man to do his Duty. I would no more give a Benefit to such a Man, than I would lend Money to a beggarly Spendthrist, or deposit it in the Hands of a Knight of the Post. However, as the Case stands, an ingrateful Person is never the better for a Reproach; if he is already harden'd in his Wickedness, he gives no heed to it, if he is not, it turns a doubtful Modesty into

an incorrigible Impudence.

As the Benefactor is not to upbraid one with a Benefit, fo neither is he to delay it; the one is tirefome and the other odious. We must not hold Men in Hand, as Physicians and Surgeons do their Patients, and keep them longer in Fear and Pain than is necessary only to magnify the Cure. A generous Man gives eafily, and receives as he gives, but never exacts; he rejoices in the Return, and judges favourably of it whatever it be, and contents himself with bare Thanks for a Requital. It is a harder Matter with some to get a Benefit after it is promised, than the first Promise of it; there must be so many Friends made in the Case, one must be defired to follicit another, and he to move a third, and a fourth perhaps to receive it: fo that the Author has at last the least Share in the Obligation. It is then welcome, when it comes free and without Deduction, and none to intercept, hinder, or detain it, and let it be of such Quality too, as to be not only delightful in receiving but afterwards, which it will certainly be, if we only observe this plain Rule, never to do any thing for another which we could not honeftly wish for ourselves.

#### CHAP. XVI.

The necessary Duties of the Receiver.

THERE are several Rules for the Giver. 1 which hold equally good for the Receiver; both must be done chearfully, that the Benefactor may reap the Fruit of his Benefit in the very Act of bestowing it. It is a laudable Satisfaction to fee a Friend pleased, but it is much more to make him fo; their Intentions should be suited to each other. and strive which shall oblige most. Let the Generosity of the Benefactor acquit the Receiver, and the Receiver bind himfelf; for the Frankness of the Discharge heightens the Obligation. It is in Society as in a Tennis Court, where Benefits should be kept up like Balls, and the Length of the Rest proves the Goodness of the Gamesters. The Giver has indeed the Odds, because he starts first in the Race, and the other must use Diligence to overtake him; the Return must exceed the first Obligation to come up to it, and it is a Species of Ingratitude not to render it with Interest. In Money Affairs it is a common Thing to pay a Debt before it is due, yet we think it Time enough to retaliate a good Office, whereas the Benefit encreases by Delay, fo insensible are we of the most important Business in human Life: That Man is certainly in a miferable Condition, that can neither see, hear, taste, feel, nor finell; but he is more unhappy, that wanting a Sense of Benefits loses the greatest Comfort in Nature, the Pleasure of giving and receiving them. He that takes a Benefit according to the Intention is right, for the Benefactor attains his only End when the Receiver is grateful.

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The Giver, to all appearance, acts the more noble Part, but the Receiver has the hardest in many Respects. I would not accept a Benefit from those on whom I would not bestow one : For why should I not scorn to receive it where I am ashamed to owe it? And yet I would be more tender where I receive than where I give, for it is a Torment to be in Debt where a Man has no Inclination to pay, as it is the highest Delight to be engaged by a Friend, whom I should yet have a Kindness for, if I were never fo much disobliged. I do not speak of wife Men that do their Duty with Pleasure, that have their Passions at command, and prescribe Laws to themselves which they strictly adhere to; but of Meh in a State of Imperfection, who have an Inclination to be honest, but are over-born by the Contumacy of their Appetites; we must therefore take Care whom we lie under an Obligation to, and be stricter in the Choice of a Creditor for Benefits than for Money, for in one Case it is but paying what I had and the Debt is discharged, and in the other the Debt is not only the larger, but when I have paid it, I am still in Arrear, and this is the very Foundation of Friendship.

Suppose I am a Prisoner, and a known Villain offers to deposit a Sum of Money for my Redemption, shall I make use of this Money, or not? If I do, what Retaliation shall I make for it? In answer to the first Question, I will accept it, not as a Benefit, but a Debt, which shall never engage me in a Friendship with him; and secondly, my Acknowledgment shall be only suitable to such an Obligation. It is a Matter of Debate amongst the Philosophers, whether Brutus that adjudged Cæsar to death, and headed a Conspiracy against him, ought to have received his Life from Cæsar if he had sallen into Cæsar's Power, without examining what Rea-

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fon induced him to that Action. It appears to me in a different Light from most of them; and, notwithstanding he was a great Man in other Respects, yet in this I think he was very much mistaken, and acted contrary to the Stoic's Institution, in fearing the Name of a King, when Monarchy is certainly the best Government. Could he hope to establish Liberty where fuch great Rewards were proposed both for Tyrants and Slaves? Could he think to recover the City's loft Rights and Privileges, when so many thousand Lives had been lost in contending, not fo much whether they should be Slaves as to whom; he furely forgot the Nature of Things or the Genius of the People, to imagine because he had destroy'd one Tyrant there would be wanting another to fucceed him, when there was yet a Tarquin found after so many Kings had perish'd by Thunder and the Sword; yet, I think he might have receiv'd Life but not as a Benefit, for at that Rate I owe my Life to every Man that does not take it away.

When we want an Example of a truly great Mind, let us call to Mind Græcinus Julius, (whom Caligula flew, only because he was too good a Man for his Tyranny to brook) he, when Fabius Persicus, a Man of an infamous Character, sent him a large Sum of Money as a Contribution to the Expence of some public Games, would not receive it, at which his Friends, that esteem'd the Present more than the Giver, asking him why he resused it? Would ye have me, says he, accept Money from a Man whom I would not so much as pledge in a Glass of Wine? And when Rebilus, a Man of the same Stamp, soon after sent him a larger Sum upon the like Account, I beg you would excuse me, says he to the Messenger, for I would not take any thing of

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The following Tale will match this Scruple of receiving Money with another of keeping it, tho' the Sum be ever fo trifling: There was a certain Pythagorean, who had agreed with a Cobler to mend him a Pair of Shoes, and three or four Days after going to pay him his Money, he found the Shop thut up, and after he had knock'd a great while at the Door, " Friend, fays a merry Fellow, you " may hammer your Heart out there, for the " Man is dead and buried, and when our Friends " die we hear no more of them, but yours, that " are to live again, may perhaps be otherwise" (fnearing at the Pythagorean Transmigration) Upon this the Philosopher went away chinking the Money in his Hand, and feem'd very well pleas'd to fave it; but at last his Conscience check'd him, and upon Reflection, "Though the Man be dead to others, fays he, yet he lives to thee, therefore " pay him what thou owest him;" and accordingly he went back presently and thrust the Money into the Shop, thro' a Chink of the Door. Whatever we owe it is our Duty to find where to pay it, and without asking, for the Debt is the fame let the Creditor be good or bad.

It is rather obeying than receiving, where Necessity destroys the Choice, as when a Benefit is forced upon me from a Tyrant or Superior, whom it is dangerous to refuse. The Way to know my Mind is to leave me at Liberty; it is no Benefit in me to do Good against my Will, but if Good is done to me contrary to my Inclination it is one, as Money is of the same Value, tho' a Fool that does not know the Coin resuses to pass it. If the Thing intended be good for the Receiver, no Matter how ill it is taken, nay, the Receiver may be obliged and not know it, but the Giver cannot be ignorant of a Benefit; neither would I receive a

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Benefit from a worthy Person that may be hurtful to him, for it is the Part of an Enemy to save him-

felf by doing another Man harm-

Whatever we do let us still retain a grateful Mind; Why should a poor Man say what Requital can he offer to a Prince, or a Slave to a Patron, when Gratitude depends only upon the Good-will? If a Man defends my Fame, delivers me from Beggary, saves my Life, or gives me Liberty, which is more than Life, how shall I be grateful to that Man? I will take the Benefit kindly, and it is requited, and though this is no Discharge of the Debt, it is of the Conscience; yet we should distinguish between a Debtor that is insolvent by Expences of Lewdness and Gaming, and one that is undone by Fire and Thieves.

In the Return of Benefits let us be ready and chearful, but not pressing; there is as much Greatness of Mind in owing a good Turn as in doing it. He that precipitates a Return seems to say, I am weary of being in this Man's Debt; not but that hastening a Requital as a good Office is a commendable Disposition, but it is another Thing to do it as a Discharge, for it looks like casting off a heavy and troublesome Burthen. He that is over sollicitous to return a Benefit thinks the other so to receive it; it is his Treasure, and if he had rather it should lye till he calls it in, why should we presume to dispose of it? For the Giver has undoubtedly a Privilege of chusing his own Time for receiving-

Some are too proud in receiving of Benefits as others are in conferring them, both which are intolerable; the same Rule serves both Sides, as in the Case of a Father and a Son, a Husband and a Wise, one Friend and another, where the Duties are known and common. Some People will not receive a Benefit but privately, nor thank you for it but in a

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Corner; there must be no Witnesses in the Case; this is not fo much a Scruple of Modesty, as a kind of denying the Obligation, and only a less harden'd Ingratitude. Some again receive them fo coldly and indifferently, that one would think the Obligation lay on the other Side, they take it with Reluctance, as they would fay, Well, fince you will needs have it so, I am content to take it; whereas we should rather encrease the Favour, by faying, You cannot imagine how many you have obliged in this Action, there was never so great, so kind, so seasonable a Courtefy. Furnius never gain'd fo much upon Augustus as by a Speech he made upon the getting his Father's Pardon for fiding with Anthony. "This "Grace, fays he, is the only Injury that ever Ca-" far did me, for it has put me upon a Necessity " of living and dying ingrateful." It is fafer to affront some People than oblige them, for the more a Man deserves the worse they'll speak of him, as if the professing open Hatred to their Benefactors were an Argument that they lye under no Obligation. Some are fo four and ill-natur'd, that they take it for an Affront to have an Obligation, or a Return offer'd, to the Discouragement both of Bounty and Gratitude together.

# CHAP. XVII. Of GRATITUDE.

O recommend Gratitude is to plead the Cause both of God and Man, for without it we can be neither fociable nor religious, there is Delight in the Contemplation of it, as well as the Action, when we love our Benefactors and would do any thing

thing to oblige and ferve them; and the very Meditation is sufficient where we have not the Means of a Requital: The Artist isnever the less so for not having his Tools about him, or a Musician because he wants his Instrument; the Warrior is not the more a Coward for having his Hands bound, or the Pilot the less skilful for being at Land. If I have a Will to be grateful I am fo. A good Conscience will support me in all Extremites, even upon the Rack, under the Hands of the Executioner, when my Limbs are disjointed, or my Body confuming in Flames: It is comfortable in the sharpest Agonies of Death, for when we approach that Point how carefully do we fummon together, and call to mind our Benefactors, and the good Offices they have done us, that we may put our Minds in order, and

leave the World honourably.

Without Gratitude we can have neither Security, Peace nor Reputation, and the Benefits it brings with it make it more defirable. If the heavenly Bodies had no other Business than to pass over our Heads, without any Effect on our Minds or Perfons; or Regard to our Health, Fruits, or Seafons; yet we could not behold the Skies without Wonder and Veneration, to fee fo many Millions of radiant Lights, and to observe their Courses and Revolutions, without any Respect to the universal Good; but when we confider that Providence and Nature are ever bufy, whilst we lie supine in Slumber, with the furprifing Force and Operation of their Influences and Motions, we cannot but acknowledge their Ornaments to be the least Part of their Value, and that they are more to be efteem'd for their Virthe than their Splendor, they are indeed confiderable for their Majelfy and Beauty, but their main End and Use is Matter of Life and Necessity; and

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so it is with Gratitude, we love it rather for se-

condary Ends than for itself.

No Man can be grateful without despising those Things which terrify and affright the Vulgar; we must suffer Exile, lay down our Lives, impoverish and expose ourselves to Reproaches. Loyalty often undergoes the Punishment due to Rebellion, and Treason receives the Reward of Fidelity; as the Benefits are great, so are the Hazards, which is the Case more or less of all other Virtues; and it were hard if this should be more painful and fruitless than the Rest: So that though we may go on smoothly with the Current for some Time, yet we must prepare and resolve, if there be Occasion, to force our Paffage; for let what will happen, we must be grateful still; grateful for the Virtue-sake, and in Point of Interest too, for it preserves old Friends, and gains new. It is not our Bufiness to angle with one Benefit for another, or by bestowing a little to get more; but because I ought to do it, and because I love it, and that to such a Degree, that if I could not return a Benefit without being fuspected of doing an Injury, yet in Despight of Infamy itself, I would be grateful. It is a great Action even to venture the Fame to preserve the Conscience of an honest Man; the one is but imaginary, the other folid and inestimable. He cannot be called grateful, who at the Time of returning one Benefit has an Eye upon another; he that is grateful through Profit or Fear, is like a Woman that is honest only because she dreads Shame.

Gratitude is not only necessary and glorious, but also an obvious, cheap, and easy Virtue; so obvious, that wherever there is Life, there is Room for it; so cheap, that the covetous Man may be grateful without Expence; and so easy, that the Sluggard may be so likewise without Labour: And

yet it is not without its Niceties, for there may be a Time, Place, or Occasion, wherein I ought not to return a Benefit, nay wherein I had better disown it than deliver it.

But here let it be understood that it is one Thing to be grateful for a good Office, and another to return it; the Good-will is sufficient in some Cases, being as much as one Side demands, and the other promises, but the Effect is requisite in others. The Physician that has done his best is acquitted tho' the Patient dies, and so is the Advocate tho' the Client may lose his Cause; the General of an Army, though the Battle be lost, is yet to be commended, if he has discharged all the Parts of a prudent Commander; In this Case the one acquits himself tho' the other be never the better for it.

He is a grateful Man that is always willing and ready, and feeks all Occasions of requiting a Benefit, notwithstanding his End is not attain'd, yet he does more than the Man that without any Trouble makes an immediate Return. Suppose my Friend is taken Prisoner, and I sell my Estate to redeem him, putting to Sea in bad Weather, and feek him amongst the very Pyrates that took him; tho' he happens to be ranfom'd before I come to the Place, my Gratitude is as much to be efteem'd as if he had been still a Prisoner, and if I were taken and robb'd myself it would be the same Case. There is a Gratitude shewn in the very Countenance, for an honest Man bears his Conscience in his Face, and proposes the Requital of a good Turn in the very Moment of receiving it; he is chearful and confident, and in Possession of a true Friendship is deliver'd from all Anxiety. There is this Difference between a thankful and an unthankful Man, the one is always pleased in the Good he has done, and the other only once in what he has receiv'd; there must be a Benignity

Benignity even in the valuing the smallest Offices, and a Modesty that seems to be obliged in whatsoever it gives; for the Opportunity of doing a good Office to a worthy Man is in itself a Benefit; he that attends to the present and remembers what is past shall never be ingrateful. But who shall judge in this Case? For a Man may be grateful without making a Return and ingrateful with it. Our best Way is to help every Thing by a fair Interpretation, and where there is a Doubt to allow the most favourable Construction, for he that cavils at Words or Looks has a Mind to be quarrelfome. I will cast up my Accompts regularly, know what I owe. and to whom: and tho' I make Return fooner to fome, and later to others, as Occasion or Fortune will permit me, yet I will be just to all; I'll be grateful to God, to Man, to those that have obliged me, nay, even to those that have obliged my Friends; I am bound in Honour and Conscience to be thankful for what I have received, and if I am not yet full, it is some Pleasure that I may hope for more; but in the plenary Requital of a Favour there must be Virtue, Occasion, Means, and Fortune.

We oftentimes strain up Justice to the Pitch of an Injury; a Man may be over-righteous, and why not overgrateful too? There is a mischievious Excess that borders so close upon Ingratitude, it is hard to distinguish one from the other, there is Good-will in the Bottom of it but distemper'd, and it is effectually but a frantic Sort of

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### CHAP. XVIII.

## Of mistaken GRATITUDE.

TO refuse a good Office, not because we do not need it, but would not be indebted for it. is a kind of fantaftical Ingratitude, and somewhat allied to the humourous Nicety of being over-grateful, only it lies another Way and feems to be the more pardonable Ingratitude of the two. Some Persons take it for an Instance of Good-will to wish their Acquaintance a Mischance, that they may be the happy Instruments of their Release, like extravagant Lovers, who to prove their Affection wish each other banish'd, in Want, or Distress, that they may have an Opportunity of interpoling to their Relief. What Difference is there between fuch Wifhes and Curfes, fuch an Affection and a mortal Hatred? The Intent may be good, but there is certainly a Misapplication of it, "Let such an one fall into the Hands of his Enemies, his Creditors, " &c. and no Mortal be able to rescue him but myself; let his Life, Liberty, and Reputation lie all at Stake, and none but myfelf be in a Con-" dition to succour him." And must I do all this because he has obliged me, and I would requite him? If it be Gratitude to propose Goals, Shackles, Slavery, War, and Poverty, to the Man that you would requite, what would you do if you were ingrateful? This Proceeding is not only impious in itself, but hafty and unfeafonable; for he that out-runs me is as bad as he that will not move at all to bear me Company. There are Seafons wherein a Benefit is neither to be receiv'd nor requited, to press a Return

but it is worse to force me to desire it. He would be as vigorous to exact a Requital who is thus eager to return it. To wish a Man in Distress that I may relieve him, is only to wish him miserable; to wish that he may stand in Need of any Body is against him, and to wish that he may stand in Need of me is for myself. So that it is not so much Charity as the cancelling a Bond, nay, it is half the Wish of an Enemy, let me rather wish him powerful and happy and myself indebted to him. Nature inclines us to Mercy, Humanity, and Compassion; may we be excited to be more so by the Number of the Grateful! May that Number increase, and may

we have no Need of trying them !

It is not honest to come at a good Office criminally, as if a Pilot should pray for a Tempest that he might exert his Skill, or a General Wish an Army routed that he might flew his Conduct in recovering the Day; 'tis throwing a Man into a River to take him out again. It is an Obligation to heal a Wound, but to make that Wound on Purpose to cure it, is most perverse Ingratitude; it is barbarous to an Enemy much more to a Friend, for it is not for much to do him a Kindness as to put him in Need of it, let it be rather a Scar than a Wound, yet it would be better to have it neither. Eneas had never been stiled the Pious if he had wish'd the Ruin of his Country, only that he might have the Honour of taking his Father out the Fire. Rome had not been much obliged to Scipio if he had prolong'd the Punic War, that he only might finish it at last; or to the Decii for dying for their Country, if they had reduced it to the last Necessity, that they might devote themselves to its Service. It is the highest Difgrace to a Physician to make Work and torment his Patient, by irritating the Difease, that he may gain

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gain a Reputation by his Cure. If a Man should openly imprecate Misfortunes upon a Person whom he has been obliged to, would not the World condemn him for it? And all the Difference is, that one is only a private Wish, and the other a public Declaration. When a Friend told Rutilius, to comfort him in his Exile, that there would shortly be a Civil War, which would bring all the banish'd Men home. "What Evil have I done you, fays he, that you should wish my Recall to be worse than " my coming thence? No, I had rather my Coun-" try should blush for my Banishment than mourn

of for my Return." de of slom so of be

How much more honourable is it to owe chearfully than to pay dishonestly. An Enemy may wish to take a Town that he may preserve it, and be victorious that he may forgive; but the Mercy comes after the Cruelty: Besides, that it is an Injury both to God and Man, for he must be first afflicted by Heaven to be relieved by us, fo that we would by this impose the Cruelty upon God, and take the Compassion to ourselves. At best it is but a Curse to introduce a Blessing; the bare Wish is an Injury, and if it does not take Effect, it is because Heaven abhors to hear such Prayers; or, if it should succeed, the Fear itself is a Torment, and it is much more eligible to have a firm and unshaken Security. It is friendly to wish it in your Power to oblige me if ever I chance to need it, but it is unkind to wish me miserable that I may need it. How much more pious and humane is it to wish I may never want the Occasion of obliging, nor the Means of doing it, nor ever have Reason to repent of what I have done? to the included to his Service, if it came hele it

# CHAP. XIX. Of INGRATITUDE.

F all Crimes we should reckon Ingratitude most venial in others, and most unpardonable in ourfelves; it is impious to the highest Degree, for it makes us fight against Religion and our own Families. There always were, and ever will be, Criminals of all Sorts, as Tyrants, Murtherers, Adulterers, Traytors, Thieves, and facrilegious Persons; but there is hardly any notorious Crime without a Mixture of Ingratitude; it disunites Mankind, and breaks the very Cement of Society. And yet so far is this prodigious Wickedness from being any Wonder to us, that even Thankfulness were a greater of the two; for Men are deterr'd from the latter by Labour, Expence, Laziness, and Business, for diverted from it by Luft, Envy, Ambition, Pride, Levity, Rashness or Fear; nay, by the very Shame of confessing what they have received; and the unthankful Man has nothing to fay for himself all the while, for there needs neither Pains nor Fortune to discharge his Duty; besides the inward Torment when a Man's Conscience makes him afraid of his own Thoughts. Some of med some act of the tel

To speak against the Ungrateful is to rail at all Mankind, for even the Complainants are guilty, and we are so degenerated and lost, that the most strictly Virtuous cannot live up to it; we live unthankful in the World, and go struggling and murmuring out of it, distaissied with our Lot; whereas we should be grateful for the Blessings we have enjoy'd, and account that sufficient which Providence has appointed for us. Time might lengthen our Lives,

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not make them happier; tho' we know the Pleafure of God must be obey'd when he calls us, yet we go on quarrelling at the World for the Uneafinefs we cause ourselves, and are more unthankful to Heaven than to one another. Then how can that Man think any Benefit great, that despises the Bounties of his Creator? We would be strong as Elephants, swift as Bucks, light as Birds; and complain that we have not the Sagacity of Dogs, the Sight of Eagles, or the Longævity of Ravens; nay, we would be immortal, and endued with the Knowledge of Things to come. We take it ill that we are not Gods upon Earth, never confidering the Advantages of our Condition, or the Benignity of Providence in the Comforts we enjoy; we fubdue the strongest Creatures, and overtake the seetest; we reclaim the hercest, and outwit the craftiest; though we are within one Degree of Heaven itself, yet we are unfatished. Since there is not any one Creature which we had rather be, we are angry that the united Excellencies of all are not center'd in ourselves. Why are we not rather thankful to that Goodness which has subjected the whole Creation to our Use and Service ? to a sel no A service

Pride, Self-conceit, Avarice, and Envy are the principal Causes of Ingratitude: When a Man has done us a Favour, we are apt to cry, "Tis true, he did so for me, but it came too late, and was fo little, I might as well have been without it: If he had not given it to me he must have given it to somebody else; it was nothing out of his Pocket." We are so very ungrateful, that if a Man does ever so much for us, and leaves any thing to himself, we reckon he does us an Injury. The Disappointment of his insatiable Companions cost Julius Cassar his Life, yet he reserved nothing to himself of all he got, but the Liberty of disposing of

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it. There is no Benefit so large but Malignity will lessen it, nor any so small but a good Interpretation will enlarge it. No Man can be grateful that views a Benefit in a wrong Light; the avaritious Man is naturally ingrateful, for he never thinks he has enough, and only regards what he covets. Some pretend want of Power, and you shall find in others a graceless Kind of Modesty, that makes a Man ashamed of requiting an Obligation, because it is a Confession that he has received one. Not to return one good Office for another is inhuman, but to return Evil for Good is diabolical, there are too many of this Sort, who, the more they owe the more they hate, it is dangerous to oblige fuch People, for when they are conscious of not paying the Debt they wish the Creditor out of the Way, a mortal Hatred arises from the Shame of an abused Benefit; when they are asking a Payour they cringe, and making the most fervile outward Professions, but in a little Time the Note is changed, and we hear no more of it, till at length it is quite forgot; fo long as they fland in Need of a Benefit nothing is dearer to them, nor any thing cheaper when they have receiv'd it, and when they value the Benefit no farther, they care as little for the Author. Most People follow their Interest, as one is grateful for his Convenience, another is ingrateful for the fame Reason.

Some are ingrateful to their Country, and their Country no less ingrateful to others, so that the Complaint of Ingratitude reaches all Men, the Son wishes the Death of his Father, the Husband of his Wife, and so on: Who then can look for Gratitude in an Age of fo many gaping and craving Appetites? In fuch a licentious Age, where all Sorts of Vice and Impiety are authorized by the Sanction of the Great. Obligations are purfued with Sword and E 4 Poison:

Poison; Benefits are turn'd into Crimes, and that Blood most seditiously spilt for which every honest Man should expose his own; those who should be Preservers of their Country are Destroyers of it, and for a Violation of all Things, facred and prophane, are raifed to the highest Dignity; the Sword gives Law, and Hirelings take up Arms against their Masters. Amongst such turbulent and unruly Motions what Hope is there of finding Honesty, or even Fidelity, which is the quietest of all Virtues. There is not a more lively Image of human Life than that of a conquer'd City; there's neither Mercy, Modesty nor Religion, and if we forget our Lives we may as well our Benefits. The World abounds with Examples of ingrateful Perfons, and no lefs with ingrateful Governments. Was not Coriolanus ingrateful? For though he grew penitent, and laid down his Arms, yet he left off in the Midst of Parricide. Was not Cataline ingrateful, whose Malice aim'd more at the total Destruction of his Country than the Government, by calling in an inveterate and vindicative Enemy from beyond the Alps, to wreak their Revenge, and facrifice the Lives of as many noble Romans as might appeale the Ghosts of the flaughter'd Gauls? Was not Marius ingrateful who being raifed from a common Soldier to the confular Dignity, not only gave the Word for civil Bloodshed and Masacres, but was himself the Sign for the Execution, and every Man he met, to whom he stretch'd not out his Right-Hand, was murther'd. And was not Sylla ingrateful to? Who, when he had waded in human Blood from the Prænestine Tower to the Gates of Rome, carried his Outrages into the City, and barbaroufly cut in Pieces two entire Legions in a Corner, not only after Victory, but most perfidiously after Quarter given them. Good God! It amazes one, that fuch

fuch a Man should be suffer'd to escape with Impunity, but much more that he fhould be rewarded for fo horrid a Villany. Was not Pompey ingrateful too? Who after three Confulthips, three Triumphs, and fo many Honours usurp'd before his Time, divided the Common Wealth into three Parts, and reduced it fo low, that there was no Safety but in Slavery. Only to abate the Envy which his Power had rais'd, he took other Partners into the Government with him, as if that which was not lawful in one were allowable in more; dividing and diffributing the Provinces, and breaking all into a Triumvirate, referving still two Parts in three in his own Family. And was not Cæsar ingrateful too? Tho' to speak justly of him, he was a Man of Probity, merciful in his Victories, and never killed any Man, unless he was arm'd to oppose him. As we are all ingrateful, let us therefore learn to forgive one another: On the other Hand, there are ingrateful Governments. Was not Camillus banish'd? Scipio dismis'd, and Cicero plunder'd? Yet all this is nothing to those who are so mad as to dispute even the Goodness of Heaven, which gives us all, and expects nothing again, and continues giving to the most unthankful and complaining.

#### CHAP. XX.

There can be no Law to punish Ingratitude.

INGRATITUDE is so dangerous to itself, and so detestable to other People, that Nature, one would imagine, sufficiently provides against it without any other Law; and as every ingrateful Man is his own Enemy, it seems superfluous to compel a Man to be kind to himself, and follow his own Inclination; this of all Wickedness is the Vice

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that mostdivides and distracts human Nature. Without the Commerce of mutual Offices we can neither be happy nor fafe, for Society alone fecures us; separate us, we are a Prey, even to Brotes, as well as one another. We come into the World naked and unarm'd, without the Teeth or Paws of Lions and Bears to make us terrible; but by the Bleffings of Reason and Union we secure and defend ourselves against the Violences of Fortune; these make Man the Lord of all other Creatures, who otherwise is not a Match for the weakest of them; these comfort us in Age, Milery, Pain, and the worst of Calamities; fever this Conjunction, and the System of Mankind is dash'd to Pieces.

It is true, there is no establish'd Law against this abominable Vice, yet we cannot fay that it escapes unpunish'd, for a public Hatred is certainly the greatest Penalty that can be inflicted; besides, we lofe the most valuable Bleffing of Life, the bestowing and receiving of Benefits. If Ingratitude were to be punish'd by Law it would differedit the Obligation, for a Benefit is to be given not lent; and if we have no Return at all, there is just Cause of Complaint, for Gratitude were no Virtue if there were no Danger of being ingrateful; there are Halters and Gibbets provided for Homicide, Poison. Sacrilege, and Rebellion, but Ingratitude is only punish'd upon Earth by the Schools, all other Pains and Inflictions we must submit to the divine Justice. And if we may judge the Conscience by the Countenance, the ingrateful Man is never without a Canker at his Heart, his Mind is fad and follicitous, whereas the other is always chearful and ferene.

There neither is nor can be any Law against Ingratitude, for it is impossible to contrive one that that fift it in all Circumstances; if it were actionable there would not be Courts enough in the World to try it. You cannot fet a Day for the Requital of Benefits as for the Payment of Money, nor put an Estimate upon the Benefits themselves, but the whole Matter rests in the Consciences of both Parties; for there are so many Degrees of it that the fame Rule will never ferve all, and it is impracticable and unreasonable to pretend to proportion it. One good Turn faves my Life, another my Freedom, or perhaps my Soul; What Punishment can we adjudge for Ingratitude under these different Degrees? How shall a Man pay Life, Health, Credit, or Security in Kind? There can be no fix'd Rule to bound that infinite Variety of Cases, which are more properly the Subject of Humanity and Religion, than of Law and Justice; the Disputes about the Benefit itself must wholly depend upon the Judge's Courtely, for no Law can appoint the Value. One Man gives me an Estate, and another only lends me a Sword, which preserves my Life, nay, the very fame Thing feveral Ways done changes the Quality of the Obligation, a Word or Look very much alters the Case; how then shall we determine a Matter which does not depend upon the Fact itself, but the Force and Intention of it? Some Things are reputed Benefits, not for their Value, but because we defire them, and there are Offices of a much greater Value which we do not esteem at all: If Ingratitude were liable to a Law we must never give but before Witnesses, which would overthrow the Dignity of the Benefit, and again the Punishment is under the Necessity of being equal, tho' the Crimes are unequal; fo that Blood must answer for Blood. He that is ingrateful for my faving his Life, must forfeit his own, and what can be more inhuman than to make Benefits conclude in fanguinary Events. There are moreover certain Privileges granted to Parents, which can never be reduced to a common Rule.

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Rule, their Injuries may be cognizable but not their Benefits. The Diverfity of Cases is too large and intricate to be brought within Prospect of a Law, fo that it is more equitable to punish none than to punish all alike; and there is one Thing that we do not think of; no Man upon Earth would escape, yet every one would expect to be his own Judge: In fhort, as I have observed before, we are all of us ingrateful, and the Number does not take away the Shame, but authorizes and protects the Wickedness.

Some think it reasonable that there should be a Law against Ingratitude, because it is common for one City to upbraid another, and claim that of Posterity which was bestow'd upon their Ancestors, but this is unreasonable Clamour; others would discourage you from good Offices, because Men are not to be made answerable for them; but I think no Man would accept a Benefit upon those Terms, for the Giver's Generofity is leffen'd by fuch a Caution. But fay you, if this occasion'd fewer Benefits they would be franker, nor is it hurtful to check Rashness and Profusion: In answer to this, Men will take Care whom they oblige without Law, nor is it possible for a Judge ever to fet us right in it, or any thing but the Faith of the Receiver, the Honour of a Benefit is this Way preferved, which is otherwise profaned when it comes to be mercenary. It would be well, I think, if Money might pass upon the same Condition with other Benefits, and the Payment be remitted to the Conscience, without the Formality of Bills and Securities; but human Wifdom hath rather advis'd with Convenience than Virtue, and chofen rather to force Honesty than expect it; for what are all your Bonds, Indentures, Mortgages, &c. but a **Shameful** 

# Ch. xx. Of not punishing Ingratitade. 85

fhameful Confession of Fraud and Wickedness? Since more Credit is given to your Seals than your Minds, in this Case where is the Difference between a Benefactor and an Usurer? But I think it is better to be deceived by some than to suspect all.

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PART a HAPPY LIFE.

#### CHAP. I.

What may be truly called a HAPPY LIFE, and wherein it confifts.

LL Men would live happily if they could, it is all our Wish and Design; but we know not what constitutes a happy Life, we continue, however, in a blind and eager Purfuit of it, and by mistaking our Way, the faster we hurry on the farther we go wrong. It is to be confider'd, therefore, in the first Place, what it is we desire, and in the next, by what Means it may be the most speedily obtain'd: If we fet out right at first we shall find every Day how much we improve, and yet nearer the Point which Nature impells us to, but if we idly wander about, following the Noise and Clamour

mour of the diffenant Crowd, the' we labour with the atmost Affiduity, our Life will be foon confum'd in Error and Uncertainty; for which Reason it concerns us nearly, not only to examine what Road we are to take; but also to follow the Directions of fome skilful Guide, who has explored every Footstep of the Path; for this Journey is not like most others. where the Highway brings us foonest to our Journey's End, and where we meet with Inhabitants to apply to, that can fet us right, but in this the beaten Path is the most deceitful; let us not therefore follow like Sheep, where one going wrong shall lead a whole Flock aftray. For it is one of the great Evils of Mankind, that we are all too apt to form ourfelves according to the vulgar Choice, and live rather according to Example than Reason. It fares with us as with a routed Army, he that stumbles first drags another after him, and so they continue falling one upon the Heels of another, till the whole Field is but one general Heap of Miscarriages. The Number of the Multitude rather willing to take every thing upon Trust than exercise their Judgments, carries it against Truth and Justice. For the Question of a happy Life is not to be decided by Vote, and the Plurality of Voices amongst the common People is generally an Argument of the wrong. Let us therefore consider what will give us Possession of eternal Felicity, not what is most customary and approved of by the Vulgar; when I mention the Vulgar I mean the ermin'd Robe as well as the Ploughman's Frock, for I diffinguish not the Colour of the Veft, nor judge the Men by Appearance, but by a more certain Standard, the Mind, which alone is the true Index of the Mind: Worldly Felicity is apt to turn the Brain and elevate a Man too much, but if he is ever fo happy as to regain his Senses, he will confess so that he wishes undone whatfoever

whatfoever he has done" and, that " the Things he dreaded were better than those he pray'd for."

The true Felicity of Life is to be free from Perturbations, to be fensible of our Duty towards God and our Neighbour, and to enjoy the present without any anxious Dependance upon the future; not to amuse ourselves with vain Hopes or Fears, but to rest contented with what we enjoy, which is abundantly sufficient, for he that is so, wants Nothing. The great Bleffings of Mankind, are easily come at. but we wilfully thut our Eyes and blunder on in the dark, falling foul upon every Thing we fearch for without finding it. Tranquillity confifts in an equal Mind which no Alteration of Fortune can either exalt or depress. Nothing can diminish it, for it is the State of human Perfection, this raifes us to the Summit, and makes every Man his own Supporter; but he that is buoy'd up by any thing elfe, is liable to a Fall; he, whose Judgment is right and constant. enjoys a perpetual Calm, he views every Thing thro' a true Prospective, and forms all his Actions on Order, Measure, and Decorum: His Nature is Benevolence; his Life is squared according to Reafon, and he attracts to himself Love and Admiration. Without a certain and invariable Judgment every thing we do is but a reftless Fluctuation, but he that is always constant to his Purpose is undoubtedly right. The a marter shortly out we le bevoren

Liberty and Serenity of Mind are the necessary Consequences of mastering those Passions, which may either allure or affright us, it is then that, instead of those slashy Pleasures, which at best are both vain and hurtful, we find ourselves in Possession of everlasting Transport and Joy. A found Mind can only make a happy Man; there must be a Constancy in all Conditions, a Care for the Things of

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this World, but without Trouble, and fuch an Indifference for the Goods of Fortune, that either with them or without them we may live contentedly. Let Lamentation, Quarrelling, Sloth and Fear be banish'd from us, for they create all the Discord of our Lives, he that fears serves. The Joy of a wife Man stands firm without Interruption, in all Places and at all Times, his Thoughts are chearful and quiet, no outward Accidents can deprive him of it, for it is an innate Satisfaction and inseparable from him. The Life is anxious and follicitous, that is big with the Hope of any Thing though ever fo easy to be obtained, even if a Man never fuffers any Disappointment in such a Pursuit. Let not my speaking thus be a Hindrance to you in the fair Enjoyment of lawful Pleasures, or to the gentle Flatteries of reasonable Expectations, no, but I would have Men be always in good Humour, to arise from their own Minds and be cherish'd in their own Breafts. Other Delights are trivial; they may smooth the Brow, but never fill nor affect the Heart, true Joy is a placid fober Motion, and they are very much mistaken that call Laughing, Rejoicing. TheSeat of it is within, and Chearfulness accompanies the Refolution of a brave Mind that has Fortune under his Feet, he that can undauntedly look Death in the Face, meet Poverty with Difmay, and bridle his Appetites, this is the Man whom Providence has established in the Possession of inviolable Delights; the Pleafures of the Vulgar are ungrounded, airy, and superficial, but these are solid and eternal. The Body itself is rather a necessary than a valuable Thing, and the Comforts of it are temporary and vain, nay without extraordinary Care and Moderation their End is only Pain and Repentance: But a peaceful Mind, conscious Innocence, virtuous Actions, and an Indifference for Cafual Events.

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Events, are Bleffings without End, Satiety, or Measure. Yet how easily is this State of consummate Felicity obtained? Only by submitting to the Dictates of unerring Nature, the Foundation of which is Wisdom and Virtue, a Knowledge of what we bught to do, and a Conformity to the Impulse of that Knowledge.

#### CHAP. II.

WISDOM and VIRTUE are the Foundation of Human Happiness, and first of WISDOM.

I T must be allowed that human Happiness is founded upon Wisdom and Virtue, to treat therefore of these in Order, we will begin with Wisdom, not in the general Latitude of its various Operations, but only as it regards a good Life, and the Happiness of Mankind.

Wildom is a Faculty of discerning good from evil, what is to be chosen and what rejected, a Judgment grounded upon the Value of Things, and not the common Opinion, an Equality of Power and Strength of Resolution. It sets a Guard over our Words and Deeds, and makes us invincible by either good or evil Fortune: It teaches us to contemplate Nature, is large and spacious, and requires a great deal of Room to work in; it traverses Heaven and Earth, and for its Objects takes in Things past and future, transitory and eternal, it examines all the Circumstances of Time, and scrutinizes even upon the Mind, examining the Source, the Existence, the Beginning and Duration of it; whether it passes from one Form to another, or is confined anl 627 TY 7.1.

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only to one; whither it wanders when it leaves us, where it abides in that State of Separation, and what is the Action of it: What use it makes of its Liberty; whether or no it retains the Memory of Things past, and comes to the Knowledge of itself. It is the Habit of a perfect Mind and Humanity raised to as high a Pitch as Nature can carry it. It differs from Philosophy as Avarice and Money, the one defires, the other is defired; the one is the Effect and Reward of the other: To be wife is the Use of Wisdom, as seeing is the Use of Eyes, or well-speaking the Use of Eloquence. He that is perfectly wife is perfectly happy, even the Beginning of Wisdom makes Life easy to us, nor is it enough to know this, unless we imprint it in our Minds by daily Meditation, and so bring a good Will to a good Habit; and we must practice what we preach, for Philosophy is not a Subject for popular Oftentation, nor does it rest in Words but in Things. It is not an Entertainment taken up for Delight, or to pass away a Leifure Hour, but to fashion the Mind and govern our Actions, like a careful Pilot to be ready at the Helm and Guide us thro' all Dangers; nor can we be fafe without it for every Hour finds us fresh Oceasion to use it. It directs us in all the Duties of Life; Piety to our Parents, Fidelity to our Friends, Charity to the Unfortunate, and Judgment in giving Advice: It gives us Peace by fearing Nothing, and Riches by coveting Nothing.

There is no Condition of Life that excludes a wife Man from doing his Duty! If his Fortune be good he tempers it, if had he masters it; if he has an Estate he exercises his Virtue in Plenty, if none in Poverty, if he cannot do it in his own Country he will in Banishment, if he has no Command he will do the Office of a common Soldier? Some People have the Art of reclaiming the fiercest Beasts,

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they will make a Lion embrace his Keeper, a Tyger kifs him, and an Elephant obey him, but a wife Man encounters worse Difficulties than these, yet let them be ever fo formidable he at once perfectly tames them. When we ascribe the Invention of Tillage, Architecture, Navigation, &c. to wife Men, we are right in one Respect, they were invented by them but not as wise Men? For Wisdom does not instruct our Fingers but our Minds: Mufic and Dancing, Arms and Munition were the Works of Luxury and Difcord, but Wifdom instructs us in the Principles of Nature, and leads us to Unity and Concord; not in the Instruments but the Government of Life, not to make us live only, but to live happy. She teaches to diffinguish between true Greatness and Tumor; she clears our Minds of Drofs and Vanity, raifes our Thoughts to Heaven or carries them down to the fecret Abyss; discourses of the Nature, Powers, and Faculties of the Soul, the first Principles of Things and the Order of Providence; the fearches Nature, gives Laws to Life, and tells us that it is not enough to know God, unless we obey him; she sets a true Value upon Things, delivers us from erroneous Opinions, and condemns all Pleasures that are attended with Repentance, the allows Nothing to be good that is not unchangeably fo, nor any Man to be happy but he that needs no other Happiness than what he has within himself; nor any Man to be great or powerful that is not Master of himself. This is the Felicity of human Life, a Felicity that can neither be corrupted nor extinguished. It enquires into the Nature of the Heavens and the Influences of the Stars, which Studies tho' they do not form our Manners, they yet raife and dispose us to glorious Things. People have the Art of reclaiming the hercoft Beatly,

It is agreed upon by all, that " Right Reason is the Perfection of human Nature." Wifdom is only the Dictate of it, the Greatness that arises from it is folid and immoveable; the Refolutions of Wifdom being free, absolute and constant. Whereas Folly is never long pleafed with the fame Thing but still shifting and fick of itself; there can be no Happiness without Constancy and Prudence, for a wife Man must write without a Blot, and what he once fixes on approve for ever, he admits of Nothing that is either evil or unstable, but walks without flumbling and is never furprized, he lives always true and fleady to himfelf, and whatfoever befalls him, this great Artificer of both Fortunes turns to Advantage. He that demurs and hefitates is not vet composed, but wherever Virtue interposes, there is Concord and Confent in the Parts, as all Vices are at Variance. A wife Man must be happy in all Conditions, for he subjects all Things to himself, by Submitting only to reason and governing his Actions by that, not by Paffion. He ffands immoveable at the Extremities of Fire and Sword; whereas a Fool is afraid of his own Shadow, and furprized at ill Accidents as if they were all levell'd at him: But the wife Man does Nothing unwillingly, for whatever he finds necessary he makes his Choice, he is content with his Lot let it be what it will, and never wishes for what he has not, though he had rather abound than be in Want. The great Bufiness of his Life, like that of Nature, is performed without Tumult and Noise: He neither fears Danger nor provokes it, but it is his Caution not Want of Courage, for, Captivity, Wounds, and Chains, he only looks upon as false and imaginary Terrors. If he cannot go through with what he undertakes, yet what he does he takes Care shall be well done. Arts are but the Servants which Wisdom commands;

and where the Matter fails, it is none of the Workman's Fault. In doubtful Cases he is cautelous, in Prosperity temperate, but resolute in Adversity, still improving all Occasions to make them subservient to his Fate; there are some Accidents which may indeed affect him, but not overthrow his Constancy, as bodily Pain, Loss of Children or Friends; or the Ruin and Desolation of his Country; a Man must be made of Iron and Stone not to be sensible of these Calamities, neither would it be any Virtue to

bear them if we did not feel them.

There are Three different Sorts of Proficients in Wisdom's School, the First are those that come within View of it but not up to it, they have learned their Duty, but do not put their Knowledge in Practice, they have still the Remains of a Difease though they are out of Danger by the Disease. I mean an Obstinacy in evil or ill Habit, that makes them eagerly pursue any thing which is not much to be defired, or not at all. A fecond Sort are those that have subjected their Appetites for a Season, but are yet in fear of falling back: A third Sort are those that are clear of many Vices but not of all. They are not covetous perhaps, but they are choleric; not lustful but ambitious; they are firm enough in some Cases but weak in others; there are many that despile Death and yet fbrink at Pain, there are Diverfities in wife Men but no Inequalities; one is more affable, anothermore ready, a third a better Speaker, but the Felicity of them all is equal: It is in them as in the heavenly Bodies, where each has a several Degree of Magnitude.

In civil and domestic Affairs a wife Man may stand in Need of Counsel, as of a Physician, an Advocate, a Sollicitor, but in greater Matters the Blessings of wife Men lie in the Joy they take in the Communication of their Virtue? But if there

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# Ch.iii. Of no Happiness without Virtue. 95

were nothing else to recommend it, we should apply ourselves to Wisdom because it fixes us in a perpetual Tranquility of Mind.

#### CHAP. III.

There is no Happiness without Virtue.

TIRTUE is that perfect Good which is the Completion of a happy Life, it is the only immortal Thing that belongs to Mortality: It leads us to the Knowledge both of others and itself; it is an invincible Greatness of Mind, fociable, and gentle, free, fleady and dauntless; content within itself, full of inexhaustible Delights, and is valued for itself. One may be a good Commander, a good Physician, or a good Grammarian, without being a good Man; fo that all external Things are but Accessaries to Virtue, for the Seat of it is a pure and untainted Mind. It confifts in a Congruity of Actions, which can never accord whilft we are distracted by our Passions; a virtuous Man may change Colour, and fuffer fuch Impressions as are properly a Kind of natural Force upon his Body, and which are not under the Dominion of the Mind: But all this while I would have his Judgment firm, his Actions fleady and bold, without wavering between the Motions of his Body and the Agitations of his Mind. It is not an indifferent Thing I know, whether a Man lies at Ease upon a Bed or in Torments upon a Wheel: Yet the former may be the worse of the two, if we suffer the latter with Honour and enjoy the other with Infamy; it is not the Matter but the Virtue that makes the Action good or ill, and he that is led in Triumph may be greater than his Conqueror. If we once value our Flesh above our Honesty we are lost: Yet I would not press upon Dangers, nor even upon Inconveniencies, unless where the Man and the Brute come in Competition, and in such a Case, rather than make a Forseiture of my Credit, my Reason or my Faith, I would run all Extremties.

It is a great Bleffing to have indulgent Parents, dutiful Children, or to live under a just and wellordered Government; nor would it not trouble even a virtuous Man, to fee his Children butcher'd before his Eyes, his Father enflayed, or his Country over-run by a barbarous Enemy? There is a wide Difference between the simple Loss of a Blesfing, and a Mischief succeeding in its Place. The Loss of Health is accompained with Sickness, and the Loss of Sight with Blindness; but in being deprived of Friends and Children there is fomething to Supply their Loss, namely Virtue; which fills the Mind and takes away the Defire of what we have not, and it matters not, if the Current of the Water be stopt, so long as the Fountain is safe. Is a Man ever the wifer for a Multitude of Friends, or more foolish for the Loss of them? Neither is he the happier or more miserable. Short Life, Grief and Pain are Accidents that have no Effect upon Virtue; it confifts in the Action and not the Things we do, in the Choice itself and not the subject Matter of it; it is not a despicable Person or Condition, Poverty, Infamy or Scandal, that can obscure the Glories of Virtue, but she shines resplendent thro' all Oppositions; whereas if you scrutinize into the State of a wicked Man you will fee the Canker at his Heart through all the false and darling Glare of Greatness and of Fortune. A strict Search will discover our Childishness in setting our Hearts upon Things trivial and contemptible, and in bartering our Country and Pa-

## Ch.iii. Of no Happiness without Virtue. 97

Parents for a Rattle. For, what is the Difference in Fact between old Men and Children, but the one deals in Paintings and Statues, and the other in jointed Babies? So that we ourselves are only the

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If one could behold the Mind of a good Man as it is illustrated with Virtue, the Beauty and Majesty of it, which are not to be thought of without Veneration, would not a Man bles himself at the Sight of luck an Object as at the Encounter of fome fupernatural Power? A Power fo miraculous that it is a Charm upon the Souls of those that are truely affected with it, there is such a wonderful Grace and Authority in it that even the worst Men approve it, and let up for the Reputation of being accounted virtuous themselves; they covet the Fruit and Profit of Wickedness, but they hate and are ashamed of the Imputation of it. The Impressions of Nature make all Men reverence Virtue, they know at and respect it, though they do not practice it, for they borrow the Appearance of Virtue to countenance their Wickedness, and cover their most notorious Iniquities under a Pretext of Juffice. The Highwayman had rather find his Booty than take it by Force, and so, ask any of those that live by Rapine, Fraud or Oppression, if they had not rather enjoy a Fortune honestly got, and their Consciences will not fuffer them to deny it. This is an Evidence that Men are vicious only for the Profit of Villany, for at the fame Time that they commit it, they condemn it. Providence itself shews the Power of Virtue, for every Man has an innate Guide to direct him, which we all fee and acknowledge though we do not pursue it? This makes the Prisoner upon the Torture happier than his Executioner, and Sickness better than Health, if we bear it without yielding and repining; this overcomes ill Fortune - and and moderates Good, for it walks an even Pace. with Indifference, between both; Virtue, like the most subtle Fire which turns every Substance into its own, tinctures all our Actions and our Friendships, and whatever it touches becomes amiable? What is frail and mortal rifes and falls, grows, wastes, and varies from itself but the State of divine Things is always the same; and so is Virtue let the Matter be what it will? It is never the worfe for the Difficulty of the Action, nor the better for the Eafiness of it; it is the fame in the poor as the rich, the fickly as the found, and the weak as the strong, the Virtue of the belieged is as great as that of the Beliegers: There are fome Virtues which a good Man cannot be without, and yet he had rather be without an Occasion of employing them, if there was any Difference, I should prefer the Virtues of Patience before those of Pleafure; for it is braver to break through Difficulties than to temper our Delights; the Subject of Virtue to bear Wounds and Burnings may probably be against Nature, but the Virtue of an invincible Patience are exactly conformable to its Dictates, we may feem perhaps to promife more than human Nature is able to perform; but we speak with Respect to the Mind, not to the Body.

If a Man does not live up to his own Rules it is something to have virtuous Meditations and good Purposes without acting, it is noble to adventure at Goodness, and barely propose an eminent Course of Life, though beyond the Force of human Frailty to accomplish, there is Honour even in the Miscarriage, nay in the very Contemplation of it; I would receive my own Death with as little Concern as I would hear of another Man's, I would bear the fame Mind whether I am rich or poor; whether I get or lofe in the World; what I have I will not either fordidly give or prodigally fquander a way, and

# Ch.iii. Of no Happiness without Virtue: 99

I will reckon Benefits well bestow'd as the fairest Part of my Possession, what I do shall be done for Conscience not Ostentation, I will eat and drink not so much to gratify my Palate as to satisfy Nature; I will he chearful to my Friends, mild and placable to my Enemies, and will prevent an honest Request if I can foresee it, by granting without being asked, I will look upon the whole World as my Country, and Heaven as the Witness and Judge of my Words and Deeds; I will live and die with the Testimony of a good Conscence, that I never invaded another Man's Liberty, but preserved my own; I will govern my Life and Thoughts as if the whole World were to fee one and read the other; for what avails it to keep any thing fecret from our Neighbour, when to God all our Privacies are open.

Virtue is divided into two Parts, Contemplation and Astion, or otherwise, it consists in Discipline and Exercise, for we must first learn and then practice. the fooner we apply ourfelves to it, and the more hafte we make, the longer we shall enjoy the Comforts of a right Mind, tho' we have the Fruition of it in the very Act of forming it; but it is another Sort of Delight that arifes from the Contemplation of a Soul, which is advanced into the Poffession of Wisdom and Virtue: If we thought it a Comfort to país from the Subjection of our Childhood into a State of Liberty and Business; how much greater will it be when we cast off the boyish Levity of our Minds, and range ourselves amongst Philosophers? We are past our Minority it is true, but not our Indifcretion; and what is worfe, we have the Authority of Men, and Weakness of Children, I may fay of Infants, for every little Thing frights them, and every trivial Fancy affects us; whoever studies this Point well, will find that many Things are the less to be fear'd the more terrible they appear.

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To think any thing good that is not honest, is to reproach Providence, for good Men fuffer many Inconveniencies; but Virtue like the Sun, still goes on with her Work, and finishes her Course, let the Air be never fo cloudy, like that too, extinguishing all other Splendors and Oppositions, fo that Calamity is no more to a virtuous Mind than a Shower in the Sea. That which is right is not to be valued by Quantity, Number, or Time, a Life of a Day may be as honest as a Life of an hundred Years. yet Virtue in one Man may have a larger Field to thew itself in than in another. One perhaps may be in a Station to administer unto Cities and Kingdoms, to contrive good Laws, create Friendships, and do beneficial Offices to Mankind: It is another Man's Misfortune to be streighten'd by Poverty, or fent out of the Way by Banishment, yet the latter may be as virtuous as the former, may have as great a Mind, exact a Prudence, as inviolable a Juffice. and as extensive a Knowledge of Things, both divine and human, without which no Man can be happy, for Virtue is open to all, as well to Servants and Exiles as to Princes. It is advantageous to the World and itself, at all Distances, and in all Conditions, and there is no Difficulty can excuse a Man from the Exercise of it; but it is only to be found in a wife Man, though there may be fome feint Resemblances of it in the common People.

The Stoics hold all Virtues to be equal, but there is great Variety in the Matter they have to work upon, according as it is larger or narrower, illustrious or less noble, of more or less Extent, as all good Men are equal, that is to say, as they are good, but one may be young another old; one may be rich another poor; one eminent and powerful, another unknown and obscure. There are many Things which have little or no Grace in themselves,

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#### Ch. iii. Of no Happiness without Virtue. 101

that are made glorious and remarkable by Virtue; nothing can be good which gives neither Greatness nor Security to the Mind, but on the contrary infects it with Infolence, Arrogance, and Tumour, nor does Virtue dwell upon the Tip of the Tongue, but in the Temple of a purified Heart. He that depends upon any thing elfe becomes covetous of Life and what belongs to it, which exposes a Man to Appetites that are vaft, unlimited and intolerable. Virtue is free and indefatigable, accompanied with Concord and Gracefulness, whereas Pleasure is mean, fervile, transitory, tiresome, and sickly, and scarce outlives the taffing of it, it is the Good of the Appetite and not of the Men, and only a brutish Felicity. We know that Fools enjoy their Pleasures, and that there is a great Variety in the Entertainments of Wickedness: Even the Mind has a Diverfity of perverse Pleasures as well as the Body, as Infolence, Self-conceit, Pride, Garrulity, Indolence, and the abusive Wit of turning every thing into Ridicule. But Virtue weighs all this and corrects it; It is to be learned from itself, and the very Will may be taught, which Will cannot be right, unless the whole Habit of the Mind be right, from whence the Will comes. It is by the Impulse of Virtue that we love Virtue, so that the Way thitherward lies by Virtue, which takes in also at a View the Laws of human Life.

A virtuous Life must be all of a Piece, we are not to value ourselves upon any one Action, but upon the whole Habit of the Mind; some Men do one Thing bravely but not another, they will shrink at Insamy and bear up against Poverty; in this Case we commend the Fact and despise the Man; the Soul is never in the right Place till it is divested of all Care of human Affairs: We must labour and climb the Hill if we will arrive at Virtue, whose Seat is at the

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Top of it. He that masters Avarice and is truly good, stands firm against Ambition, he looks upon his last Hour not as a Punishment, but the common Distribution of Fate. He that subdues his sleshly Lusts may easily keep himself untainted from any other, fo that Reason does not encounter this or that Vice separately, but beats down all at a Blow. What does he care for Ignominy who only values himself upon Conscience and not Opinion. Socrates look'd a scandalous Death in the Face with the same Constancy that he had before practifed to the thirty Tyrants, his Virtue confecrated the very Dungeon, as Cato's Repulse was Cato's Honour, and a Reproach to the Government. He that is wife will take Delight even in an ill Opinion that is well gotten, for it is Offentation not Virtue, when a Man will have his good Deeds publish'd; and it is not enough to be just where there is Honour to be got, but to continue fo in Defiance of Infamy and Danger.

Virtue can never lie hid or be suppressed, for the Time will come that it shall rife again, and deliver it itself from the Malignity of the Age that has borne it down; immortal Glory is the Shadow of it and keeps it Company whether we will or no, though fometimes it preceeds and fometimes follows it, and the later it comes the larger it is, for then even Envy itself shall have given way to it. Democritus was taken for a mad Man, and it was a long time before Socrates had any Esteem in the World; it was a confiderable Time before Cato could be underflood, nay, he was affronted, contemn'd, and rejected, and People, never knew the Value of him till they had loft him; the Integrity and Courage of Rutilius had been forgot but for his Sufferings; these Men Fortune has made famous for their Perfecutions, and there are others that the World

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#### Ch. iii. Of no Happiness without Virtue, 103

never took Notice of till they were dead, as Epicurus and Metrodorus, that were almost unknown, even in the Place where they lived. Now as Bodies are to be referain'd upon the Descent and forced upwards, fo there are some Virtues that require the Rein, and others the Spur. In Liberality, Temperance, and Gentleness of Nature, we are to check ourselves for fear of falling, but in Patience, Resolution, and Perseverance, where we are to mount the Hill, we stand in Need of Encouragement; upon the whole I had rather fleer the smoother Course, than encounter the Dangers of Sweat and Blood. I know it is my Duty to be content in all Conditions, but if it were at my Election I would chuse the fairest. When a Man comes once to stand in Need of Fortune, his Life is anxious, suspicious, timorous, dependant upon every Moment, and in fear of all Accidents: How can that Man refign himself to Fate, or bear his Lot whatever it be without murmuring, and chearfully fubmit to Providence, that shrinks at every Motion of Pleasure or Pain? It is Virtue alone that raifes us above Grief, Hope, Fear and Chance, and makes us not only patient but willing, as knowing that whatever we fuffer, it is the Decree of Heaven. He that is overcome by Pleasure, that contemptible and weak Enemy, what will become of him when he is to grapple with Dangers, Necessities, Torments, Death, and the Dissolution of Nature itself? Wealth, Honour, or Favour, may come to a Man by Chance, they may be cast upon him without so much as looking after them; but Virtue is the Work of Industry and Labour, and certainly it is worth the while to purchase that Good which brings all others along with it. A good Man is happy within himself and independent of Fortune, kind to his Friend, temperate to his Enemy, religiously just, F 4 indefa-

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indefatigably laborious, and discharges all Duties with Constancy, and a Congruity of Actions.

#### CHAP. IV.

#### PHILOSOPHY is the Guide of Life.

TF it be true that the Understanding, and the Will are the two eminent Faculties of the reasonable Soul; it follows necessarily, that Wisdom and Virtue, which are the Improvement of these Faculties, must be the Perfection also of our reasonable Being. and confequently the undeniable Foundation of a happy Life. There is not any Duty to which Providence has not annex'd a Bleffing, nor any Inflitution of Heaven, which even in this Life we may not be the better for; neither is there any Temptation either of Fortune or Appetite, that is not subject to our Reason, nor any Passion or Affliction for which Virtue has not provided a Remedy, fo that it is our own Fault if we either fear or hope for any thing; which two Affections are the Root of all our Miseries. From this general Prospect of the Foundation of our Tranquillity, we shall pass by Degrees to a particular Confideration of the Means by which it may be procured, and of the Impediments that obstruct it, beginning with that Philosophy, which principally regards our Manners, and instructs us in the Measures of a virtuous and quiet Life.

Philosophy is divided into Moral, Natural, and Rational, the first concerns our Manners, the second searches the Works of Nature, and the third surnishes us with Propriety of Words and Arguments, and the Faculty of distinguishing, that we may not be imposed upon by Tricks and Fallacies. Moral

Philo fophy

Philosophy is again divided into Matter of Juffice, which arises from the Estimation of Things and Men; and into Affections and Actions, the failing in any one of which diforders all the rest; for what does it avail us to know the true Value of Things, if we are transported by our Passions? Or to master our Appetites without knowing the Time, Substance, Manner, and other Circumstances of our Proceedings? For it is one Thing to know the Rate and Dignity of Affairs, and another to be acquainted with the little Springs of Acting. Natural Philosophy is conversant with Things corporeal and incorporeal; the Disquisition of Causes and Effects, and the Contemplation of the Cause of Causes. Rational Philosophy is divided into Logic and Rhetoric, the one looks after Words, Sense, and Order; the other treats barely of Words and the Signification of them.

Socrates places all Philosophy in Morals, and all Wisdom in the distinguishing of Good and Evil; it is the Art and Law of Life, teaching us what to do in all Cases, and like good Marksmen to hit the White at any Distance; the Force of it is incredible, for it gives us in the Weakness of a Man the Security of a Spirit: In Sickness it as good as a Remedy to us, for whatfoever eafes the Mind is profitable alfo to the Body; the Physician may prescribe Diet and Exercise, and accommodate the Rule and Medicine to the Disease, but it is Philosophy that brings us to the Contempt of Death, which is the Remedy of all Diseases; in Poverty it gives us Riches, or such a State of Mind as makes them superfluous to us; it arms us against all Difficulties. One Man is oppress'd with Sickness, another with Poverty, some with Envy, others offended at Providence, and unlatisfied with the Condition of Mankind; but Philosophy prompts us to relieve the Prisoner, the In-F 5 firm

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firm, the Necessitous, and the Condemn'd; to shew the Ignorant their Errors, and rectify their Affections; it makes us inspect and govern our Manners; it rouzes us where we are faint and drouzy, binds up what is loofe, and humbles that which is contumacious; it delivers the Mind from the Bondage of the Body, and raises it to the Contemplation of its divine Original. Palaces, Monuments, and all the Works of Vanity and Ambition are demolish'd and destroy'd by Time; but the Reputation of Wildom is venerable to Posterity, and those that were envy'd or neglected in their Lives are adored in their Memories, and exempted from the very Laws of created Nature, which has fet Bounds to all other Things; the very Shadow of Glory carries a Man of Honour upon all Dangers, to the Contempt of Fire and Sword, and it were a Shame if right Reason should not inspire a Man of Virtue with as generous Resolutions.

Neither is Philosophy only profitable to the Public, but one wife Man helps another in the Exercise of their Virtues, and are of mutual Affiftence by ftirring up an Emulation in good Offices. We are not fo perfect yet, but many new Things remain to be found out, which give us the reciprocal Advantages of inffructing each other; as wicked Men are contagious, and the more their Vices are mingled the worse they are, so the contrary will tally with good Men and their Virtues; Men of Letters are not only the most useful and excellent Friends, but the best Subjects, as being better Judges of the Bleffings they enjoy under a well order'd Government, and of what they owe the Magistrate for their Freedom and Protection; learned Men are fober, and free from Boatting and Infolence, they reprove the Vice without reproaching the Per-Joh, for they have learn'd to be wife without either

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Pomp or Envy. That which we see in high Mountains we find in Philosophers, they seem lostier near at Hand than at a Distance, they are raised above other Men, but their Greatness is substantial, nor do they stand on Tiptoe that they may seem higher than they are, but content with their own Stature, they reckon themselves tall enough when Fortune cannot reach them; their Laws are short, but com-

prehensive, for they bind all.

It is the Bounty of Nature that we live, but of Philosophy that we live well, which is a much greater Benefit than Life itself; the Faculty of Philosophy is the Gift of Heaven, but the Science is the Business of Industry. No Man is born wise, Wisdom and Virtue require a Tutor, but Vice is eafily learn'd without a Mafter; it is Philosophy that gives us a Veneration for God, and Charity for our Neighbour; it unmasks Things that are terrible to us, affwages our Lufts, and refutes our Errors. restrains our Luxury, reproves our Avarice, and works mightily upon tender Natures. I never heard Attalus upon the Vices of the Age and Errors of Life, without feeling a Compassion for Mankind, in his Discourses upon Poverty there was something more than human; " More than we use, says he, is more than we want, and only a Burthen to the Bearer." That Speech put me out of Countenance at the Superfluities of my own Fortune; and in his Invectives against vain Pleasures, he did so advance the Felicities of a fober Diet, a pure Mind and a chaffe Body, that one could not hear him without a Love for Continence and Moderation: Upon these Lectures of his, I deny'd myself, for some time after, certain Delicacies that I had formerly used, though I soon fell to them again, but fo sparingly that the Proportion came little short of a total Abstinence. their very Managa are Now

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Now to shew you how much apter Youth is to take good Impressions, my own Entrance upon Philosophy was much earnester than my Progress; my Tutor Sotion gave me a wonderful Kindness for Pythagoras, and after him for Sextius, the former forebore shedding of Blood upon his Doctrine of the Soul's paffing from one Body to another, and put Men in Fear of it, left they should offer Violence to some of their departed Friends and Relations. Whether, fays he, there be a Transmigration or on not, if it be true, there is no Hurt in it, if false there is Frugality; neither is any thing got by the Cruelty, but the cozening a Wolf, or a "Vulture of a Supper." But Sextius abstain'd upon another Account, which was, "that he would not have Men inured to Hardness of "Heart, by the Laceration and Torture of living Creatures; besides that, Nature has sufficiently or provided for the Suffenance of Mankind without "Blood." This wrought fo far upon me, that I gave over eating of Flesh, and in less than a Year made it not only easy to me but pleasant; my Mind was more at Liberty, and I am still of the same Opinion; but I gave it over nevertheless, and the Reason was this, the Forbearance of some Sorts of Flesh was imputed as a Superflition to the Yews. and my Father brought me back again to my old Custom, that I might not be thought to be tainted with their Superstition, though I had much ado to prevail upon myfelf to fuffer it; I make use of this Instance only to shew how susceptible Youth are of of good Customs, if they have a Friend at Hand to press them. Philosophers are the Tutors of Mankind, if they have found out Remedies for the Mind it must be our Part to apply them; I cannot think of Cato, Lalius, Socrates, or Plate without Veneration, their very Names are facred to me. Philofophy

fophy is the Health of the Mind, let us look to that first, and to the Body's in the second Place, which may be had upon easier Terms, for a strong Arm, a robust Constitution, or the Skill of procuring it, is not the Philosopher's Business, he does formethings as a wife Man, and other things only as he is a Man; and he may have Strength of Body as well as Mind, but if he wins the Race, or casts the Sledge the farthest, it is injurious to ascribe that to his Wisdom which is common to the greatest Fools. He studies rather to fill his Mind than his Coffers. and knows that Gold and Silver were mingled with Dirt till Avarice and Ambition separated them. His Life is orderly, fearless, equal and secure; he flands firm in all his Extremities, and bears the Lot of human Life with a divine Temper; there is a great Difference between the Splendor of Philosophy and Fortune, the one shines with an original Light, the other with a borrow'd one. The House of a wife Man is fafe though low, there is neither Noise nor Furniture in it, no Porter at the Door, nor any thing that is vendible and mercenay, nor is there any Business for Fortune, for she has nothing to do where she has nothing to look after; this is the Way that Nature points us out to Heaven, it is both fecure and pleasant, there needs no Train of Servants, no Pomp or Equipage to make good our Passage, no Money or Letters of Credit for Expences upon the Road; but the Graces of an honest Mind will ferve us upon the Way, and make us happy at our Journey's End.

To give you my Opinion freely of the Liberat Sciences, I think them rather Matters of Curiofity than Virtue, for I have no great Esteem for any thing that terminates in Profit or Money, and yet I will allow them to be fo far beneficial as to prepare the Understanding without detaining it; they are but the

Rudiments

Rudiments of Wisdom, and only to be learn'd when the Mind is capable of nothing elfa; they are better worth the keeping than acquiring, they do not fo much as pretend to make us virtuous, but only to give us an apt Disposition to be so. The Grammarian's Business lies in a Syntax of Speech, or if he proceed to the measuring of a Verse, he is at the End of his Line; but what fignifies a Congruity of Periods, the computing of Syllables or modifying of Numbers, to the taming our Passions or represfing our Lufts. The Philosopher proves the Body of the Sun to be large, but for the true Dimensions of it we must ask the Mathematician. What does it concern me to know which was the elder of the two Homer or Hesiod, or which was the taller Helen or Hecuba? We take a great deal of Pains to trace Ulyffes in his Wanderings, but would it not be Time better fpent to look to ourselves, that we wander not at all; Are not we ourselves toss'd with tempestuous Passions, assaulted by terrible Monsters on one Side, and tempted by Syrens on the other? Teach me my Duty to my Country, my Family and to Mankind. What is it to me whether Renelope swere honest or no? Teach me to know how to be so myself, and to live according to that Knowledge. What am I the better for putting fo many Parts in Music together, and raising an Harmony out of fo many different Tones? Teach me to tune my Affections, and to hold confant to myself. Geometry teaches me the Art of measuring Acres; teach me to measure my Appetites, and know when I have enough; teach me to divide with my Brother, and rejoice in the Profperity of my Neighbour; you teach me how to keep my Estate, but I had rather know how to be contented when it is all loft; it is hard you'll fay for a Man to be forced from the Fortune of his Family. Rt.d.m.ents

Family. Suppose the Estate was my Father's, whose was it in the Time of my Great Grand-sather's? I do not only say what Man's was it, but what Nation's? The Astrologer tells me of Saturn and Mars in Opposition, let them be as they will, their Courses and Positions are order'd them by the unchangeable Decree of Fate; either they produce the Estects of all Things, or they point out and signify them: If the former what are we the better for the Knowledge of that which must of Necessay come to pass? If the latter, what does it avail us to foresee what we cannot avoid? So that whether we know or not, the Event will still be the same.

It is beneath the Dignity of a Philosopher to be over-curious in his Words, or follicitous about Sounds and Syllables, and to debase the Mind of Man with small and trivial Things, placing Wife dom in Matters that are rather difficult than great. If he be eloquent it is his good Fortune, not his Buffness, subtle Disputations are only the Sport of Witlings, and are fitter to be contemned than debated. Would any one but a mad Man fit wrangling about Words, and putting nice and impertment Queltions, when the Enemy has already made a Breach. the Town is fired over his Head, and the Mine ready to play that shall blow him up in the Air? Is this a Time for fooling? No, let me rather fortify myself against Death and inevitable Necessity, let me understand that the Goods of Life do not confift in the Length or Space but the Use of it. When I fleep who knows whether I shall ever wake again. and when I wake whether I shall ever sleep again: It is not at Sea only that Life and Death are within a few Inches of each other, but they are as near every where elfe, only we don't take fo much Notice of them. Infead of frivolous and captious Questions let us fludy how to deliver ourselves from Sadnefs, 301

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Sadness, Fear, and the Burthen of our fecret Lusts; let us pass over all our most solemn Levities, and make Hafte to a good Life. Shall a Man that is in a hurry to go for a Midwife stand list'ning to a Fack-pudding; or when his House is on Fire stay till his Perriwig is comb'd before he calls for Help? Our Houses are on Fire, our Country invaded, our Goods taken away, our Children in Danger, and I may add to these the Calamities of Earthquakes, Shipwrecks, and whatever elfe is terrible; Is this a Time to be trifling and toying with idle Queftions and unprofitable Riddles? Our Duty is to cure rather than delight the Mind, but we have only the Words of Wisdom without the Works, and turn Philosophy into a Pleasure, which was given us for a Remedy. What can be more ridiculous than for a Man to neglect his Manners and compose his Stile? We are fick and ulcerous, and must be lanced and fcarified, for every Man has as much Bufiness within. himself, as a Physician in a general Pestilence. In short, though Misfortunes cannot be avoided, nor overcome, yet they may be fweeten'd, and our Lives render'd happy by Philosophy.

## CHAP. V.

#### The Force of PRECEPTS.

THERE is such an Affinity between Wisdom, Philosophy, and good Advice, that it is rather curious than profitable to divide them; Philosophy is only a limited Wisdom, and good Counsel is a Communication of that Wisdom for the Good of others as well as of ourselves, to Posterity as well as the present Age: The Wisdom of the Ancients, as to the

the Government of Life, was no more than certain Precepts what to do, and what not, and Men were much better in that Simplicity; for, as they came to be more learned they grew lefs careful of being good: That plain and open Virtue is now turn'd into a dark and intricate Science, and we are taught to difpute rather than to live; fo long as Wickedness was fimple, fimple Remedies were fufficient against it, but now it has taken Root and spread, we must

make use of stronger.

There are some Dispositions that are apt to embrace good Things as foon as they hear them, but fland in Want of quickning by Admonition and Precept: We are rash and forward in some Cases and dull in others, and there is no repreffing or raising either, but by removing the Causes of them, which are false Admiration and false Fear. Every Man knows his Duty to his Country, his Friends or Acquaintance, yet when he is call'd upon to draw his Sword for the one, or labour for the other, he finds himself distracted between his Apprehensions and Delights. He knows the Injury he does his Wife by keeping a Wench, yet his Luft overrules him, fo that it is not enough to take good Advice, unless we can quit that which deprives us of taking the Benefit of it. A Man can never do his Duty constantly or equally without knowing why he does it; for if he do it by Chance or Custom, he that does well by Chance, may do ill fo too; and even a Precept, though it may direct us what we ought to do, may yet fall short in the Manner of doing it. An expensive Entertainment may in one Case be Extravagance or Gluttony, yet a Point of Honour and Difcretion in another.

Tiberius Cæsar had a large Mullet prefented to him, which he fent to the Market to be fold, " And "now, fays he to some of the Company with him,

" you shall see that either Apicius or Octavius will be the Chapman for this Fish." Octavius accordingly was the first that asked the Price, and gave about thirty Pounds Sterling for it; there was a great Difference between Octavius that bought it for Luxury, and the other that purchas'd it for a Compliment to Tiberius. Precepts are idle, if we are not first taught what Opinion we are to have of the Matter in Question, whether it be Poverty, Riches, Difgrace, Sickness, Banishment, &c. let us therefore examine them one by one, not what they are called, but what they really are, and fo for the Virtues. It is to no Purpose to set a high Esteem upon Prudence, Fortitude, Temperance, Justice, if we do not first know what Virtue is; whether one or more, or if he that has one has all, or how they differ.

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Precepts are of great Weight, and a few useful ones ready at Hand do more towards a happy Life, than whole Volumes of Cautions which we know not where to find; these solitary Precepts should be our daily Meditation, for they are the Rules by which we ought to fquare our Lives, when they are contracted into Sentences they strike the Affections; Admonition moves the Vigour of the Mind, and excites Virtue, we have the Thing already but we know not where it lies. It is by Precepts that the Understanding is nourished and augmented; the Offices of Prudence and Justice are guided by them, and they lead us to the Execution of our Duties, A Precept deliver'd in Verfe has a much greater Effect than in Profe, and the most covetous Men when they hear a sharp Sentence against Avarice, they will clap and admire it, and bid open Defiance to Money. So foon as we find the Affections fruck we must follow our Blow, not with Syllogisms of Quirks of Wit, but with plain and weighty Reason, and

and we must do it with Kindness and Respect too, for there goes a Bleffing along with Counfels and Discourses that are wholly meant for the Good of the Hearers, and those are still the most efficacious that take Reason along with them, and tell us as well why we are to do this or that, as what we are to do, for fome Understandings are weak, and need an Instructor to expound to them what is Good, and what is Evil. It is a great Virtue to love, to give, and to follow good Counsel, if it does not lead us to Honesty, it does at least prompt us to it; as several Parts compose but one Harmony, and agreeable Music often arises from Discords, so should a wife Man gather Arts, many Precepts, and the Examples of many Ages to inform his own Life. Our Fore-fathers have left us a Charge to avoid three Things, Hatred, Envy, and Contempt; now it is hard to avoid Envy and not incur Contempt, for in taking too much Care not to usurp upon others we become many Times liable to be trampled upon ourfelves; some People are afraid of others, because it is possible that others may be afraid of them, but let us secure ourselves on all Hands, for Flattery is as dangerous as Contempt. It is not in Case of an Admonition to fay, I knew this before: for we know many Things but we do not think of them, so that it is the Part of a Monitor, not so much to teach as to remind us of our Duties. Sometimes a Man over-looks what lies just before him, at other Times he is careles, or pretends not to fee it. We all know that Friendship is facred, yet we violate it; and the greatest Libertine expects that his own Wife should be honest.

Good Counsel is the most needful Service that we can do Mankind, and if we befrow it on many it will be fure to profit some, for of many Trials some or other will undoubtedly succeed. He that

puts a Man in Possession of himself does a great Thing, for Wisdom does not shew itself so much in Precept, as in Life, in a Firmness of Mind, and a Mastery of Appetite; it teaches us to do as well as to talk, and to make our Word, and Actions all of a Piece. If the Fruit be pleasantest which we gather from a Tree of our own planting, how much greater Delight shall we take in the Growth and Increase of good Manners of our own Formation.

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It is an eminent Mark of Wisdom a Man's appearing always like himself; you shall have some that keep a thristy Table, and launch out upon Building, prosuse upon themselves, and fordid to others, niggardly at home, and lavish abroad; this Diversity is vicious and the Effect of a distaissied and uneasy Mind, whereas every wise Man lives by Rule; this Disagreement of Purposes arises from hence, either we do not propose to ourselves what we would be at, or if we do that we do not pursue it, but pass from one thing to another, and we do but only change, and return to the very Thing which we had both quitted and condemn'd.

In all our Undertakings let us first examine our own Strength, the Enterprize next, and then the Persons with whom we have to do; the first Point is most important, for we are apt to over-value ourselves, and reckon that we can do more than indeed we can a One Man sets up for an Orator, and is out as soon as he opens his Mouth, another over-charges his Estate perhaps, or his Body; a bashful Man is not sit for public Business, some again are too stiff and peremptory, some are too apt to sly out into a Passion, others to be frolicksome, and if any sharp Thing sall in their Way, they'll rather venture their Neck than lose a Jest, such People had better be quiet than busy in the World. Let him that is naturally choleric and impatient, avoid all Provocations,

and all Affairs that multiply and draw on more, and those also from which there is no Retreat; when we come off at Pleasure, and fairly hope to bring Matters to a Period, it is well enough. If it happens that a Man is tied up in Bufiness, which he can neither get loofe from nor break, let him imagine those Shackles upon his Mind to be Irons upon his Legs; they are troublesome at first, but when there is no Remedy but Patience, Custom makes them easy, and Necessity gives us Courage. We are all Slaves to Fortune, some only in loose and golden Chains, others in strait ones and coarse : even those that bind us are Slaves themselves, some to Honour, others to Wealth; fome to Offices. others to Contempt; fome to their Superiors, others to themselves; nay, Life itself is a Servitude: Let us therefore make the best of it, and with our Philosophy mend our Fortunes; Difficulties may be foften'd, and heavy Burdens dispos'd of to our Ease; Let us covet nothing out of our Reach, but content ourselves with Things hopeful and ready, without envying the Advantages of others; for Greatness stands upon a Precipice, and it is much safer living upon the Level. How many great Men are forced to keep their Stations through meer Neceffity, because there is no descending without Danger s fuch Men would do well to fortify themfelves against evil Confequences by Virtue, and Meditations that may make them less anxious about what may happen; the furest Expedient in this Case is to bound our Defires, and to submit nothing to Fortune which we can keep in our own Power; for if this Method does not wholly compose us, yet at the worst it shews us the End of our Troubles, as a factor and factor mi medicinal princes at a contract to the ac

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We ought to take care that we propose nothing but what is probable and honest; for it is equally difagreeable to us not to fucceed, or to be ashamed of our Success. And the Way to do this is not to admit an ill Defign into our Hearts, that we may lift up untainted Hands to Heaven, and alk nothing, which another may be a Loofer by; let us pray for a good Mind, and this Wish cannot be injupious to any Bolly 3 I will remember always that I am a Man, and then confider, that if I am bappy it will not laft always, and if unhappy, I may be otherwise if I please. I will always carry my Life to be readily delivered up when it shall be called for, and will have an especial Care of being a Slave to myfelf; for it is a tedious, fhameful, and the worst of Servicude, and the whole Secret by which we may attain at this, is, only to moderate our Defires: If we confider rightly, what is it that we labour and toil for, when we want but little, and it is but a fhort Space that we shall stand in Need of any. Thing. ... He that would make Trial of the Firmness of his Mind, let him Act a-part certain Days for the Practice of Virtue, let him mortify himself with Fasting, coarse Cloaths, and hard Lodging, and then fay to himself: Are these the Things that I was afraid of I In a State of Security a Man may thus prepare himfelf against Danger, and in Plenty fortify himself against Want: The Man that would be resolute at a Rush should be trained up to it before-hand; the Soldier does Duty in Peace, that he may know how to behave in Time of Battle. How many great and wife Men have made Experiment of their Moderation, by practifing Abstinance to the highest Degree of Hunger and Thirst; and convinced themselves that a Man may fatisfy his craving without being indebted to Fortune, which never denies any of us to fatisfy

atisfy our Necessities, tho' fhe be never to angry? t is as easy to fuffer it always, as to try it once; and it is no more than thousands of poor People do every Day. Where Philosophy is infused into the Mind, there is no Room for Grief, Anxiety, or superfluous Vexations; it is prepoffested with Virtue to the Neglect of Fortune; which brings us to a Degree of Security, not to be disturbed. It is eafier to give Counfel than to take it, and a common Thing for one choleric Man to condemn another. We may be fometimes earnest in advising, but not violent or tedious: Few Words with Gentleness and Efficacy are the best; the Misfortune is, that the wife do not need Counfel, and Fools will not take it; a good Man delights in it, and it is a Mark of Folly and Ill-nature to hate Reproof. To a Friend, I would be always frank and plain, and rather fail in the Success, than be wanting in the Matter of Faith and Truft. There are fome Precepts that pass in common both to rich and poor, but they are too general, one of these is, -- Avoid Avarice. Now it is one Thing not to defire Money, and another not to know how to use it.

In giving Advice we should first make Choice of the Persons we have to do withal, and see if they are worth our While, and in the Business itself we should consult Nature and sollow our Inclinations: He that gives sober Advice to a Jester, must look to have every Thing turned into Ridicule. Marcellinus retorted it upon the wise Men, "As if you "Philosophers, says he, did not love your Ladies, and your Feasts, as well as other People;" and then he tells you of such and such that were caught in the Fact. We are all sick I must confess, and it is not for sick Men to play the Physician; but yet a Man in an Hospital may discourse of the Condition

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Condition and Diffempers of the Place. He that should pretend to teach a Madman how to fpeak, walk, and behave himfelf, would shew himfelf the madder of the two: He that commands the Ship, orders the Helm to be moved, and the Sails shifted after this or that Manner, to make the best of a Scant of Wind after this or that Manner, and fo should we do in our Counsels. Do not tell me what a Man should do in Health or Poverty, but shew me the Way to be either found or rich; teach me to mafter my Vices; for it is to no Purpose, so long as I am under their Government, to tell me what I must do, when I am clear of them. In Case of an Avarice a little eased, a Luxury moderated, a Temerity restrained, a sluggish Humour quickened; Precepts will then help us forward, and tutor us how to behave ourselves. The military Oath is the first and main Tie of a Soldier, and is an Engagement upon him both of Religion and Honour; in like Manner, he that pretends to a happy Life, must first lay a Foundation of Virtue, as a Bond upon him, to live and die true to the Cause. True Felicity is not found in the Veins of the Earth where we dig for Gold, nor in the Bottom of the Sea, where we fish for Pearl, but in a pure untainted Mind, which alone is fit to entertain the Deity; to be perfectly happy, we must be content with our own Lot, and fo live with Men as confidering that God fees us, and address God as if Men heard us.

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# -tuoi vinem of CoH A P. VI.

Peace of Conscience is the only Felicity.

A Good Conscience is the Testimony and Reward of a good Life; the Man holds an abfolute Dominion over Fortune, that has mafter'd his Passions; he places his Treasure and Security in himself that learns to be content with his Condition, and that Death is no Evil in itself, but only the End of Man; he that dedicates his Mind to Virtue, and the Good of human Society, whereof he is a Member, has confummated all that is profitable or necessary for him to know, or do, towards the Establishment of his Peace. Every Man has a Judge and Witness within himself of all the Good and Evil he does, which inspires us with noble Sentiments, and administers to us wholesome Counsels. We have a Veneration for all the Works of Nature, the Heads of Rivers, and the Springs of medicinal Waters; the awful Horrors of Groves and Caves strike us with Religion and Worship. What then shall we say, when we see a Man, fearless in Dangers, untainted with Lusts, comfortable even in Advertity, composed in a Tumult, and imiling at all Things that are generally either coveted or feared; must we not acknowledge this to be a Beam of Divinity actuating a Mertal. And this it is that carries, that leads us into a Disquisition of Heaven and Nature; what the State of the World was before the Distribution of the first Matter into Parts; what Power it was that drew Order out of Confusion, and gave Laws to the whole and every Part thereof. This traverses the vast Immensity of Space, fearthing out the

the Source from whence proceeds all the different Operations of Nature. Can any Man observe the Glory and Order of the Universe, so many scatter'd Particles and Qualities wrought into one Mass. the World enlighten'd, and the Diforders of it fo wonderfully regulated, and not look up to the Author and Disposer of all this, and consider what will become of us when our Souls are deliver'd from the Slavery of the Flesh? The whole Creation conforms to the Dictates of Providence, and follows God, both as a Governor and Guide; and a great, good, and right Mind, is an Emulation of Divinity lodged in the Flesh; a Slave may be bles'd with it as well as a Prince, it came from Heaven and to Heaven it must return; the supreme Felicity of which is, in some Measure, enjoy'd by a virtuous Mind even upon Earth; whereas the most eminent Honours are but empty Names, which may probably owe their Rife either to Ambition or Violence: The Thoughts of Eternity transport me. and the Belief of it fills me with Awe; I have a profound Veneration for the Opinions of those great Men that promise Things so much to my Satisfaction, for they do promife them though they do not prove them. My being perfuaded of the Immortality of the Soul, arises from the general Confent of Mankind to the Opinion of a future Reward and Punishment, and this Meditation brings us to a Contempt of this Life in Hopes of a better. But still though we know we have a Soul, yet what the Soul is, how and from whence, we are ignorant of: This only we understand, that all the Good and III we do is under the Dominion of the Mind; that a clear Conscience fixes us in an inviolable Peace, and that the greatest Bleffing in Nature is, that which every Man may bestow upon The Body is but the Clog and Burden of

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the Mind, toffed up and down, and persecuted with Punishments, Violences, and Diseases; but the Mind itself is facred and eternal, and exempt from

the Danger of all actual Impressions.

Every Man's Conscience, as we have already observed, is his innate and impartial Judge, so long therefore as we keep that fafe, it is no matter for the Opinion of the World; let me deserve well. tho' I hear ill: The common People take Haughtiness and Audacity for the Marks of Magnanimity and Honour; and if a Man be fost and modest. they look upon him as an easy Fool; but when they once come to observe the Dignity of his-Mind, in the Equality and Firmness of his Actions. and that his outward Tranquillity is founded upon his inward Peace; the very fame People admire and esteem him: For there is no Man but approves of Virtue, though but few purfue it; we all fee where it is, but don't care to take the Trouble to come at it; and the Reason is, that we overrate those Things which we must quit to come at it. A good Conscience fears no Witness, but a guilty one is anxious even in Solitude; if we do nothing but what is honest, let all the World know it; but it does not fignify to keep it secret from others, so long as we know it ourselves. He is wretched indeed that flights this Witness! Wickedness may escape the Law, but not the Conscience; for, a private Conviction is the first and greatest Punishment of Offenders; so that Sin is its own Tormentor, and the Fear of Vengeance pursues even those that escape the Stroke of it; it would be very hard upon good Men, that Iniquity might so easily evade the Law, the Judge, and the Execution, if Nature had not fet up Torments and Gibbets in the Consciences of Transgressors. He that

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that is guilty lives in perpetual Terror, and while he expects to be punished, he punishes himself; and whofoever deferves it, expects it. Suppose he is not detected, he is still in Apprehension that he may be fo. His Sleeps are painful and never fecure, and he cannot speak of another Man's Wickedness, without blushing at his own; whereas a good Conscience is a continual Feast. Those are the only certain and profitable Delights, which arise from the Conscience of a well-acted Life: No Matter for Noise abroad, so long as we are quiet within; but if our Passions are seditious, they are enough to keep us waking without any other Tumult: There is an impatient Sloth that may be roused by Action, and the Vices of Laziness must be cured by Bufiness; but it is not the Pesture of the Body or the Composure of the Bed, that will give rest to an uneasy Mind. True Happiness is not to be found in the Excesses of Wine or Women, or the largest Prodigalities of Fortune; what she has given me, she may take away, but she shall not tear it from me; and fo long as it does not grow to me, I can part with it without Pain. He that would perfectly know himself, let him set aside his Money, Fortune, and Dignity, and examine himfelf naked; without being put to learn from others, the Knowledge of himfelf.

Therefore, let us examine, watch, observe, and inspect our own Hearts; for, we ourselves are our own worst Flatterers, and it is dangerous for a Man too suddenly, or too easily, to believe himself. We should every Night call ourselves to an Account; "What Infirmity have I master'd to Day? "What Passion opposed? What Temptation resisted? or, What Virtue acquired?" Our Vices will abate of themselves, if they are brought

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every Day to fuch a Confession: Oh, the blessed Sleep that follows fuch a Diary! Oh the Tranquillity, Liberty, and Greatness of that Mind that is a Spy upon itself, and the private Censor of its own Manners. "It is my Cuftom, every Night when my Lamp is out, to recollect the Words and Actions of " the past Day, and to let nothing escape me; for, why should I start at the Review of my " own Errors, when I can admonish and pardon " myself? I was a little too warm in such a Dis-" pute, my Opinion might as well have been fpared; for it gave Offence, and did no good at all. The Thing was true, but all Truths " are not to be spoke at all Times; I would I had " held my Tongue, for there is no contending with either Fools or Superiors; I have done ill, " but it shall be so no more." If every Man would thus fearch into himfelf, it would be better for us all. What can be more reasonable than this daily Reflection on a Life, that we cannot warrant for a Moment? Our Fate is set, and the first Breath we draw, is only the first Motion towards our last. One Cause depends upon another, and the Course of all Things, publick and private, is but a continued Series of providential Appointments. Whatever Variety there is in our Lives, all Things tend to the same Period. Nature may diversify her own Bodies as she pleases, but a good Man has this Consolation, that nothing perishes which he can call his own: The Universe is doom'd to the fame Fate as we are, the Heavens are mortal as well as our Bodies; Nature has made us passive, and it is our Lot to suffer. Whilst we are in the Flesh, every Man has his Chain and his Clog, only it is loofer and lighter to one Man than another; and he is more at Ease that takes it up and carries it, than he that drags it. We are born to lofe, and

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and to perish; to hope, and to fear; to vex ourselves, and others; and there is no Antidote against the common Calamity, but Virtue; for the Foundation of true foy, is in the Conscience.

### CHAP. VII.

A wicked Man cannot be bappy, nor a good Man miserable.

THERE is not in the whole Course of Nature, a more inseparable Connection of Cause and Effect than in the Case of Happiness and Virtue; nor any thing that more naturally produces the one, or more necessarily presupposes the other: For what is it to be happy, but for a Man to content himself with his Lot, in a chearful and quiet Refignation to the Appointments of God? All the Actions of our Lives ought to be governed with a Respect to Good and Evil, and it is only Reason that diffinguishes; Reason, that Ray of the Divinity, that constitutes the Persection of Mankind. It is true, we have not the Eyes of Eagles, nor the Sagacity of Greyhounds; or if we had, why should we pretend to value ourselves upon any Thing in common with Brutes? or, What are we the better for that which is foreign to us? As the Beams of the Sun enlighten the Earth, and yet remain in their own Sphere, so it is with a virtuous Mind that illustrates all our Actions, and yet adheres to it's Original.

Every Thing in its pure Nature, pleases us best; why do not we as well commend a Horse for his fine Trappings, as a Man for his pompous Additions? How much a braver Creature is the Lion, naturally

than in his Chains? It is not Honour, Nobility, or Riches, that can justify a wicked Man; nor is it the Want of them that can discredit a good one: That's the sovereign Blessing which makes the Possessor of it valuable without any thing else, and him that wants it contemptible, though he had all the World besides. It is not the painting, gilding, or carving, that makes a good Ship; but if she is a nimble Sailor, tight, and strong to endure the Seas, that's her Excellency; it is the Edge and Temper of the Blade, that makes a good Sword, not the Richness of the Scabboard; and thus it is not Money or Possessions that make a Man considera-

ble, but Virtue.

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It is every Man's Duty, to make himself profitable to Mankind; to many if he can, if not, to fewer; if not, to his Neighbours and the nearest about him. There are two Republics; human Nature, which is the great one; and the Place of our Nativity, which is the lefs. Some Persons ferve both at a Time; others, only one of them. The great one may be ferved in Privacy, Solitude, and Contemplation, and perhaps, better that Way, than any other; but it was the Intent of Nature, that we should serve both. A good Man may ferve the Public, his Friend, and himfelf in any Station; if he is not fit for the Sword, let him take the Gown; if the Bar does not agree with him, let him try the Pulpit; if he is filenced in the Court. let him give Counsel at home, and discharge the Part of a faithful Friend, and a temperate Companion: When he is no longer a Citizen, he is yet a. Man; the whole World is his Country, and human Nature never wants Matter to work upon. But if nothing will please a Man in the Civil Go-G 4 vernment. Care as an

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vernment, unless he be Prime Minister; or in the Field, but to command in Chief, it is his own Fault. The common Soldier, where he cannot use his Hands, fights with his very Looks, encourages his Comrades by his Example and Voice, and stands his Ground, though he is unable to do Execution; fo may any Man in what Condition foever he is, discharge the Part of a good Patriot; nay, he that spends his Time well even in Retirement, fets a good Example; we may enlarge indeed, or contract according to the Circumstances of Time, Place, or Abilities; but above all Things, we must be fure to keep ourselves in Action, for he that is slothful, is dead even whilft he lives; was there ever any State so desperate as that of Athens, under the thirty Tyrants, where it was capital to be honest, and the Senate was turned into a Gang of Hangmen; never was any Government fo wretched as that, yet Socrates at the fame Time, preached Temperance to the Tyrants, and Courage to the Sufferers; and afterwards died an eminent Example of Faith and Resolution, and a Sacrifice for the common Good.

As the Injuries of Fortune cannot affect the Mind, it is not therefore for a wife Man to stand shifting and sencing with Fortune, but to oppose her bare-faced, for he is sufficiently convinced that she can do him no hurt; she may take away his Dignity and Possessions, assault his Body, put out his Eyes, cut off his Hands, and strip him of all the external Comforts of Life; and what does this amount to, more than the recalling of a Trust, which he has receiv'd, with a Condition to deliver it up again upon Demand? He looks upon himself as precarious, and only lent to himself; and yet he does not value himself ever the less, because he is not his own, but takes such Care as an honest

honest Man should do of any thing committed to his Charge. Whenever he that lent me to myfelf, and what I have, shall call for all back again, it is not a Loss but a Restitution, and I must willingly deliver up what was undefervedly bestowed upon me; and it is a Duty incumbent on me, to

return my Mind better than I received it.

Demetrius upon the taking of Megara, ask'd Stilpo, the Philosopher, what he had loft; " Nothing, fays he, for, I had all that I could call " my own about me." Yet the Enemy had then made themselves Masters of his Country, Patrimony, and Children; but these he look'd on only as adventitious Goods, and under the Command of Fortune. He that neither loft any thing, nor fear'd any thing in the public Ruin, but was fafe, and at Peace in the middle of the Flames, and in the Heat of a military Intemperance and Fury; what Violence or Provocation imaginable, can put fuch a Man as this out of the Possession of himself; Walls and Castles may be mined and batter'd, but there is no Art or Engine, that can subvert a steady Mind. " I have made my Way, fays Stilpo, " thro' Fire and Blood; what is become of my " Children, I know not; these are but transitory "Bleffings, and Servants that are condemned to " change their Masters; what was my own before, is my own still: Some have lost their Estates, " fome their dear bought Mistresses; their Com-" missions and Offices; the Usurers have lost their " Bonds and Securities: But, Demetrius, I have faid all, and do not imagine, that after this, either you are a Conqueror, or that Stilpo is overcome; it is only thy Fortune has been too hard for " mine." Babylon was taken by Alexander; Carthage fack'd by Scipio, and the Capital was burnt; but

there is no Fire or Violence that can discompose a generous Mind. Neither would I have you think that this Character is a Chimæra, for all Ages afford some, though not many Instances of this elevated Virtue; a good Man does his Duty, let it be ever fo painful or hazardous, or ever fo great a Loss to him; and it is not all the Money, Power, or Pleasure in the World, no, nor any Force or Necessity, that can make him wicked; he considers what he is to do, not what he is to fuffer, and will keep his Course, though the severest Torments feem to bar his Way. And of this, Stilpe, the Perfon last mentioned, was an Instance; he had lost his Country, his Wife and Children, the Town on Fire over his Head, and himself escaping very narrowly, and quite naked out of the Flames. "I " have faved all my Goods, fays he, my Juffice, Courage, Temperance, and Prudence;" accounting nothing his own or valuable, and flewing how much easier it was to overcome a Nation, than one wife Man. It is a certain Mark of a brave Mind, not to be moved by any Accidents; the upper Region of the Air admits of neither Clouds nor Tempests, the Thunder-storms and Meteors are formed below, and the Difference is the fame between an exalted and a vulgar Mind; the former is modeft, venerable, composed, and always quiet in its Station; the latter, rude and tumultuous. In short, it is the Conscience that pronounces the Man miserable or happy: But tho' Sacriledge and Adultery be generally condemned, yet there are many People that do not fo much as blush at the one, and even glory in the other; for, nothing is more common than, that great Villains should ride in Triumph, whilst little ones are punished: But, depend upon this; "That however

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ever Wickedness may escape at the Bar, it never fails of doing Justice on itself, for every guilty.

Person is his own Executioner.

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Of Divine PROVIDENCE; the Contemplation whereof allewiates all our Misfortunes.

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THOEVER observes the World and the VV Order thereof, will find all its Motions to be only a Vicifitude of Elevation and Depression. nothing is exflinguish'd, and those Things that feem to periff are but changed; the Seafons go and return, Day and Night follow in their Courfes; the Globe rolls round, and Nature goes on with her Works all Things succeed in their Turns, Storms and Calme, the Law of Nature will have it fo, which we must follow and obey; accounting that whatever is done is well done, fo that what we cannot mend we must endure, and wait the Awards of Providence without repining; none but cowardly Soldiers follow their Commanders grumbling, a generous Man delivers himself up to God without strugling, narrow Minds only condemn the Order of the World, and rather propose the mending of Nature than themselves, and we have no Cause of Complaint against Providence, if what is right pleafes us. and and and

The Lustre of those Glories, which appear fair to the Eye, is but false and superficial, and they themselves are all Vanity and Delusion, they are rather the Goods of a Dream than a substantial Possession, they may allure us at a Distance, but bring them to the

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## 132. Of a HAPPY LIFE. Part III

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Touch they are rotten and counterfeit. There are no greater Wretches in the World than many of those whom the People take to be happy; those are the only true and incorruptible Comforts that will abide all Trials, and the more we turn and examine them, the more valuable we find them, but the greatest Felicity of all is, not to stand in need of any. What's Poverty? No Man lives for poor as he was born. What's Pain? It will either have an End itself or make an End of us; in fhort, Fortune has no Weapon that reaches the Mind: But the Bounties of Providence are certain and permanent Bleffings, and the longer we confider them the greater and better they are. In the very Methods of Nature we cannot but observe the Regard that Providence had to the Good of Mankind, even in the Disposition of the World, ain providing so amply for our Maintenance and Satisfactions It is not possible for us to comprehend that Power which has made all Things, some few Sparks of that Divinity are discover'd, but infinitely the greater Pare of it lies hid; we are all of us however agreed, first, in the Acknowledgment and Belief of that Almighty Being, and fecondly, that we are to ascribe to it all Majesty and Goodness.

Some Men argue against Providence in the following Manner, "If there is a Providence, say they, how comes it to pass that good Men lated bour under Affliction and Adversity, and wicked Men enjoy themselves in Ease and Plenty?" My Answer is, that God deals by us as a good Father does by his Children, he tries us, hardens us, and fits us for himself, he keeps a strict Hand over those that he loves, and by the rest he does as we do by our Slaves, he lets them go on in Licenticustines. As the Master gives his most hopeful Scholars the hardest Lessons, so does God deal with the most generous

generous Spirits, and the cross Encounters of Fortune we are not to look upon as a Cruelty but a Contest; the Familiarity of Dangers brings Contempt of them, and that Part is strongest which is most excercised; the Sailor's Hand is callous, the Soldier's Arm is strong, and the Tree that is most exposed to the Wind takes the best Root. There are People that live in a perpetual Winter, in Extremity of Frost and Penury, where a Cave, a Skin, or a few Leaves are all the Covering, and wild Beafts their Nourishment; all this by Cuftom, is not only made tolerable, but upon Necessity by little and little becomes pleasant to them; why then should we account that Condition of Life a Calamity, which is the Lot of many Nations? There is no State so miserable but there are in it. Remissions, Diversions, and even Delights, such is the Benignity of Nature towards us in the severest Accidents of human Life; there would be no enduring Adverfity should it hold on as it begins, and keep up the Force of the first Impression. apt to murmur at many Things as great Evils, that have nothing Evil in them besides the Complaint, which we should more reasonably take up against, ourselves. If I am fick it is part of my Fate, and, for other Calamities they are usual Things, they ought to be, nay, which is more, they must be, for they come by divine Appointment, so that we should not only submit to God, but affent to him, and obey him out of Duty, even if there were no Necessity; all those terrible Appearances that make us groan and tremble, are but the Tribute of Life, and we are neither to wish or ask, or hope to escape them, for it is kind of Dishonesty to pay a Tribute unwillingly. Am I troubled with the Stone, or afflicted with continual Losses, all this is no more than what I pray'd for when I pray'd for old Age; Diforders

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Diforders are as familiar in a long Life as Duft and Dirt in a long Way. Life is a Warfare, and what brave Man would not rather chuse to be in a Tent than in the Shambles. Fortune behaves like a Swordsman, the scorns to encounter a fearful Perfon, there is no Honour in the Victory where there is no Danger in the Encounter, the tries Scavola by Fire, Rutilius by Exile, Secrates by Poison, Cato by Death; it is only in adverse Fortune and bad Times that we find great Examples. Mucius thought himself happier with his Hand in the Flame, than if it had been in the Bosom of his Mistress: Fabricius took more Pleasure in eating the Roots of his own planting, than in all the Delicacies of Luxury and Expence. Shall we call Rutilius miferable, whom his very Enemies have adored? Who on a glorious and public Principle, chose rather to. lose his Country than return from Banishment; he was the only Man that deny'd any thing to Sylla. the Dictator who recall'd him; nor did he only refuse to come, but drew farther off; "Let them, fays he, that think Banishment a Misfortune live Slaves at Rome, under the impious Cruelties of " Sylla; he that let a Price upon the Heads of Seor nators, and after a Law of his own Institution against Cut-throats, becomes the greatest him-" felf." Is it not better for a Man to live in Exile abroad than be maffacred at home? In fuffering for Virtue it is not the Torment but the Caufe we are to confider, and the more Pain the more Renown. When any Hardship befals us, we must look upon it as an Act of Providence, which many Times suffers Particulars to be wounded for the Conservation of the whole; belides that, God chastizes fome People under an Appearance of bleffing them, turning their Prosperity to their Ruin, as a Punishment for abusing his Goodness: And we are farther to confider.

confider, that many a good Man is afflicted only to reach others to suffer, for we are born for Example, and likewise, that where Men are contumacious and refractory, it pleases God many Times to cure greater Evils by less, and to turn our Miseries to

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How many Cafualties and Difficulties are there that we dread as insupportable Mischiefs, which upon further Thoughts we find to be Mercies and Benefits? as Banishments, Poverty, Loss of Relations, Sickness, Difgrace? Some are cured by the Lance, by Fire, Hunger, Thirft, taking out of Bones, lopping off Limbs, and the like; nor do we only fear things that are many times beneficial to us, but on the other Side, we hanker after and purfue Things that are deadly and pernicious, we are poison'd in the very Pleasures of our Luxury and betray'd to a thousand Diseases, by indulging our Palate. To lose a Child or a Limb is only to part with what we have received, and Nature may do what she pleases with her own, we are frail ourselves, and we have received Things transitory. Calamity tries Virtue as the Fire does Gold; he that lives most at Ease is only delay'd not dismis'd, and his Portion is to come; when we are vifited with Sickness or other Afflictions, we are not to murmur as if we were ill used, it is a Mark of the General's Esteem, when he puts a Soldier upon a Post of Danger, he does not fay his Captain uses him ill, but does him Honour, and fo should we fay, when Heaven commands us to encounter Difficulties.

What was Regulus the worfe because Fortune fingled him out for an eminent Instance both of Faith and Patience? He was thrown into a Barrel stuck full of Spikes, so that which Way soever he turn'd his Body it rested upon Wounds; his Eye-lids were

cut off to keep him waking, yet Macenas was not happier in his Bed than Regulus was in his Torments; nor is the World yet grown fo wicked as not to prefer Regulus to Macenas, and can any Body account that to be an Evil of which Providence thought this brave Man worthy; " It has pleafed the divine Being, fays he, to chuse me for an " Experiment of the Force of human Nature." No Man knows his own Strength or Value, but by being put to the Proof, the Pilot is try'd in a Storm, the Soldier in a Battle; the rich Man knows not how to behave himself in Poverty, he that has lived in Popularity and Applause knows not how he would bear Infamy and Reproach, nor he that never had Children how he would fuftain the Loss of them; Calamity is the Occasion of Virtue and Spur of a great Mind. The very Apprehension of a Wound startles a Man when he first bears Arms, but an old Soldier bleeds boldly, because he knows that a Man may lose Blood and yet win the Day; oftentimes Calamity turns to our Advantage, and great Ruins have made way to greater Glories; the crying out of Fire has many times quieted a Fray, and the Interpolition of a wild Beaft parted the Thief and the Traveller, for we are not at Leifure for less Mischiess whilst we are under Apprehensions of greater; one Man's Life shall be faved by a Disease, another is arrested and taken out of the Way, just when the House was falling upon his Head.

To shew that the Favours and Frowns of Fortune, and the Accidents of Sickness and Health are neither good nor evil, God permits them indifferently, both to virtuous and to vicious Men. "It is hard, you'll say, for a good Man to suffer all forts of Misery, and for a wicked one not only to go free, but enjoy himself at Pleasure:" And h

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it not the same Thing for Men of prostituted npudence and Wickedness to sleep secure, when Ien of Honour and Honesty bear Arms, lie in the renches, and receive Wounds? Or for the vestal Virgins to rife in the Night to their Prayers, when ommon Strumpets lie stretching themselves in their Beds? We should rather say with Demetrius, " If I had known the Will of Heaven before I was call'd to it, I would have offer'd myfelf." If it be the Pleasure of God to take my Children, I have prought them up to that End; if my Fortune, or any Part of my Body, or my Life, I would rather present it than yield it up: I am ready to part with all, or to fuffer all, for I know that nothing comes to pass but what God appoints; Our Fate is decreed, and Things do not so much happen as proceed in their due Time, for every Man's Portion of Joy or Sorrow are pre-determined.

There is nothing which happens amis to a good Man that can be imputed to Providence, for he is arm'd by Reason against wicked Actions, lewd Thoughts, ambitious Projects, blind Lufts, and infatiable Avarice; and do we expect that God should look to our Luggage too? By that I mean our Bodies. Democritus discharged himself of his Treafure, as the Clog and Burthen of his Mind; shall we wonder then if God suffers that to befal a good Man, which Virtue sometimes directs him to do to himself? I may lose a Son, and why not? When it may fo fall out that I myfelf may kill him. Suppose I am banished by an Order of the State, is that any worse than my voluntarily leaving my Country never to return? Many Afflictions may befal a good Man, but no Evil for Contraries will never incorporate. All the Rivers in the World are never able to change the Taste or Qualities of the Sea. Prudence and Religion are above Accidents, and draw Good

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Good out of every thing; Affliction keeps a Man in Exercise, and makes him strong, patient, and hardy; Providence treats us like a generous Father, and brings us up to Labours, Toils, and Dangers, whereas the Indulgence of a fond Mother makes of weak and spiritless. God loves us with a masculine Love, and turns us loofe to Injuries and Indignities; he takes Delight to see a brave good Man wreftling with ill Fortune, yet keeping himself upright when the whole World is in Disorder about him; we ourselves are delighted to see a bold Fellow press with his Spear upon a Boar or a Lion, and the Constancy and Resolution of the Action is the Grace and Dignity of the Spectacle. No Man can be happy that does not fland firm against all Contingencies, and fay to himself in all Extremites, " I so should have been glad if it had been as I wish'd, but fince it is otherwise determin'd, God will provide better." The more we struggle with our Necessities we draw the Knot the harder, and the worse it is with us; the more the Bird flutters in the Snare the furer it is caught, fo that the best Way is to Submit, and be quiet under this double Confideration, " That the Proceedings of God are unquel tionable, and his Decrees not to be refisted."

## radal and C H A P IX

Of LEVITY of MIND, and other Impediments of a happy Life.

HE Sum of what we have already deliver'd is, that we shew'd what Happiness is, and wherein it consists, that it is founded upon Wisdom and Virtue; for we must first know what we ought

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Me have also discoursed of the Helps of Philosophy and Precepts towards a happy Life; the Blessings of good Conscience, that a good Man can never be niserable nor a wicked Man happy, nor any Man unfortunate that chearfully submits to Providence. Now therefore let us examine how it comes to pass, that when the certain Way to Happiness lies so fair before us, Men will yet steer their Course on the other Side, which as manifestly leads to Ruin.

There are some that live without any Design at all and only pass in the World like Straws upon a River, they do not go but only float along; others deliberate on particular Parts of Life, but not upon the whole, which is a great Error, for there is no disposing of the Circumstances, unless we first point out to ourselves the main Scope; How can any Man take Aim without a Mark? Or what Wind will serve him that is not yet resolved upon his Port? We live as it were by Chance, and by Chance we are governed; fome there are that torment themselves asresh with the Remembrance of what is past; others again afflict themselves with the Apprehension of Evils to come, both these are very ridiculous, for the Concern of one is over, and the other is not yet come; besides, there may be Remedies for Mischiefs likely to happen, because they give us Warning of their Approach by Signs and Symptoms. Let him that would be quiet take heed not to provoke Men in Power, but live without giving Offence, for if we cannot make great Men our Friends, it will fuffice to keep them from being our Enemies, this is a thing we must avoid, as a Mariner would a Storm. A rash Seaman never considers what Wind blows, or what Course he steers, but runs at a Venture, as if he would brave the Rocks and Quickfands, whereas he that is careful and confiderate

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fiderate informs himself beforehand where the Danger lies, and what Weather it is like to be, he confults his Compass, and keeps aloof from those Places that are infamous for Wrecks and Miscarriages, so does a wise Man in the common Business of Life, he keeps out of the way from those that may do him Hurt; but it is a Point of Prudence not to let them take Notice that he does it on Purpose, for what a Man shuns he tacitly condemns. Let him have a Care also of List ners, News-mongers, and Medlers in other Peoples Matters, for their Discourse is commonly of such Things as are never profitable, and most commonly dangerous either to

be spoken or heard.

Levity of Mind is a great Hindrance to Repose, and the Change of Wickedness is an Addition to the Wickedness itself, for it is Inconstancy added to Iniquity; we relinquish the Thing we fought, and then take it up again, and fo divide ourfelves between Lusts and Repentance; from one Appetite we pass to another, not so much upon Choice as for Change; and there is a Check of Conscience that casts a Damp upon all our unlawful Pleasures, which make us lose the Day in Expectation of the Night, and the Night itself for fear of the approaching Morning. Some People are never quiet, others are always fo, and they are both to blame; for that which looks like Vivacity and Industry in the one, is only a restless Agitation, and that which passes in the other for Moderation and Reserve is but a droufy and inactive Sloth. Let Motion and Reft both take their Turns according to the Order of Nature, which adapted them to the Day and the Night. Some are perpetually shifting from one thing to another, others again make their whole Life but a kind of uneasy Sleep; some lie toffing and turning till Weariness brings them to rest, others

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hers again I cannot fo properly call inconstant as zy. There are many Characteristics and Diverities of Vice, but it is one never-failing Effect of it o live displeased. We all of us labout under inorlinate Defires, we are either timorous and dare not venture, or venturing we do not fucceed, or else we cast ourselves upon uncertain Hopes, where we are perpetually follicitious and in Suspence; in this Diffraction we are apt to propose to ourselves things dishonest and hard, and when we have taken great Pains to no Purpose, we come then to repent of our Undertakings. We are afraid to go on, yet we can neither mafter our Appetites nor them; we live and die restless and irresolute; and which is worst of all, when we grow weary of the Public, and betake ourselves to Solitude for Relief, our Minds are fick and wallowing, and the very House and Walls are troublesome to us, we grow impatient and ashamed of ourselves, and strive to suppress our inward Vexation, till it breaks the Heart for want of Vent; this it is that makes us four and morose, envious of others, and diffatisfied with ourfelves, till at last between our Trouble for other People's Success, and the Despair of our own, we fall foul upon Fortune and the Times, and get into a Corner, perhaps, where we fit brooding over our own Disquiets; in these Dispositions there is a kind of scorbutic Fancy, that makes some People take Delight in Labour, like the clawing of an Itch till the Blood starts.

This it is that puts us upon rambling Voyages, one while by Sea, another by Land, but still dif-gusted with the Present; the Town pleases us to Day, the Country to morrow; the Splendors of the Court at one Time, the Horrors of a Wilderness at another, but all this while we carry our Plague about us, for it is not the Place that we are weary

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of, but ourselves; nay, our Weakness extends to every thing, for we are equally impatient of Toil and Pleasure. This running a continual Round, and treading the same Steps over and over again. has made many a Man lay violent Hands upon him. It must be a Change of the Mind, not of the Climate, that will remove the Heaviness of the Heart: Our Vices go along with us, and we carry in ourselves the Causes of our Disquiets; there is a great Weight lies upon us, and the bare shaking of it makes us more uneasy, changing of Countries in this Case, is not travelling but wandering, we must keep in one Course if we would gain our Journey's End; he that cannot live happily any where will live happily no where. What is a Man the better for travelling? As if his Cares could not find him out wherever he goes: Is there any retiring from the Fear of Death, or of Torment, or from those Difficulties which befet a Man wherever he is? It is only Philosphy that makes the Mind invincible and places us out of the Reach of Fortune, fo that all her Arrows fall short of us. This reclaims the Rage of our Lufts, and fweetens the Anxiety of our Frequent changing Places and Councils shews an Instability of Mind, and we must fix the Body before we can fix the Soul; we can hardly stir abroad, or look about us, without encountering fomething or other that revives our Appetites; as he that would cast off an unhappy Love, avoids whatever may put him in Mind of the Person; so he that would wholly deliver himself from his beloved Lusts must shun all Objects that may put them in his Head again, and remind him of them. We travel as Children run up and down after strange Sights, for Novelty, not Profit, we return neither better nor founder, nay, and the very Agitation, hurts us. We learn to call Towns and Places by their

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eir Names, and to tell Stories of Mountains and. ivers; but would not our Time be better spent the Study of Wisdom and Virtue? In the Learnng of what is already discovered, and in Quest of Things not yet found out? If a Man break his Leg or strain his Ancle, he fends presently for a Surgeon to fet all Right again, and does not take Horse, or put himself on Shipboard: No more does the Change of Place work upon our diforder'd Minds than our Bodies. It is not the Place that makes either the Orator or the Physician; will any Man alk you upon the Road, " Pray which is the Way to Prudence, to Justice, to Tempe-" rance, or to Fortitude?" No Matter whither any Man goes, that carries his Affections with him. He that would make his Travels delightful, must make himself a temperate Companion; A great Traveller was complaining, that he was never the better for his Travels; "That's very true, ce said Socrates; because you did not leave yourselfbehind." Now had he not better have made himself another Man, than to transport himself to another Place? No Manners can improve us whilft we carry our own about us; yet we have all of us a natural Curiofity of feeing fine Sights, and making new Discoveries; turning over Antiquities, and learning the Customs of different Nations: We are never quiet; To-day we feek an Office, Tomorrow we are fick of it; and fo we divide our Lives between a Diflike of the present, and a Defire of the future; but he that lives as he should, orders himself so, as neither to sear nor wish for To-morrow; if it comes it is welcome, but if not, there is nothing loft; for the prefent Time, is but the past over again.

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Levity is not only a pernicious Enemy to Quiet, but Obstinacy is so too; one sticks at nothing, and the other changes nothing, and it is a moot Point which is the worse of the two. We often beg for those Things, which if they were offered us we would refuse; and it is but just to punish the Easiness of asking, with the equal Facility of giving; and again, there are others which we would be thought to defire, that we are so far from approving of, that we dread them. " I shall tire you, fays one, in the Middle of a tedious Story." No, pray go on, we cry, though we almost wish bim dumb at the same Time. Nay, we don't deal candidly with Fate itself; we should fay to ourselves in these Cases, "This I have ce drawn upon myfelf, I could never be quiet, till I had got this Woman, this Place, or this " Honour; and now what is come of it."

Constancy of Mind is a sovereign Remedy against all Misfortunes; a Man that changes Parties and Countenances, looks as if he was driven by the Wind. Nothing can be above him, that is above Fortune; it is not Violence, Reproach, Contempt, or any other outward Evil, that can make a wife Man quit his Ground; but he is Proof against Calamities great and small, our only Error is, that what we cannot do ourfelves, we think no Body else can; so that we judge of the wife, by our own weak Measure. Place me amongst Princes or Beggars, one shall not make me proud, nor the other ashamed: I can take as found a Sleep in a Barn, as a Palace; and a Truss of Hay shall make me as good a Lodging, as a Bed of Down; should every Day succeed to my Wish, it should not transport me, nor should I think myself miserable, if I should not have one quiet Hour in my whole Life; I will not fhrink at either Pain or Plea-

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fure, yet I could wish, I had an easier Game to play, and that I were rather put to moderate my Joys than my Sorrows; if I were a Monarch, I had rather take than be taken, yet I would bear the same Mind under the Chariot of my Conqueror, that I would in my own. There are those that would laugh under the severest Tortures, and run themselves to certain Death, only upon a Transport of Love perhaps, Anger, Avarice, or Revenge: How much more then upon an Instinct of Virtue, which is invincible and steady? If a short Obstinacy of Mind can do this, how much more shall a composed and deliberate Virtue, whose

Force is equal and perpetual?

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To fecure ourselves in this World, first, we must aim at nothing that Men covet, worth the wrangling for; fecondly, we must not value the Possession of any thing, which even a common Thief would think worth the stealing; a Man's Body is no Booty; let the Way be never fo dangerous for Robberies, the poor and the naked pass quietly; Plain-dealing and Sincerity of Manners, makes a Man's Life happy, even in Despight of Scorn and Contempt, which often fall to the best Man's Share; but we had better be contemned for Simplicity, than lie perpetually under the Torture of being a Counterfeit, but then Care must be taken not to confound Simplicity with Negligence; and let us consider, that a Disguise is a very uneasy Life; for a Man to seem what he is not, to keep a perpetual Guard upon himself, and live in Fear of a Discovery; he takes every Man that looks upon him for a Spy, besides the Trouble he is at to play the Part of another Man: It is a meritorious Thing in some Cases, for a Man to apply himself to public Business, yet in this State of Life, what between Ambition and Ca-Н lumny,

lumny, it is hardly fafe to be honest. There are indeed some Cases, in which a wise Man will give Way; but let him not yield over easily neither; if he marches off, let him have Regard to his Honour, and make his Retreat Sword in Hand, with his Face to the Enemy. Of all others a studious Life is the least tiresome, it makes us easy to ourselves and others, and gains us Friends and Admiration.

### CHAP. X.

He that depends upon Contingencies will never be at Ease.

NEVER pronounce any Man happy that de-pends upon Fortune for his Enjoyments, for nothing can be more preposterous than to place the Good of a reasonable Creature in unreasonable Things; if I have loft any thing it was adventitious, and the less Money, the less Trouble, the less Favour, the less Envy: Nay, even in those Cases that almost distract us, it is not the Loss itfelf, but the Opinion of the Loss that troubles us. It is a common Mistake to account those Things necessary that are superfluous, and to depend upon Fortune for the Felicity of Life, which arises only from Virtue: There is no trufting to her Smiles; the Sea fwells and rages in a Moment, and the Ships are swallowed up at Night, in the very Place where they sported themselves in the Morning; and Fortune has the same Power over Princes, that it has over Empires; over Nations that it has over Cities, and the same Power over Cities that it has over private Men. Where's that Estate that may not be follow'd by Want and Beggary? That Dignity,

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Dignity, which may not the next Moment be laid in the Dust? or, that Kingdom that is fecure from Defolation and Ruin? The Period of all Things is at Hand, as well that as casts out the unfortunate as the other that delivers the unhappy, and that which may fall out at any Time may fall out at this very Day; what will come to pass, I know not, but what may come to pass I know, so that I'll despair of nothing, but expect every Thing; and whatfoever Providence remits, is clear Gain; every Moment if it spares me deceives me, yet in some Sort it does not, for though I know that any Thing may happen, yet I know likewise that every Thing will not. I'll hope the best, and provide for the worst. Methinks we should not find so much Fault with Fortune for her Inconstancy, when we ourselves suffer a Change every Moment we live, only other. Changes make more Noise, and this steals upon us like the Shadow upon the Dial, every Bit as certainly, but more infenfibly.

The Burning of Lyons may ferve to shew us that we are never fafe, and arm us against all Surprises; the Terror of it must needs be great, for the Calamity is without Example; if it had been fired by an Enemy, the Flame would have left some farther Mischief to have been done by the Soldiers; but it was wholly confumed, infomuch that we have not heard of many Earthquakes fo pernicious: So many Rarities to be deffroy'd in one Night, and in the Depth of Peace to fuffer an Outrage beyond the Extremity of War, who would believe it? But twelve Hours between fo fair a City and none at all; it was laid in Ashes in less Time than it would require to tell the Story. To stand unshaken in fuch a Calamity is hardly to be expected, and our Wonder cannot but be equal to our Grief;

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let this Accident teach us to provide against all the Possibilities that fall within the Power of Fortune: All external Things are under her Dominion: One while she calls our Hands to her Affistance, another while she contents herfelf with her own Force, and destroys us with Mischiefs, of which we cannot find the Author. No Time, Place, or Condition is excepted; the makes our very Pleafures painful to us; she makes War upon us in the Depth of Peace, and turns the Means of our Security into an Occasion of Fear; she makes a Friend an Enemy, and a Foe a Companion: We fuffer the Effects of War without an Adversary, and rather than fail, our Felicity shall be the Cause of our Destruction: Every Day produces something extraordinary, left we should forget or neglect her Power. She persecutes the most tempetate with Sickness, and the strongest Constitutions with Confumptions; she brings the Innocent to Punishment, and affaults the most retired. Those Glories which have grown up for many Ages, with infinite Labour and Expence, and under the Favour of many auspicious Providences, one Day fcatters and brings to nothing: He that pronounced a Day, nay an Hour, fufficient for the Destruction of the greatest Empire, might have fallen to a Moment. It would be some Comfort to the Frailty of Mankind and human Affairs, if Things might decay as flowly as they rife, but they grow by Degrees, and fall to Ruin in an Instant: There is no Felicity in any thing either private or public, Men, Nations, and Cities, have all their Fates and Periods; our very Entertainments are not without Terror, and our Calamity rifes there where we least expect it. Those Kingdoms that have stood the Shock both of foreign and civil Wars, came to Destruction without the Sight of an Enemy;

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we are to dread our Peace and Felicity more than Violence, because we are there taken unprovided; unless in Time of Peace we do our Duty as in War, and fay to ourselves, whatsoever may be, will be. I am To-day fafe and happy in the Love of my Country, I am To-morrow banished; Today in Pleasure, Peace, and Health; To-morrow broke upon the Wheel, led in Triumph, or in the Agony of Sickness: Let us therefore, prepare for a Shipwreck in the Port, and for a Tempest in a Calm. One Violence drives me from my Country, another ravishes that from me; and that very Place where a Man can hardly pass for a Crowd one Day, may be a Defart the next. Wherefore, let us fet before our Eyes, the whole Condition of human Nature, and confider as well what may happen, as what commonly does; the Way to make future Evils to us easy in the fuffering, is to make them familiar to us in the Contemplation: How many Cities in Afia, Achaia, Affyria, and Macedonia, have been swallowed up by Earthquakes! Whole Countries have been loft, and large Provinces laid under Water; but Time brings all Things to an End, for all the Works of Mortals are mortal: All Possessions and their Posfessors are uncertain and perishable; and what Wonder is it to lose any thing at any Time, when we may one Day lose all.

That which we call our own is but lent us, and what we have received gratis, we must return without Complaint; that which Fortune gives us this Hour, she may take away the next, and he that trusts to her Favours, shall either find himself deceived; or if he is not, he will at least be troubled because he may be so: There's no Defence in Walls, Fortifications, and Engines, against the Power of Fortune, we must provide our-

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felves within, and when we are fafe there we are invincible, we may be batter'd but not taken. She throws her Gifts amongst us, and we sweat and scuffle for them, never considering how few reap the Benefit of what is expected by all: Some are transported with what they get, others tormented for what they mifs, and oftentimes there's a Leg or an Arm broke in a Contest for a Counter. She gives us Honours, Riches, and Favours, only to take them away again either by Violence or Treachery; fo that they frequently turn to the Difadvantage of the Receiver. She throws out Baits for us, and fets Traps, as we do for Birds and Beafts; her Bounties are Snares to us, and we think that we take when we are taken. If they had any Thing substantial in them, they would fome Time or other fill and quiet us; but they ferve only to provoke our Appetite, without any thing more than Pomp and Shew to allay it. Yet a Man has his Resource left him, if he cannot mend his Fortune he may his Manners; and put himself so far out of her Reach, that whether she gives or takes it shall be all one to him. We call the Room dark or light, when in itself it is neither, but only as the Day and Night renders it; and fo it is in Riches, bodily Strength, Beauty, Honour, Command, and likewise in Pain, Sickness, Banishment, Death; which are in themselves indifferent Things, and only good or bad as they are influenced by Virtue. To weep, lament, and groan, is to renounce our Duty, and it is as weak on the other Side to exult and rejoice; I would rather make my Fortune than expect it, being neither depress'd with her Injuries, nor dazzled with her Favours: When Zeno was told that all his Goods were loft; "Why then, fays he, Fortune, has a Mind to make me a Philosopher." It is

is noble to advance our Minds above her Threats and Flatteries, for he that has once got the better of her is fafe for ever.

It is some Comfort to the diffres'd, that great Men are Companions in their Mifery; that Death spares the Palace no more than the Cottage, and whoever is above me, has also a Power above him. Do we not daily fee Funerals without Trouble, Princes deposed, Countries depopulated, and Towns fack'd, without fo much as thinking how foon it may be our own Cafe? Whereas if we would but prepare and arm ourselves against the Injuries of Fortune, we should never be surprised. When we see any Man banish'd, beggar'd, or tortured, we are to think that though the Mischief fell upon another, it was levell'd at us; for it is no Wonder that, of fo many thousand Dangers which are conffantly hovering about us, one should hit us at last. It breaks the Force of a present Calamity, to provide against the future; whatsoever our Lot is we must bear it, there's no struggling nor any Remedy but Moderation; 'tis to no Purpose to bewail any Part of our Life, when Life itself is miserable throughout, and the whole Course of it only a Transition from one Misfortune to another; a Man may as well be furprized that he is cold in Winter, fick at Sea, or that his Bones are fore with travelling in a Waggon; as at the Encounter of ill Accidents and Croffes in the Paffage of human Life. It is in vain to run away from Fortune, as if there were any hiding Place wherein the could not find us; or to expect any Quiet from her, for she makes Life a State of perpetual Warfare, without so much as any Truce: So that upon the whole, we may conclude her Empire is but imaginary, and that whofoever ferves her makes himself a voluntary Slave.

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#### CHAP. XI.

Sensuality and Voluptiousness make Life miserable.

SENSUALITY comprehends all manner of Luxury, it extends to the Excesses of Gluttony, Lust, Effeminacy, and in short whatsoever con-

cerns the over great Care of the Body.

We will begin first with the Pleasures of the Palate, which deal with us like Egyptian Thieves, who ftrangle those they embrace. What shall we fay of the Luxury of Nomentanus and Apicius, that entertain'd their very Souls in the Kitchen, they have the most harmonious Music for the Ears, the most diverting Spectacles for their Eyes, the choicest Variety of Meats and Drinks for their Palates; What is all this but a merry Madness? It is true, they have their Delights, but not without heavy and anxious Thoughts, even in their very Enjoyments, befides, they are follow'd with Repentance, and their Frolicks are little more than the Laughter of fo many People out of their Wits; their Felicities are full of Disquiet, and neither fincere nor well grounded, but they have need of one Pleasure to fupport another, and of new Prayers to forgive the Errors of the former; their Life must needs be wretched that get with great Pains what they keep with greater: One Diversion overtakes another. Hope excites Hope, Ambition begets Ambition, fo that they only change the Substance of their Miseries without seeking any End of them, and shall never be without Causes of Disquiet of one Sort or What if we might have all the Pleafures

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in the World for asking, who would so much unman himfelf, as by accepting of them, to defert his Soul and become a perpetual Slave to his Senses? Those are false and miserable Palates that judge of Meats by the Price and Scarcity, and not by the Healthfulness or Taste; they vomit that they may eat, and eat that they may bring it up again; they cross the Seas for Rarities, and when they have fwallow'd them they will not fo much as give them Time to digeft. Wherever Nature has placed Men she has provided them Aliment, but we rather chuse to irritate Hunger by Expence than allay it at an easier Rate. What is it that we plough the Seas for, or arm ourselves against Men and Beasts? To what End do we toil and labour, and pile Heaps upon Heaps, we may enlarge our Fortunes but we cannot our Bodies; so that like Vessels whatever we take

more than we hold is but spilt.

Our Fore-fathers, by the Force of whose Virtues we are now supported in our Vices, lived every Bit as well as we, when they provided and dreffed their own Meat with their own Hands, lodged upon the cold Ground, and were not yet come to the Vanity of Gold and Gems, when they fwore by their earthen Gods, and kept their Oath though they died for it. Did not our Confuls live more happily, when they cook'd their own Dinners with those victorious Hands that had conquer'd fo many Enemies. and won fo many Laurels, than Apicius, (that Corruptor of Youth, and Pest of the Age he lived in) who after he had spent a prodigious Sum upon his Belly, poison'd himself for fear of starving, when he had yet above fifty thousand Pounds left in his Coffers; this Example may convince us that it is the Mind, and not the Sum, which makes a Man rich. fince Apicius with all his Treasure reckon'd himself in a State of Beggary, and took Poison to avoid that Condition

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Our Fore-fathers, by the Force of whose Virtues we are now supported in our Vices, lived every Bit as well as we, when they provided and dreffed their own Meat with their own Hands, lodged upon the cold Ground, and were not yet come to the Vanity of Gold and Gems, when they fwore by their earthen Gods, and kept their Oath though they died for it. Did not our Confuls live more happily, when they cook'd their own Dinners with those victorious Hands that had conquer'd fo many Enemies. and won fo many Laurels, than Apicius, (that Corruptor of Youth, and Pest of the Age he lived in) who after he had spent a prodigious Sum upon his Belly, poison'd himself for fear of starving, when he had yet above fifty thousand Pounds left in his Coffers; this Example may convince us that it is the Mind, and not the Sum, which makes a Man rich. fince Apicius with all his Treasure reckon'd himself in a State of Beggary, and took Poison to avoid that H 5 Condition

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Condition which many Persons would have pray'd for; but why should we call that Poison which was the wholsomest Draught of his Life? His daily Gluttony was rather Poison both to himself and others; his Ostentation of it was intolerable, and so was the infinite Pains he took to mislead others by his Example, who were bad enough of themselves.

It is a Shame for a Man to place his Felicity in those Entertainments and Appetites that are stronger in Brutes. Do not Beasts eat with a better Stomach? Have they not more Satisfaction in their Lusts? And they have not only a quicker Relish of their Pleafures, but they enjoy them without either Scandal or Remorfe; if Senfuality therefore were Happiness they are happier than Men, but human Felicity is lodged in the Soul not in the Flesh. They that deliver themselves up to Luxury are still either tormented with too little, or opprefs'd with too much, and equally miserable by being either deferted or overwhelm'd; they are as it were upon a dangerous Sea, one while ready to be cast upon a Rock, and another to be fwallow'd up by a Whirlpool, and all from the Mistake of not distinguishing Good from Evil. The Huntsman that with much Labour and Hazard takes a wild Beaft, runs as great a Risk afterwards in keeping him, for it is odds but he tears out his Master's Throat first: Thus is it with our inordinate Pleasures, the more in Number and the greater they are the more absolutely a Slave is the Followers of them, let the Vulgar pronounce him as happy as they please, he pays his Liberty for his Delights, and fells himfelf for what he buys.

Were any Man to take a View of our Kitchens, the Number of our Cooks, and the Variety of our Dishes, would he not wonder to see so much Provision made for one Belly? Our Diseases are as nu-

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merous as our Trains of Lacqueys and Troops of Caterers, for the Service of the Appetite is the only fashionable Study; good Gods! that ever one Mouth should employ so many People! and then how naufeous and fulfome are the Surfeits that follow these Excesses? Simple Meats are banish'd. and many are collected into one, fo that the Cook does the Office of the Stomach, nay, and of the Teeth too, for the Meat looks as if it was chew'd before hand; here's the Luxury of all Taftes in one Difh, and more like a Vomit than a Fricacee. From these compound Dishes arise compound Diseases, which require compound Medicines. It is the fame Thing with our Minds as our Tables. fimple Vices are curable by fimple Counfels, but a general Diffolution of Manners is hardly overcome, we are over-run with a public as well as with a private Madness. The Physicians of old understood little more than the Virtue of some Herbs to staunch the Blood, or heal a Wound, and their firm and healthy Bodies needed little more, before they were corrupted by Luxury and Pleasure, and when it came to that once, their Bufiness was not to lay Hunger, but to provoke it by a thousand Inventions and Sauces. The Aliment of a craving Stomach is become burthensome to a full one; from hence came Paleness, Trembling, and worse Effects from Crudities than Famine, as Weakness of the Joints, a. swell'd Paunch, Suffussion of Choler, the Torpor of the Nerves, and a Palpitation of the Heart, befides Megrims, Torments of the Eyes and Ears, Head-Ach, Gout and Scurvy, and various forts of Fevers, with other Difeases, that are but the Punishment of Luxury; whilst our Bodies were harden'd with Labour, or tired with Exercise or Hunting. our Food was plain and fimple; but the numerous. Dishes have encreased our Disorders.

Drunkenness, in the next Place, is but a voluntary Madness, in which Men do many Things that they are ashamed when sober; it emboldens them to do all forts of Mischiefs; it both irritates Wickedness and discovers it, if it does not make Men vicious it shews them to be fo. It was in a drunken Fit that Alexander kill'd Clytus; it makes him that is infolent prouder, him that is cruel fiercer, in short, it deprives us of all Sense of Shame. The peevish Man falls to ill Words and Blows, the Letcher without any Regard to Decency or Scandal, makes use of his Prostitute, even in the Marketplace. It makes them stagger in their Pace, their Tongues trip and their Heads turn round. To fay nothing of the Crudities and Pains that follow this Diftemper, confider the public Mischiefs it has done, how many warlike Nations and ftrong Cities, that have stood invincible to Attacks and Sieges, has Drunkenness overcome? Is it not a great Honour to drink the Company dead? A magnificent Thing to fwallow more Wine than the rest, and yet to be at last outdone by a Hogshead? What shall we say of those Men that invert the Offices of Day and Night? As if our Eyes were only given us to make use of in the Dark: Is it Day? " It is " time to go to Bed." Is it Night? " It is time " to rife." Is it towards Morning? " Let us go to Supper." When other People lie down they rife, and lie till the next Night, to digeft the Debauch of the Day before, they reckon it a Mark of Rusticity to do as other People do.

Luxury steals upon us by Degrees, it first shews itself in a more than ordinary Care of our Bodies; it slips next into the Furniture of our Houses, and then it gets into the Fabrick, Curiosity and Expence of the House itself, and it appears last in the fantastical Excesses of our Tables; we diversify our

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Meats and confound our Sauces, and value our Dishes not for the Taste but the Rarity; nay, we are so delicate that we must be told when we are to eat or drink, when we are hungry or weary, and we cherish some Vices as Proofs and Arguments of our Happiness; they are miserable Mortals that deliver themselves up to their Palates, the Pleasure is short and turns presently nauseous, and the End of it is either Shame or Repentance: Though the Offence of the wrathful, the contentious, or ambitious be great, yet there is something manly in it; but the basest Prostitutes of all are those that dedicate themselves wholly to Lust, they are in perpetual Disquiets, Hopes and Fears, and Anxiety of

Thought.

What a deal of Work is made about our Houses and Diet, which were at first obvious and of but little Expence? Luxury led the Way, and we have employ'd our Wits in the Aid of our Vices, first we defired Superfluities, our next Step was to Wickedness; and in Conclusion, we deliver'd up our Minds to our Bodies, and fo became Slaves to our Appetites, and they which were our Servants before are now become our Masters. What was it that brought up the Extravagance of Embroiderers, Perfumes, Tire-men, &c. We past the Bounds of Nature, and launch'd out into Superfluities, infomuch, that it is now only for Beggars and Clowns to content themselves with what is sufficient. Our Luxury makes us infolent and mad; we assume the State of Princes, and fly out at every Trifle, as if there was Life and Death in the Cafe; What Madness is it for a Man to lay out an Estate upon a Table or a Cabinet, a Patrimony, upon a Pair of Pendants, and to inflame the Price of Curiofities, acacording to the Hazard either of breaking or lofing them? To wear Garments that will neither defend

a Woman's Body nor her Modesty, so thin that one would make a Confcience of swearing she was not naked, for the hardly thews more in the Privacies of her Amour than in public? How long shall we be covetous and oppressive, enlarge our Possessions, and think that too little for one Man, which was formerly enough for a Nation? Our Luxury is as infatiable as our Avarice; where is that Lake, that Sea, that Forest or Spot of Land, that is not ranfack'd to gratify our Palates? The Earth is burthen'd with our Buildings; not a River or a Mountains escapes us. Oh! that there should be such boundless Defires in our little Bodies! Would not fewer Lodgings serve us, we can lie but in one, and where we are not is not properly ours? What with our Hooks, Snares, Nets, Dogs, &c. we are at War with all living Creatures; and nothing comes amis, but what is either too cheap or too common: A Bull contents himself with one Meadow, and one Forest is enough for a thousand Elephants, but the little Body of a Man devours more than all other living Creatures; we do not eat to fatisfy Hunger but Ambition; we are dead whilft we are alive, and our Houses are so much our Tombs, that our Epitaphs might be written upon our Doors.

A voluptuous Person can neither be a good Man, a good Patriot, nor a good Friend, for, he is transported with his Appetites, without considering that the Lot of Man is the Law of Nature! A good Man like a good Soldier, will stand his Ground, receive Wounds, glory in his Scars, and in Death itself, loving his Master for whom he falls, with that divine Precept always in his Mind, follow God. Whereas he that complains, laments, and groans, must yield nevertheless, and do his Duty, though against his Will; and is it not Madness for a Man to chuse rather to be lugg'd than follow, and vainly.

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ontend with the Calamities of human Life? Whatbever is laid upon us by Necessity we should receive
enerously, for it is foolish to strive with what we
annot avoid, we are born Subjects, and to obey
God is perfect Liberty. He that does this shall be
free, safe, and quiet, all his Actions shall succeed
to his Wish; and what can any Man defire more;
than to want nothing from without, and to have
all Things desirable within himself? Pleasures do
but weaken our Minds, and send us to Fortune for
our Support, who gives us Money, only as the
Wages of Slavery. We must stop our Eyes and
our Ears; Ulysses had but one Rock to fear, but
human Life has many, every City, nay every Man
is one, and there is no trusting even our nearest
Friends.

#### CHAP. XII.

Of AVARICE and AMBITION; they are restless and insatiable.

I F we would be truly rich we must not strive to encrease our Fortune, but retrench our Appetites, for Riches are not only superstuous but mean, and little more to the Possessor than the Looker-on. What can be the End of Avarice and Ambition, when at best we are but Stewards of what we falsly call our own? All those Things that we pursue with so much Hazard, and Expence of Blood, as well to keep as to get; for which we break Faith and Friendship; what are they but the meer Deposits of Fortune, and not ours, but already inclining towards a new Master. There is nothing our own but that which we give to ourselves, and of which

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we have inexpugnable Possession; Avarice is so infatiable that it is not in the Power of Liberality to content it, and our Defires are fo boundlefs, that whatever they get is but the Way of getting more without End; and fo long as we are follicitous for the Encrease of Wealth, we lose the true Use of it, and spend our Time in putting out, calling in, and passing our Accounts, without any substantial Benefit either to the World, or to ourselves. What is the Difference between old Men and Children? One cries for Nuts and Apples, and the other for Gold and Silver; the one fets up Courts of Justice, hears and determines, acquits and condemns in jeft, the other in earnest; the one makes Houses of Clay, the other of Marble; fo that the Works of old Men are nothing in the World but the Progress and Improvement of Children's Errors, and they are to be admonish'd and punish'd too like Children; not in Revenge for Injuries received, but as a Correction for Injuries done, and to make them give over. There is some Substance in Gold and Silver, but as to Judgments, Statutes, Procuration and Forbearance-Money, these are only the Visions and Dreams of Avarice. Throw a Crust of Bread to a Dog, he takes it open mouth'd, fwallows it whole, and prefently gapes for more; just so do we with the Gifts of Fortune, down they go without chewing, and we are immediately ready for another Chop; but what has Avarice now to do with Gold and Silver, that is so much outdone by Curiofities of a far greater Value? Let us no longer complain that those precious Metals were not buried deep enough, fince we have found out Ways by Wax and Parchments, and by bloody usurious Contracts to undo one another: It is remarkable that Providence has given us all Things for our Advantage near at Hand, but Iron, Gold and Silver, being the Instruments of

Blood and Slaughter, and the Price of it, Nature

has hid in the Bowels of the Earth.

Avarice is a Punishment to itself; how miserable is it in the Defire? How wretched even in attaining our Ends? For Money is a greater Torment in the Possession than in the Pursuit, the fear of losing it is a great Trouble, the Loss of it a greater, and it is made yet worse by Opinion; Nay, even in the Case of no direct Loss at all, the Miser loses what he does not get: It is true, the People call a rich Man a happy Man, and wish themselves in his Condition; but can any State of Life be more wretched than that which carries Vexation and Envy along with it? Neither should any Man boast of his Fortune, his Herds of Cattle, the Number of his Slaves, or his Lands and Palaces, for comparing what he has with what he farther covets, he is but a Beggar; no Man can possess all Things, but any Man may contemn them, and the Contempt of Riches is the nearest Way towards the gaining them.

Yet the World is fo abandon'd that Money does every thing, some Magistrates are made for Money, and those will certainly be bribed with Money; we are all turn'd Brokers, and look not into the Quality of Things, but the Price of them; for a Reward we are pious, and for a Reward we are impious; we are honest as long as we can thrive by it, but if a Fiend would give us better Wages we change our Party. Our Parents have train'd us up into an Admiration of Gold and Silver, and the Love of it is grown up with us to that Degree, that when we would shew our Gratitude to Heaven, we make Presents of those Metals; this it is that makes Poverty look like a Curse and a Reproach, and the Poets help it forward; the Chariot of the Sun must be all of Gold, the best of Times must be the Golden Age; and thus they turn the greatest Misery of

Mankind into the greatest Blessing.

Avarice does not only make us unhappy in ourfelves, but malevolent to Mankind; the Soldier wishes for War, the Farmer would have his Com dear, the Lawyer prays for Diffention, the Phys. cian for a fickly Year; he that deals in Curiofities for Luxury and Excess, makes his Fortune out of the Corruptions of the Age: High Winds and public Conflagrations make Work for the Carpenter and Bricklayer, and one Man lives by the Loss of another; fome few happen to be detected, but they are all wicked alike; a great Plague makes Bufiness for the Sexton, and indeed, who foever gains by the Dead has not much Kindness for the Living; Demades of Athens condemn'd a Fellow that fold Necessaries for Funerals, upon Proof that he wish'd to make a Fortune by his Trade, which could not be but in a Time of a great Mortality; yet perhaps he did not defire so many Customers, but to buy cheap and fell dear, for otherwife all of that Trade might have been condemned as well as he. Whatfoever whets our Appetites flatters and depresses the Mind, and by dilating it weakens it, first puffing it up, and then filling and deluding it with Vanity.

To proceed now from the meanest of all Vices, Sensuality and Avarice, to that which the World esteems as the most generous, the Thirst of Glory and Dominion. If those who run mad after Wealth and Honour, could but look into the Hearts of those who have already obtain'd them, how would they be startled to see the hideous Cares and Crimes that wait upon ambitious Greatness. All those Acquisitions that dazzle the Eyes of the Vulgar, are but false Pleasures, slippery and uncertain; they are atchieved with Labour, and the very Guard of them

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painful; Ambition puffs us up with Vanity and Vind, and we are equally troubled to fee any one efore us, or nobody behind us in the Pursuit, so hat we lie under the Lash of Envy both Ways, for whoever envies another is also envied himself. What vails it how far Alexander extended his Conquests, f he was not fatisfied with what he had? Every Man wants as much as he covets, and it is loft Laour to pour into a Vessel that cannot be full; he that fubdued fo many Princes and Nations, and made himself Master of the World, was yet a Slave to his own Paffions, and upon killing Clytus, and Joling Hephestion, gave himself up a Prey to Anger and Sadness. Survey the End of Cyrus, Cambyfes, and the whole Persian Line, and you shall not find one of them that died fatisfied with what he had gotten; Ambition aspires from great Things to greater, and proposes even impossible Matters, whenit has once exceeded Expectation; it is a kind of Dropfy, and the more a Man drinks the more he defires. Observe, but the Tumults and Crowds that attend Palaces, what Affronts must we endure before we can be admitted, and how much greater when we are in? The Passage to Virtue is fair and open, but the Road to Greatness is craggy, and it stands as it were upon a Precipice of Ice, yet it is a hard Matter to convince the Courtier that his Station is flippery, or to perfuade him not to depend upon his Greatness.

All Superfluities are noxious, a rank Crop of Corn is the foonest laid, and too great a Burden of Fruit breaks the Bough, and our Minds in like Manner may be over-charged with an immoderate Happiness; if we are ever so much inclined to Rest, our Fortunes will not permit it; the Path that leads to Honour and Riches is the Highway to Trouble, and we find the Cause of our Sorrow in

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the very Object of our Delight. What Joy is there in Feafting and Luxury; in Ambition and a Croud of Suitors; in the Arms of a Mistress, or in the Vanity of unprofitable Knowledge? These short and false Pleasures deceive us, and like Drunkenness revenge the jolly Madness of one Hour, with the nauseous and sad Repentance of many. Ambition is a Gulph that swallows up and buries every Thing, not to mention the dangerous Confequences that it is attended with, for, what one has taken from all, may be easily taken again from one by the Public. It was not Virtue or Reason but a mad Love of deceitful Greatness, that animated Pompey, in his Wars both Abroad and at Home. What was it but Ambition that hurried him to Spain, Africa, and elfewhere, when he was too great already in every Body's Opinion but his own? And had not Julius Cafar the fame Motive, who could not brook a Superior himself, when the Common-wealth had submitted unto two already? Nor was it an Instinct of Virtue that push'd on Marius, who at the Head of an Army, was himself under the Command of Ambition; but he came at last to the deferved Fate of other wicked Men, and drank of the same Cup which he had filled to others. impose upon our Reason when we suffer ourselves to be charmed with Titles, which are at best nothing but a more glorious Sound; as Ornaments and Gildings, though their Lustre may dazzle our Eyes, yet our Understanding tells us, that it is all meer Outside, and that the Substance underneath is coarfe and common.

Let us not therefore envy those whom the People call great and happy; a found Mind is not to be shaken with popular and vain Applause, nor is it in the Power of Pride to disturb the State of our Happiness. A Man's Worthiness is reckon'd now

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by the Dust his Equipage raises on the Road, and it is become a Point of Honour to over-run People. and keep all at a Diffance; tho' he that is obliged to give the Way, is often happier than him that takes it; if we would exercise a Power profitable to ourselves, and grievous to no Body else, let us practife it upon our Passions. Those that have burnt Cities, subdued Armies, and bathed themfelves in human Blood, even after they have overcome all their Enemies, have been vanquished by their Lust and Cruelty without Resistance. Alexanander was possessed with the Madness of laying of Kingdoms wafte, he began with his native Country of Greece, and there feized upon what was best; he enflaved Lacedæmon, and filenced Athens; nor was he content with the Destruction of those Towns, which his Father Philip had either conquered or bought, but he made himself the Enemy of human Nature, and like the most savage Beafts, worried what he could not eat. Felicity is an unquiet Thing, it torments itself and puzzles the Brain; it makes fome People ambitious, others luxurious; it elates fome and effeminates others; only it is as with Wine, though it diffolves all, yet fome Heads bear it better than others. Greatness stands upon a Precipice, and if Prosperity carries a Man never so little beyond his Poize, it overbears and dashes him to Pieces; it is a rare Thing for a Man in high Fortune to lay down his Happiness gently, it being common for him to fink under the Weight of those Felicities which raise him; Noblemen have been reduced to the meanest Offices, and in the very Moment of our despiting Slaves, we may be made fo ourselves.

#### CHAP. XIII.

Hope and Fear are the Bane of an happy Life.

NO Man can be faid to be perfectly happy, that runs the Rifque of Disappointment, which is the Case of every Man that fears or hopes for any Thing; for Hope and Fear how diftant soever they may feem to be from one another, yet are both coupled in the same Chain, like the Guard and the Prisoner, and the one treads upon the Heels of the other; the Reason of this is obvious, for they are Passions that look forward and are ever follicitous for the future, only Hope is the more plaufible Weakness of the two, tho' for the Generality they are inseparable, and one cannot sublist without the other. But where Hope is stronger than Fear, or Fear than Hope, we call it one or other; for, without Fear it were no longer Hope, but Certainty, as without Hope it would not be Fear but Despair: We may easily know whether our Disquiets are vain, if we will but confider whence our Trouble arifes, either about the present or the future, or both. If the present it is easy to judge, and the future is uncertain. 'Tis a foolish Thing to be miserable before hand, for fear of Wretchedness to come, for by that Means we lofe the prefent which we might enjoy, in Expectation of the future; besides, that the Fear of losing any Thing is as bad as the Loss itself. Let us be as prudent as we can, but not timorous, or careless; nor is it any Crime to bethink ourselves, and forecast what Inconveniences may happen. It is true a Man may fear, yet not

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of Fear without the Vice of it, but if we admit it too frequently it runs into an Habit; it is a fhameful and unmanly Thing to be doubtful, timorous and uncertain, to set one Step forward, and another backward, and to be irresolute. Can there be any Man so fearful, that had not rather

fall once, than hang always in Sufpence?

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If we stand in Fear of all Possibilities our Miferies would be endless; the best Way in such a Case, is to qualify Fear with a little Hope, this may ferve to palliate a Misfortune though not cure There is not any Thing that we fear, which is fo certain to come, as it is certain that many Things which we do fear will not come; but we are loth to oppose our Credulity, or to bring one Fear to the Test. But what if the Thing we fear should come to pass? perhaps it would be the better for us; suppose it should be Death itself, why may it not prove the Glory of my Life; Socrates was made famous by Poison; and Cato's falling upon his Sword, was a great Part of his Honour. If we fear any Misfortune may befall us, yet we are not fure that it may prefently happen. How many Deliverances have come unlook'd for? and how many Misfortunes that we expected have never come to pass? It is Time enough to lament when it happens, and in the mean Time to promise ourselves the best; for how do we know, but fomething or other may delay or divert it. Some have escaped out of the Fire, others have received no Hurt when a House has fallen over their Heads; one Man has been faved, when a Sword has been at his Throat, another has been condemned and out-liv'd his Hangman. So that we fee ill Fortune as well as good has her Levities; we many Times take Words in a wrong Sense to what they were intended

intended, and imagine Things to be worse than they really are; let us therefore bear our Misfortunes when they come, without anticipating them.

He that would deliver himself from all Apprehensions of the future, let him first take it for granted that all his Fears will fall upon him, and then examine and measure the Evil that he fears, which he will find to be neither great nor long; he will then discover that the very Ills he fears, he fuffers by that Fear; as in the Symptoms of an approaching Disease, a Man shall find himself lazy, and liftless, a Weariness in his Limbs, with a yawning and shuddering all over him; so is it in the Case of a weak Mind, it fancies Missortune, and makes a Man wretched before his Time; why should I torment myself at present, with what perhaps may fall out twenty Years hence. This Humour is a Kind of voluntary Disease; and to complain of an Affliction that we do not feel, is an industrious Contrivance of our own Unhappiness. Some are not only moved with Grief itself, but with the meer Opinion of it; as Children will flart at a Shadow, or at the Sight of a deformed Person. If we stand in fear of Violence from a powerful Enemy, it is some Comfort to us, that whofoever makes himfelf terrible to others, is not without Fear himself; the least Noise makes a Lion start, and the fiercest Beasts when they are enraged tremble too; a Shadow, a Voice, or an unufual Stench rouses them.

The Things most to be fear'd, may be rank'd under three Heads, Want, Sickness, and the Violences of Power. The last of these has the greatest Force, because it comes attended with Noise and Tumult, whereas the Incommodities of Poverty and Diseases are more natural, and steal upon us

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in Silence, without any external Circumstances of Horror; but the other marches in Pomp, attended with Fire and Sword, Gibbets, Racks, and Wheels; wild Beafts to devour us; Stakes to empale us, Engines to tear us Piece-meal, pitch'd Bags to burn us, and a thousand other exquisite Inventions of Cruelty. No Wonder then if that is most dreadful to us, that presents itself in so many horrid Shapes, and by the very Solemnity is render'd formidable; the more Instruments of bodily Pain the Executioner shews us, he makes himself the more frightful; for many a Man that would have encounter'd Death in any generous Form, is yet overcome with the Manner of it. As for the Calamities of Hunger and Thirst, inward Ulcers, fcorching Fevers, and tormenting Fits of the Stone, I look upon these Miseries to be as grievous as any of the rest, only they do not fo much affect the Fancy, because they lie out of Sight. Some People talk highly of Dangers at a Distance; but like Cowards, when the Executioner comes to do his Duty, and shews them the Fire, the Axe, the Scaffold, and Death at Hand, their Courage fails them upon the very Pinch when they have most Need of it. Sickness and Captivity are no new Things to us, the Falls of Houses, Funerals, and Conflagrations, are every Day before our Eyes. The Man that you supp'd with last Night is dead this Morning; why should we wonder then at being hit ourselves, seeing so many fall about us. What can be greater Madness than to cry, "Who would have thought this?" And why should you not think it, where is the Estate that may not be reduced to Beggary; that Dignity which may not be follow'd by Banishment, Disgrace, and the lowest Contempt? That Kingdom that may not fuddenly fall to Ruin? Or, that Prince,

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Prince, that may not pass the Hands of the common Hangman? That which is one Man's Fortune, may be another's; but the Foresight of Calamities to come, breaks the Violence of them.

#### CHAP. XIV.

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We are either happy or miserable, according to the true or false Estimate of Things.

HERE are many Things that Fancy makes terrible to us in the Night, which in the Day-time appear ridiculous; What is there in Labour or Death, that a Man should be afraid of? They are much flighter in the Act than the Contemplation, and we may contemn them but we will not, and it is not because they are hard that we dread them, but they are hard because we are afraid of them; Pains and other Violences of Fortune are the same Thing to us, that Goblins are to Children, we are more frighten'd than hurt by them; we take up our Opinions upon Trust, and err for Company, still judging that to be best, for which there are the most Competitors. We make a false Calculation of Matters, because we take Advice from Opinion and not from Nature, and this misleads us to a higher Esteem for Riches, Honour, and Power, than they are worth; we have been used to admire and recommend them, and a private Error is quickly turned into a public one. The greatest and the smallest Things, are equally hard to be comprehended; we reckon many Things great for want of knowing what is effectually fo, and we account other Things small, which which in the End we find to be of the highest Value. Vain Things only move vain Minds; the Accidents which we fo much boggle at are not terrible in themselves, but they are made so by our Infirmities; and we confult rather what we hear, than what we feel, without examining, oppreffing, or discussing the Things we fear, so that we either stand still and tremble, or directly run for it, as the Troops did that upon raising a Duft, took a Flock of Sheep for an Enemy. When the Body and Mind are corrupted, it is no Wonder if all Things prove intollerable, and not because they are so in Truth, but because we are diffolute and foolish; for we are infatuated to such a Degree, that there is little Difference between the common Madness of Men. and that which falls under the Care of the Phylician; the one labours under a Difease, and the other a false Opinion.

The Stoics hold, that all those Torments which commonly draw from us Groans and Ejaculations. are in themselves trivial and contemptible; but not to make use of high-flown Expressions, let us discufs the Point at the Rate of ordinary Men, and not make ourselves miserable before our Time, for the Things we apprehend to be at Hand, may poffibly never come to pass: Some trouble us more than they should, others sooner, and some put us in Diforder that ought to give us no Trouble at all; fo that we either enlarge, create, or anticipate our Disquiets; the first is only a Matter of Controverfy, for the Burthen which I account light, may perhaps to another be insupportable; one Man will laugh under the Lash, whilst another will whine at a fingle Stroke. Poverty is a fad Galamity to one Man, whilft to another it appears rather defirable than inconvenient; for, he that

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has nothing to lofe, has nothing to fear, and whofoever would enjoy his Soul to Satisfaction, must be either poor indeed, or at least seem so, Sickness and Pain deject some People extremely; yet, Epicurus, bleft his Fate with his last Breath in the acutest Torments of the Stone; Exile, which is grievous to one Man, is to another no more than a bare Change of Place; what we do every Day for our Health or Pleasure, or even in our common Occupations; Death, which is a Terror to one, is to another the greatest Bounty of Providence. It is the Wish of some, the Relief of many, and the End of all; it fets the Slave at Liberty, brings the banish'd Man Home, and puts all Mortals upon a Level; even Life itself would be a Punishment without it; for, when we see Tyrants with all their attendant Tortures, the Prospect of Death is a Confolation, and the only Remedy against the Injuries of Life. We are so faulty in our Estimate, that we have fcarce done any Thing which we have not Reason to wish undone; our own Wishes have been more hurtful to us, than the Curses of our Enemies, and our future Prayers must be to have our former ones forgiven: What Man in his Senses would agree to the Wishes of his Mother, his Nurse or his Tutor, those worst of Enemies, with the Intention of the best of Friends? We should be undone if their Prayers were granted, and it is our Duty to pray that they may not, for they are no other than well-meaning Execrations: They mistake Evil for Good, and one Wish fights with another; give me rather the Contempt of all those Things, whereof they wish me the greatest Plenty. We are equally hurt by some that pray for us, and by others that curse us; the one imprints in us a false Fear, and the other does us Mischief by Mistake; so that it is

no Wonder that Mankind is miserable, who are brought up from the very Cradle under the the Imprecations of our Parents; we pray for Trisles whilst we neglect the greatest Blessings, and we are not ashamed many Times to ask God for that which

we should blush to own to our Neighbour.

It is with us as with an Innocent we had in our Family, she fell blind on a sudden, yet nobody could perfuade her that she had lost her Eye-fight, " fhe could not endure the House, she cried, it " was fo dark," and was always asking to go abroad: What we laugh'd at in her we find to be true in ourselves, we are covetous and ambitious, but the World shall never bring us to acknowledge it, and we impute it to the Place; nay, we are the worse of the two, for that blind Fool called for a Guide, and we wander about without one. It is a hard Matter to cure those that will not believe they are fick; we are ashamed to admit a Master, and we are too old to learn. Vice still goes before Virtue, fo that we have two Works to do, we must cast off one and learn the other; by one Evil we make way to another, and only feek Things to be avoided, or those which we are soon weary of. That which feem'd too much when we wish'd for it, proves too little when we have it, and it is not as some imagine, that Felicity is greedy, but it is too little and narrow, and cannot fatisfy us; that which feems high at a Diftance is but low when we come near it, and the Reason is, because we do not understand the true State of Things; we are deceived by Rumours, when we have gain'd the Thing we aim'd at, we find it to be either bad or empty, less than we expected, or perhaps great and not good.

#### CHAP XV.

The Blessings of Temperance and Moderation.

HERE is not any thing necessary but we have it either cheap or gratis; and this is the Provision that Heaven has made for us, whose Bounty is never backward to our Wants. true Hunger calls upon us, but then a fmall Matter will content us, a little Bread and Water is fufficient, and all the rest is superfluous. He that lives according to Reason shall never be poor, and he that governs his Life by Opinion shall never be rich, for Nature is limited, but Fancy is boundless. Meat, Cloaths, and Lodging are foon supplied, a little feeds the Body, and a little covers it; if therefore Mankird would only attend human Nature without gaping at Superfluities, a Cook would foon be as needless as a Soldier, for we may have Necessaries upon very eafy Terms, whereas we put ourselves to great Pains for Excesses; when we are cold we may cover ourselves with Skins of Beasts, and against vio'ent Heats we have natural Grottos, or with a few Ofiers and a little Clay we may defend ourselves against all Seasons; Providence has been kinder to us than to leave us to live by our Wits, and to stand in Need of Invention and Art. It is only Pride and Curiofity that involves us in Difficulties; if nothing will ferve a Man but rich Cloaths and Furniture, Statues and Plate, a numerous Train of Servants, and the Rarities of all Nations, it is not Fortune's Fault but his own, that he is not **fatisfied** 

fatisfied, for his Defires are infatiable; this is not Thirst but a Disease, and if he were Master of the whole World he would still be a Beggar. It is the Mind that makes us rich and happy in what Condition soever we are, and Gold signifies no more to it than it does to the Gods; if the Religion be fincere, no Matter for the Ornaments. Luxury and Avarice alone make Poverty grievous to us, for a very small Matter does our Business, and when we have provided against Hunger, Cold, and Thirst, all the rest is but Vanity and Excess, and there is no Need of Expence upon foreign Delicacies, or the Artifices of the Kitchen; What is he the worfe for Poverty that despises these Things; Nay, is he not rather the better, because he is not able to go to the Price of them, for he is kept found whether he will or no; and that which a Man cannot do looks

many Times as if he would not.

When I furvey the Moderation of past Ages, it makes me ashamed of my Discourse, as if Poverty had need of Consolation; Homer had but one Servant, Plato three, and Zeno, the Mafter of the Masculine Sect of Stoics, had none at all. The Daughters of the great Africanus had their Portions out of the common Treasury, for their Father left them not worth a Penny; how happy were their Hufbands, that had the People of Rome for their Fatherin-law? Shall any Man contemn Poverty after thefe eminent Examples, which are fufficient not only to justify, but to recommend it? Upon Diogenes's only Servant's running away from him, he was told where he was, and perfuaded to fetch him back again; " What! fays he, can Manes live without " Diogenes, and not Diogenes without Manes?" And fo let him go. The Piety and Moderation of Scipio, has made his Memory more venerable than his Arms, and more after he left his Country than whilft

whilst he desended it; for Matters were come to that Pass, that either Scipio must be injurious to Rome, or Rome to Scipio. Coarse Bread and Water to a temperate Man is as good as a Feast, and the Herbs of the Field will nourish Man as well as Beasts; but now we are come to such a Degree of Intemperance, that a fair Patrimony is too little for a Meal: It was not by choice Meats and Persumes that our Fore-sathers recommended themselves, but by virtuous Actions, and the Sweat of honest, mili-

tary, manly Labours.

What could be happier than the State of Mankind, when Nature lay in common, and all her Benefits were promiscuously enjoy'd? Then People lived without Envy or Avarice, then every one was rich, and not a poor Man to be found in the World. But so soon as this impartial Bounty of Providence came to be reftrained by Covetouineis, and Particulars appropriated that to themselves, which was intended for all; then did Poverty creep into the World, when some Men by desiring more than came to their Share, loft their Title to the reft, a Loss never to be repair'd; for though we may chance to get much, we once had all. Fruits of the Earth were in those Days divided amongst the Inhabitants of it, without either Want or Excess. So long as Men contented themselves with their Lot there was no Violence, no engrofing for particular Advantages, those Benefits which were appointed for the Community; but every Man valued his Neighbour as himself, no Arms or Bloodshed, no War but with wild Beasts, but under the Protection of a Wood, or a Cave, they fpent their Days without Cares, and their Nights without Groans, their Innocence was their Security and Protection. There was as yet no Beds of State. no Ornaments of Pearl and Embroidery, nor the Remorfes

Remorfes that attend them, the Heavens were their Canopy and the Glories thereof their Spectacle; the Motions of the Orbs, the Courses of the Stars, and the wonderful Order of Providence afforded them Matter of Contemplation; there was no Fear of the House falling, or the rustling of a Rat behind the Tapestry: They had no Palaces, but they had the open Air and breathing Room enough, chrystal Fountains, refreshing Shades, the Meadows dreft up in their native Beauty, and homely Cottages, wherein they lived contented, without Fear either of lofing or falling; these People live without either Anxiety or Fraud, and yet I must think them rather happy than wife. I make no Doubt that Men were generally better before they were corrupted than afterwards, and I am apt to believe that they were stronger and hardier too; but their Wits were not yet come to Maturity, for simple Nature does not give Virtue, and it is a kind of Art to become good. They had not then torn up the Bowels of the Earth for Gold, Silver, or precious Stones, and fo far were they from killing any Man, as we do for a Spectacle, that they were not as yet come to it, either in Fear or Anger, nay, they spared the very Fishes; but after all they were innocent because they were ignorant, and there is a great Difference between not knowing how to offend and not being willing to do it. They had in that rude Life certain Images, and Refemblances of Virtue, but yet they fell fhort of Virtue itself, which comes only by Institution, Learning and Study, as it is perfected by Practice, it is indeed the End for which we were born, but it did not come into the World with us, and in the best of Men before they are instructed, we find rather the Matter and Seeds of Virtue than Virtue itself; it is the wonderful Benignity of Nature that has laid open to us all Things I 5 that

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that may do us good, and only hidden those Things from us that may hurt us, as if she dare not trust us with Gold and Silver, or with Iron, which is the Instrument of War and Contention for the other. We ourselves have drawn out of the Earth, both the Causes and Instruments of our Dangers, and we are so foolish as to set the highest Esteem upon those Things, to which Nature has assign'd the lowest Place; what can be more coarse and rude in the Mine than these precious Metals, or more slavish and dirty than the People that dig and work them? And yet they defile our Minds more than our Bodies, and make the Possessor fouler than the Artisicer of them, and in short rich Men are the

greater Slaves.

The Man is happy that eats only for Hunger, and drinks to affwage his Thirst, that lives by Reafon not Example, and provides for Use and Necesfity, not Oftentation and Pomp. Let us curb our Appetites, encourage Virtue, and be rather indebted to ourselves for Riches than Fortune, who has the less Mark of a Man that contracts his Affairs into a narrow Compass. Let my Bed be plain and neat, and my Garb the fame, my Table furnish'd without much Expence or many Waiters, and neither a Burthen to my Purse or my Body. What is too little for Luxury is abundantly enough for Nature: The End of Eating and Drinking is Satiety; now what matters it it though one eats and drinks more and another less, so long as one is not hungry or the other thirsty. Epicurus that limits Pleasure to Nature, as the Stoics do to Virtue, is undoubtedly in the right; and those that cite him to authorize their Voluptuoufness exceedingly mistake him, and only seek a good Countenance for an evil Cause, for their Pleafures of Sloth, Gluttony, and Luft, have no Affinity with his Meaning or Precepts. It is true, his Philosophy Philosophy at first Sight seems effeminate, but he that narrowly inspects into him will find him to be

a brave Man, though in womanish Dress.

'Tis a common Objection I know, that Philosophers do not live as they teach, for they can flatter their Superiors, gather their Estates, and be as much concerned for the Loss of Fortunes and Friends as other People, as fensible of Reproaches, as luxurious in their eating and drinking, their Furniture and their Houses, as magnificent in their Plate, Servants, and Officers, as profuse and curious in their Gardens, &c. - Well! and what of all this, or if it were twenty times more? 'Tis some Degree of Virtue for a Man to condemn himself, and if he cannot attain to be best, to be better than the worft, and if he cannot wholly fubdue his Appetites, however to check and diminish them. If I don't live as I preach, observe, that I don't speak of myfelf, but of Virtue, nor am I fo much offended with other Mens Vices as my own; all this was objected to Plato, Epicurus, and Zeno, nor is any Virtue fo facred as to escape Malevolence. The Cynic Demetrius was a great Instance of Severity and Mortification, and one that imposed upon himself the hard Task neither to possess any thing, or so much as to ask it, yet he had this Scoff thrown upon him, that his Profession was Poverty not Virtue. Plato is blamed for asking Money, Aristotle for receiving it, Democritus for neglecting it, Epicurus for confuming it; how happy were we if we could but come to imitate these Men's Vices; for if we knew our own Condition we should find Work enough at Home; but we are like People that are making merry at a Play or a Tavern, when our own Houses are on Fire.

Cate was faid to be a Drunkard, but Drunkenness itself shall sooner be proved to be no Crime than

than Cate dishonest. They that demolish Temples and overturn Altars, shew their ill-will, though they can do the Gods no hurt, and it it the fame with those that invade the Reputation of great Men. If the Professors of Virtue be as the World calls them avaritious, libidinous and ambitious, what are they then that have a Detestation for the very Name of it, but malicious Natures do not want Wit to abuse honester Men than themselves; it is the Practice of the Multitude to bark at eminent Men as little Dogs do at Strangers, for they look upon other Mens Virtues as an upbraiding of their own Wickedness. We should do well to commend those that are good, if not let us pass them over, but however let us fpare ourselves; for beside the blaspheming of Virtue, our Rage is to no Purpose: But to quit this Digresfion and return to the Point. We are ready enough to limit others, but loath to put Bounds and Restraint upon ourselves, though we are certain that oftentimes a greater Evil is cured by a less, and the Mind that will not be brought to Virtue by Precepts is often forced to by Necessity. Let us try a little to eat upon an homely Board, and to wait upon ourselves, to live within Compass, and accommodate our Cloaths to the End they were made for. Occasional Experiments of our Moderation give us the best Proofs of our Firmness and Virtue; a wellgovern'd Appetite is a great Part of Liberty, and it is a Happiness that fince we cannot have all that we would have we may yet forbear defiring what we have not. It is the Office of Temperance to overrule our Pleasures, some she rejects, others she qualifies and keeps within Bounds. Oh! the Delights of Rest when a Man comes to be weary, and of Meat when he is heartily hungry. I have learned by one Journey how many Things we have that are superfluous, and how easily they may be spared, for when

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then we are without them, upon Necessity we do ot so much as feel the Want of them. This is he fecond Day that I and my Friend have traveled ogether, one Waggon carries us and our Servants, ny Matress lies upon the Ground and I upon that; our Diet is answerable to our Lodging, and we are never without our Figs and our Table-Books; the Muleteer without Shoes, and the Mules only prove themselves alive by the walking; in this Equipage I am not willing I perceive to own myfelf, but as often as we happen into better Company, I cannot help blushing, which shews I am not yet confirm'd in what I approve and commend; I am not yet come to own my Frugality, for he that is ashamed to be seen in a mean Condition would be proud of a splendid one; I value myfelf upon what Paffengers think of me. and tacitly renounce my Principles, whereas I should rather lift up my Voice to be heard by Mankind, and tell them, "Ye are all mad, your Minds " are fet upon Superfluities, and ye value no Man " for his Virtues." I came one Night weary home, and threw myfelf upon the Bed, with this Confideration about me, that there is nothing ill that is well taken; my Baker tells me he has no Bread, but, fays he, I may get some of your Tenants, though I fear it is not good, no matter, faid. I, for I'll stay till it be better, that is till my Stomach can accept of worse; it is Discretion to practice Temperance fometimes, and accustom ourselves to it a little, against the many Difficulties of Time and Place may force us to it. In Matters of Fortune, how strictly do we examine what every Man is worth before we'll trust him with a Penny; " Such " Man, we cry, has a great Estate, but it is very " much encumber'd; a very fine House, but it " is built with borrow'd Money; a numerous Faditors, if his Debts were paid he would not be worth a Groat."—Why do not we take the fame Course in other Things, and examine what every Man's Mind is worth? It is not enough to have along Train of Attendants, vast Possessions, or an incredible Treasure in Money and Jewels, a Man may be poor for all this, the only Difference is, that one borrows of the Usurer the other of Fortune. What signifies the Carving or Gilding of the Chariot? Is the Master ever the better for it?

I cannot close this Chapter with a more generous Instance of Moderation, than that of Fabricius, Pyrrhus tempted him with a large Sum of Money to betray his Country, and at the same Time the Phyfician of Pyrrhus offer'd for a Sum of Money to poison his Master; but the Roman was too brave either to be overcome by Gold, or to try to overcome by Poison, so that he refused the Money, and advised Pyrrhus to take Care of the Treachery of his Servants, and this in the Heat of a furious War. Fabricius valued himself upon his Poverty, and was as much above the Thought of Riches as of Poison: "Live Pyrrhus, fays he, by Friendship, and turn that to thy Satisfaction, which was before thy Trouble, that is to fay, that Fabricius " could not be corrupted."

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### CHAP. XVI.

Constancy of Mind makes a Man happy in Opposition to all the Misfortunes that may furround bim.

HE whole Duty of Mankind may be reduced to two Points of Abstinence and Patience, Temperance in Profperity, and Courage in Adverfity: We have already treated of the former, and

the other follows now in Courfe,

Epicurus will have it that a wife Man will bear all Injuries, but the Stoics will not allow those Things to be injurious, which Epicurus calls fo, and the Difference between these Philosophers, is like that between two Gladiators, one receives Wounds yet maintains his Ground, and the other tells People when he bleeds it is but a Scratch, and

will not fuffer any Body to part them.

An Injury cannot be received unless it is done, but it may be done and not received, as a Man may be in the Water and not fwim; but if it is faid he fwims, it must be prefumed that he is in the Water: If a Blow or Shot be levell'd at us, it may happen that our Adversary may miss his Aim, or fome fudden Interpolition may divert the Mifchief. That which is hurt is passive, and inferior to that which hurts it. You will alledge, perhaps, that Socrates, was condemned and put to Death, and fo received an Injury; but I answer, the Tyrants did him an Injury, yet he received none. He that steals any thing from me and hides it in my own House, though I have not lost it, yet he has stolen it; he that lies with his own Wife,

and mistakes her for another Woman, though the Woman is honest, the Man is an Adulterer. Sup. pose a Man gives me a Draught of Poison, and it does not prove ftrong enough to kill me, his Guilt is never the less for the Disappointment; he that makes a Pass at me is as much a Murderer, though I put it by, as if he had ftruck me to the Heart: It is the Intention, not the Effect, that makes the Wickedness; he is a Thief who has the Will of killing and flaying, even before his Hand is dip'd in Blood; as the very Intention of laying violent Hands on holy Things, is Sacrilege. If a Philosopher be exposed to Torments, the Axe over his Head, his Body wounded, his Bowels torn out, a Groan may be allow'd to follow, for Virtue itfelf cannot diveft him of the Nature of a Man; but if his Mind stand firm, he has discharged his Part. 'Tis that Greatness of Soul that enables him to maintain his Station with Honour; fo that he only uses what he meets in his Way, as a Pilgrim that would fain be at his Journey's End.

It is the Excellency of a great Mind neither to want nor ask any thing, and to say, I'll have nothing to do with Fortune that reproaches Cato, and prefers Vatinius. He that accounts any thing good that is not honest, runs gaping after Cafualties, and spends his Days in Anxiety and vain Expectation; that Man is miferable, and yet it is hard, you'll fay, to be banished or cast into Prifon; or, let the Punishment be what it may, we have Examples in all Ages, and in all Cases, of great Men that have triumph'd over Misfortunes. Metellus fuffer'd Exile resolutely; Rutilius chearfully; Socrates disputed in the Dungeon, and tho' he might have made his Escape, refused it, to shew the World, how easy a Thing it was to subdue the two great Terrors of Mankind, Death

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nd a Goal. Or what shall we say of Mutius Scavola, a Man only of military Courage, without the Help either of Philosophy or Letters; who when he found he had killed the Secretary inftead of Porsenna, burnt his Right-hand to Ashes for the Mistake, and held his Arm in the Flame, till it was taken away by his very Enemies; Por senna more eafily pardoned Mutius for his Intent to kill him, than Mutius forgave himself for missing his Aim; he might have done a more fortunate Thing, but

never a braver.

Cato the last Night of his Life, took Plato to Bed with him, and laid his Sword at his Head; that by the one he might have Death in his Will, and by the other in his Power; being refolved that no Man should be able to fay, that he had either killed or wounded Cate. So foon as he had composed his Mind, he took his Sword, " For-" tune, fays he, I have hitherto fought for my "Country's Liberty and my own, only that I " might live free, amongst free Men, but the " Cause is now lost, and Cato safe." With that Word he fell upon his Sword, and after the Surgeons, that broke in upon him, had dress'd his Wound, he tore it open again; and fo expired with the same Greatness of Soul, that he lived. But you will fay, that these Examples are scarce, and Men famous in their Generations: Let us confult History, and we shall find, even in the most effeminate Nations and dissolute Times, Men of all Degrees, Ages, and Fortunes, and even the weaker Sex that have overcome the Fear of Death, which indeed is so little to be feared, that duly confidered, it is one of the greatest Benefits in Nature. It was as great an Honour for Cato, when his Party was broken, that he himself stood his Ground, as it would have been if he had carried the Day, and fettled an universal Peace; for to make the best of ill Fortune, and to temperate good, shews an equal Share of Prudence. The Day that he was repulsed he played, and the Night that he killed himself he read, as reckoning the Loss of his Life, and of an Office at the same Value.

People, I know, are apt to measure other Men's Infirmities by their own, and think it impossible, that a Man should be content to be burnt, wounded, kill'd or shackled; great Minds can only judge of great Things; for otherwise our Weakness will represent another Person's Actions as such, as a frait Stick will appear crooked in the Water. He that yields, draws Ruin upon his own Head; but we are fure to get the better of Fortune, if we struggle with her. What Blows and Bruises do Fencers and Wreftlers endure, not only for Honour but Exercise? If we turn our Backs once, we are routed and purfued; that Man only is happy that draws Good out of Evil, that stands fast in his Judgment, and unmoved by any external Viofence; or, at the worst, so little moved, that the keenest Arrow of Fortune is but a Scratch of a Pin, rather than a Wound; and all her other Weapons fall upon him only as Hail upon the Roof of an House, that suddenly skips off again, without any Damage to the Inhabitant.

A generous prudent young Man, will take it for an Happiness to encounter ill Fortune; it is nothing for a Man to hold up his Head in a Calm, but to maintain his Post when all others have quitted their Ground; and there to stand upright, where other Men are beaten down; this is divine and praise-worthy. If we consider calmly, there is no Ill in Torment, or in those Things which we commonly account grievous Crosses; the great Evil is in the Want of Courage, and in yielding and submitting to them; and this can never happen to a

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wife Man, for he stands firm under the Pressure of the greatest Weight: Nothing that he is capable of bearing displeases him, he is secure in his own Strength, and whatfoever may be any Man's Lot, he never complains of it if it be his own. Nature he fays, deceives no Body; fhe does not tell us, whether our Children shall be fair or foul, wife or foolish, good Subjects or Traitors; nor whether our Fortune shall be good or bad. Judge not a Man by his outward Ornaments, but strip him of all the Advantages and Impostures of Fortune; nay of his very Body too, and look into his Mind; if he can fee a raked Sword at his Eyes without winking, and it is indifferent to him, whether Life go cut in a Gasp or at a Wound; if he can hear himfelf fentenced to Torments, or Exile undifmay'd; if under the Hands of the Executioner, he can thus coolly reason with himself, "All this I am pro-" vided against, for it is no more than a Man must " expect, to fuffer by the common Fate of Huma-" nity." The Man that can behave thus, displays a Temper of Mind that makes him truly happy, and without this, all external Comforts fignify no more than the perfonating a King on the Stage; when the Curtain is dropp'd, they are Players again. Not that I would except a wife Man from having a Sense of Pain; no, I consider him as a compound of Body and Soul: The irrational Part, the Body, may be galled, burnt, or tortured; but the rational Part, the Soul, is fearless, invincible, and not to be shaken. And this Reason, I take to be the supreme Good of Man, which till it be perfected, is but an unsteady Agitation of Thought, and in Perfection an immoveable Stability; it is not in our Contentions with Fortune, as in those of the Amphitheatre, where we may throw down our Arms and fue for Quarter, but here we must die firm and resolute; there needs no Encouragement to those

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those Things which natural Instinct leads us to, a Self-preservation, or seeking our own Ease and Pleafure; but when our Courage is to be tried by Torments, or our Fidelity by Wounds, we must be armed against these Difficulties by Philosophy and Precept, yet this is no more than what Nature fub. jects us to, and ought not to raise our Wonder, in that a wife Man prepares himself for it, as expecting that what may be will be. Our Bodies are frail, and liable not only to the Impressions of Violence, but to Afflictions also, that commonly succeed our Pleasures. Full Meals create Crudities and Indigestion, Lust and Debauchery make the Hands shake and the Knees tremble; Surprise and Novelty makes the Misfortune terrible, which by Premeditation might be made easy to us; and that which fome People make light by Sufferance others do by Forefight, therefore whatfoever is necessary let us bear patiently. It is no strange Thing to die, no new Thing to mourn, or to be merry again. Must I be poor? I shall have Company; Am I doom'd to Banishment? 'Tis but thinking myself born there and all is well; if I die I shall be freed from all Sickness, and it is a Thing we can do but once.

Let us never wonder at any Thing we are born to, for no Man has Reason to complain, where we are all in the same Condition, he that escapes might have suffer'd, and it is but equal to submit to the Law of Mortality; we must undergo the Winter's Cold, the Summer's Heat, the Distempers of the Air, and the Diseases of the Body; a wild Beast meets us in one Place, and a Man more savage in another; we are here assaulted by Fire, there by Water. Demetrius was reserved by Providence for the Age he lived in, to shew that neither the Times could corrupt him, nor he resorm the People; he was a Man of a steady Judgment, firm to his Purpose, and

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and of a strong Eloquence, not finical in his Words, but his Sense was masculine and nervous; he was so ualified in his Life and Discourse, that he was both an Example and a Reproach to his Country; if Fortune had offer'd that Man the Government and Possession of the whole World, upon Condition that he should not lay it down when he would, I dare say he would have refused it, and expostulated with you after this Manner, "Why should you tempt a "Man that is free, voluntarily to put himself under Confinement, or an honest Man to pollute himself with the Dregs of Mankind? Why do you offer me the Spoils of Princes and of Nations, the Price not only of your Bloods but your Souls."

A truly great Mind is temperate in Prosperity, resolute in Adversity, despises what the Vulgar admire, and prefer Mediocrity to Success. Was not Socrates oppress'd with Poverty, Labour, and the worst of Wars in his own Family, a herce turbulent Woman to his Wife? Were not his Children indocile, and like their Mother? After feven and twenty Years spent in Arms, he fell under Slavery to the thirty Tyrants, and most of them his bitter Enemies; at length he was fentenced as a Violator of Religion, a Corruptor of Youth, and an Enemy to God and Man; after this he was imprison'd and order'd to be poison'd, yet this was so far from working upon his Mind, that it never fo much as altered his Countenance. If we are to bear the ill Accidents of unkind Seasons, Diftempers and Wounds, why may we not reckon the Actions of wicked Men, even amongst those Casualties? Their Deliberations are not Counfels but Frauds, Snares, and perverse Motions of the Mind, and they never want a Pretence or Occasion of doing a Man a Mischief; they have their Informers, their Knights of

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of the Post, who can make Interest with Men in Power, and Justice is now grown so partial, that one may as well be robb'd on the Bench as the Highway; they lie in wait for Advantages, and live in perpetual Agitation between Hope and Fear; whereas he that is rightly composed will stand all Shocks, either of Violence, Flattery, or Menaces, without Perturbation; but it is an inward Fear that makes us curious after what we can hear abroad.

It is an Error to attribute either Good or Ill to Fortune, but the Matter of it we may, and we ourselves are the Occasion of it, being in Effect the Workers of our own Happiness or Misery; for the Mind is above Fortune, and if that be Evil it makes every thing elfe so too; but if it be right and fincere it corrects what is wrong, and mollifies what is hard with Modesty and Courage. There is a great Difference among those that the World call wife Men, some privately resolve to oppose Fortune, but cannot go through with it, for they are either dazzled with the Splendor, or affrighted with the Terror of it, but there are others that will close and grapple with Fortune, and yet come off victorious. Mucius, overcame the Fire; Regulus, the Gibbet; Socrates, Poison; Rutilius, Banishment; Cato, Death; Fabricius, Riches; Tubero, Poverty; and Sextius, Honours. But on the other hand, there are some so delicaee, that they cannot bear' a scandalous Report; which is the same Thing, as if a Man should be angry at being jolted in a Croud, or be splashed as he walks along the Streets. He that has a great Way to go, must expect to flip, to stumble, or be tired. Frugality is a Punishment to the Luxurious; Labour and Industry, to the Sluggard; and even Thought is fometimes a Torment to him. Not that these Things are hard to us by Nature, but we ourselves are vain and irresolute;

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resolute; and there are some People that make a matter of Wonder, how any Man can live eithout Wine, or endure to rise early in a

Morning.

A brave Man must expect to be toss'd, for he to steer his Course in the Teeth of Fortune, and to work against Wind and Weather. In the differing Torments, though but one Virtue appears Man exercises many; Patience is the most emiment, and that is but a Branch of Fortitude; but there is Prudence also in the Choice of the Action, and in bearing what we cannot avoid; and there is Constancy in bearing it resolutely, there is the ame Concurrence also of several Virtues in otherrenerous Undertakings. When Leonidas led his three hundred Men to the Streights of Thermopyla, to put a Stop to Xerxes's formidable Army, "Come 4 Fellow-Soldiers, fays he, eat your Dinners here, " as if ye were to fup in another World," and they answered his Expectation. How plain and noble was that short Speech of Caditius to his Men upon a desperate Action? And how glorious a Mixture was there in it both of Bravery and Prudence? "Soldiers, fays he, it is necessary for " us to go, but it is not necessary for us to re-" turn." This brief and pertinent Harangue, was worth ten thousand of the frivolous Cavils and Diffinctions of the Schools, which rather break the Mind than fortify it, and when it is once perplexed with Difficulties and Scruples, there they leave it. Our Passions are numerous and strong, and not to be master'd with Quirks and Tricks, for that is, as if a Man would undertake to defend the Cause of God and Man with a Bullrush; Cafar shew'd a remarkable Piece of Honour and Policy together, when Pompey's Cabinet was taken at the Battle of Pharfalia; It was highly probable,

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that the Letters in it might have discover'd his Enemies from his Friends, yet he burnt it without so much as opening it, esteeming it the noblest Way of pardoning, to keep himself ignorant both of the Offender and the Offence. It argued a great Mind also in Alexander, who upon receiving Advice that his Physician Philip intended to poison him, took the Letter of Advice in one Hand and the Cup in the other, delivering Philip the Letter to read, whilst

he himself drank the Potion.

Some are of Opinion that the Thoughts of Death gives a Man Courage to support Pain, and that Pain fortifies a Man against Death; but I say rather, that a wife Man depends upon himself against both, and that de does not either fuffer with Patience in hopes of Death, or die willingly because he is weary of Life, but he bears one and waits for the other, carrying a divine Mind through all the Accidents of human Life; he looks upon Faith and Honesty as the most facred Good of Mankind, which are neither to be forced by Necessity nor corrupted by Reward; kill, burn, or tear him to Pieces, he will still be true to his Trust, and the more any Man labours to make him discover a Secret, the deeper he will hide it; Refolution is the invincible Defence of human Weakness, and there is always a wonderful Providence attends it. Horatius Cocles opposed his fingle Body to a whole Army, till the Bridge was cut down behind him, and then leap'd into the River Sword in Hand, and came off fafe to There was a Fellow question'd his own Party. concerning a Plot upon the Life of a Tyrant, and put to the Torture to declare his Confederates, he named one by one all the Tyrant's Friends that were about him, and still as he named them they were put to Death; the Tyrant ask'd him at last if there were any more? Yes, fays he, you yourfelf were

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were in the Plot, and now you have not a Friend left in the World; whereupon the Tyrant cut the Throats of his own Guards. In short, he is the happy Man, who is Master of himself, and triumphs over the Fear of Death, which has overcome the Conquerors of the World.

### CHAP. XVII.

Our Happiness depends in a great Measure upon the Choice of of our Company.

THE Comfort of Life confifts in Conversation, good Offices, and Concord, and human Society is like working an Arch of Stone, if one Piece did not uphold another all would fall to the Ground. Above all Things let us be cautious of shedding Blood, and it is yet too little not to hurt unless we profit one another; we are to relieve the diffressed, to guide the wanderer in his Way, and divide our Bread with the humble, and this is indeed but doing Good to ourselves; for we are only several Members of one great Body, we are all of a Confanguinity. form'd of the same Materials, and design'd to the fame End; this obliges us to a mutual Tenderness and Converse, and to live according to Equity and Justice. The Love of Society is natural, but the Choice of our Company is Matter of Virtue and Prudence. Noble Examples excite noble Actions. and the History of Men of generous Spirits inspires us with glorious Thoughts, it makes us long to be in Action, and to do fomething that the World may be the better for, as protecting the Weak, delivering the Oppressed, or punishing the Infolent; there is a Pleasure in the Conscience at setting a good Example

ample, and the Man that does fo lays the highest Obligation upon the Age he lives in. Voluptuoufness, Ease, and bad Examples are doubtless great Corrupters of Manners; he that converses with the Proud will grow haughty, a wanton Acquaintance makes a Man lascivious, and the best Way to secure ourselves from Wickedness, is to withdraw from the Examples of it, it is bad to have them near us, but much worse to have them within us. A rocky Ground hardens the Horse's Hoof, the Mountaineer makes the best Soldier, the Miner the best Pioneer, and Severity of Discipline fortifies not only the Body but the Mind; in all Excesses and Extremities of good or ill Fortune, let us have Recourse to those great Examples that have contemned both; those are the best Instructors that teach in their Lives,

and prove their Words by their Actions.

As a bad Air may endanger a good Constitution, fo a Place of ill Example may hurt a good Man; and there are some Places that have Privilege to be licentious, and where Luxury and Diffolution of Manners feem to be lawful, for great Examples give an Authority and Sanction to Wickedness, fuch Places should be avoided as infectious to our Morals. The Loofeness of Campania made even Hannibal effeminate, and though his Arms proved him a Conqueror, his Pleasures vanguish'd him. would as foon live amongst Butchers as Cooks, not but that it is possible to be temperate in any Place, but to see drunken Men staggering up and down every where, and only Spectacles of Luft, Luxury, and Excess before our Eyes, it is not yet safe to expose ourselves to the Temptation; if the victorious Hannibal himself could not resist it, what shall we do who are subdued by our Lusts already? It is much harder to encounter the Enemy within our Breafts, than the most dangerous one in the Field;

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our Hazard is greater if we lose Ground, and our Duty perpetual, for we have no Place or Time for Reft. If I give way to Pleasure I must also yield to Grief, Poverty, Labour, Ambition, and Anger; till I am torn to Pieces by Vice and Misfortunes. Philosophy set us free from all this, and sets us at Liberty from the Slavery of Accidents and Fortune, yet there are not any Persons more mischievous to Mankind than the mercenary Masters of Philosophy, who do not live according to their own Doctrine; they are a Scandal to Virtue: How should the Pilot fleer the Vessel right, who lies wallowing in his own Filth? It is customary with us when we have learn'd to do ill to instruct others in it, but that Man must be wicked indeed who has center'd in himself the Vices of all Others.

The best Conversation is with Philosophers, such as teach us Matter not Words only, that tell us what Duties are necessary, and keep us to the Practice of them; there is nothing that ranks a Man's Thoughts in better Order, or fooner fets him right if he is going out of the Way than a wife and good Companion; for his Example carries greater Force than a Precept, and touches the Heart with an Affection to Goodness, and not only the frequent hearing and feeing a wife Man delight us, but his very Presence fills us with agreeable Contemplations, like the reverential Awe a Man feels when he enters into a holy Place; I would take more Care with Whom I eat and drink than What, for without a Friend the Table is a Manger. Writing does well, but personal Discourse and Conversation does better, for Men give greater Credit to their Ears, and take stronger Impressions from Example than Precept. Cleanthes had never hit Zeno fo to the Life, if he had not been intimate with him in all his Privacies, and watch'd and observ'd whether or no K 2

he practifed as he taught; Plato learn'd more from the Manners of Socrates than his Words; and it was not the School but the Company and Familiarity of Epicurus that made Metrodorus, Hermachus,

and Polyænus fo famous.

Now though by Instinct we covet Society and avoid Solitude, we should take this as a Maxim, that the more the Acquaintance the greater is the Danger, and indeed there is scarce one Man of an hundred that is to be trusted with himself. not in the Power of Company to pervert our good Principles, yet it may interrupt us, and he that stops on the Way lofes a great deal in the Journey of a fhort Life, which we yet make shorter by our Inconstancy. If an Enemy were at our Heels, what Haste we should be in? Death is that Enemy, yet we never mind it. There is no venturing of tender eafy Natures amongst the Crowd, for it is odds but they go over to the major Party. It would perhaps fhake the Constancy of Socrates, Cato, Lelius, or any of us all, even when our Resolutions are at the Height, to oppose Vice that presses upon us with a kind of public Authority. The Mischief is unknown that may be done by one fingle Example of Avarice and Luxury; one voluptuous Palate makes a great many; a wealthy Neighbour stirs up Envy, and a fneering Companion moves Ill-nature wherever he comes: What then must be ome of those People that expose themselves to a popular Violence? This is bad take it either Way, if they comply with the wicked, because they are the Majority, or quarrel with the Multitude, because their Opinions are not alike; the best Way is to retire and affociate only with fuch as may profit by us and we by them; for these Respects are mutual, and whilst we teach we learn. To speak sincerely, I dare not trust myfelf in much Company, and I never go abroad that I

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come home the fame Man I went out, fomething or other that I put in order is discomposed; some Paffion that I had subdued gets the maftery again, and I may fay that our Minds in this Cafe fare like our Bodies after a tedious Indisposition, we are grown fo tender that the least Breath of Air subjects us to a Relapse; and it is a Wonder if a multiplicity of Acquaintance be dangerous, when there is scarce a single Man, but by his Discourse, Example, or Behaviour, either recommends to us, imprints in us, or by a kind of Contagion infenfibly infects us with one Vice or other, and, the more People, the greater Peril we undergo: Especially let us have a Care of public Spectacles, where Wickedness infinuates itself in most pleasing Forms; and above all let us avoid Shews of Cruelty and Bloodshed; nor let us have any thing to do with those that are perpetually whining and complaining, there may be Faith and Kindness there, but no Peace; the sad and fearful we commonly fet a Guard upon for their own Sakes, left they should make an ill Use of being alone, so likewise we should on the imprudent, who are still contriving Mischief either for others or themselves, in cherishing their Lusts, or forming bad Deligns.

#### C H-A P. XVIII.

Of the Choice of FRIENDS.

OF all the Felicities the World affords there is none exceeds that of a firm and tender Friendship, it sweetens Care, dispels Sorrow, and affists us in all Extremities; if there were no other Comfort in it than the bare Exercise of so generous a Virtue, even that single Reason would make it k 3 eligible;

eligible; but besides that it is a sovereign Antidote against all Calamities, and overcomes the Fear of Death itself.

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But we are not to number our F. iends by the Visits that are made us, and to confound the Decencies of Ceremony and Commerce, with the Offices of united Affections. Caius Gracchus, and after him Livius Drusus, first introduced amongst the Romans the Fashion of separating their Visitants, fome were taken into their Closet, others were only admitted into the Anti-chamber, and fome were obliged to wait in the Hall perhaps, or the Court-Yard, fo that they had their first, their second, and their third rate Friends, but none of them true, only they are called fo in Form, as we falute Strangers with some Title of Respect at a Venture. There is no depending upon those Men that only take their Compliments in Turn, and rather slipp'd through the Door than enter'd at it; and he will find himself in a great Error that either seeks for a Friend in a Palace, or tries him at a Feaft.

The great Difficulty of all is in rightly making our Choice of a Friend, let us take Care in the first Place that he is virtuous, for Vice is a Contagion, and there is no trusting the sound and infirm together: He ought to be a wise Man too, if such an one is to be found, but he that is least faulty is the best, and the highest Degree of human Prudence is only venial Folly. That Friendship is the sirmest where Mens Affections are cemented by an equal and common Love of Goodness, for, neither Hope, Fear, nor private Interest can dissolve it, it ends but with our Lives, and those Lives we would sacrifice for it with Pleasure; but of all Friendships there is none so tender as that which has the Conjugal Tie to endear it. \* Paulina's Good and mine

were fo blended together, that in confulting her Comfort I provided for my own, and when I could not prevail upon her to take less Care for me, she prevail'd upon me to be more careful for myfelf.

Some Persons are in doubt whether it is more delightful to enjoy a Friendship long contracted, or to acquire a new one: The Preparation of a Friendship and the Possession of it, is like a Husbandman's fowing and reaping, he delights in the Hope of his Labour in one Respect and the Fruits of it in another. My Conversation is chiefly in my Study, yet in the Letters of a Friend methinks I share his Company, and when I answer them, I do not only speak but write; and in effect a Friend is an Eye, a Heart, a Tongue, a Hand at all Diftances; when Friends fee one another personally, it is not the same as when they are divided, there the Meditation dignifies the Prospect; but they are in a great Measure absent even when they are prefent; confider their Nights apart, their private Studies, their separate Employments, and necessary Visits, and they are almost as much together when they are divided as when present. True Friends are the whole World to each other, and he that is a Friend to himself can be no Enemy to Mankind. The greatest Delight I take in my Studies is, when I learn any thing, to teach it to others; for I think there is no Relish in the Possession of any thing without a Partner; nay, if Wisdom were offer'd me, upon Condition of only keeping it to myfelf I should undoubtedly refuse it.

Lucilius tells me he has written to me by a Friend, but cautions me withall not to fay any thing to him of the Affair in question, for he himself stands upon the same Guard, what is this, but to affirm and deny the fame Thing in one Breath? We should not call any Man a Friend whom we dare not trust

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as our own Soul, for there must be no Medium or Referve in Friendship; as much Deliberation as you please before the League is struck, but no Doubtings or Jealousies after. It is a preposterous Weakness to love a Man before we know him, and not to care for him when we do; it requires Time to confider of Friendship, but the Resolution once taken he is entitled to my very Heart; I look upon my Thoughts to be as fafe in his Breaft as my own, and I would without any Scruple make him the Confident of my most fecret Cares and Counsels. One Way to make a Man faithful, is to let him understand that you think him so, for he that so much as fuspects I shall deceive him, gives me a kind of Right to cozen him. When I am with my Friend I am as much alone and at Liberty to speak any thing as to think it; and as our Hearts are one, fo must our Interest and Convenience be, for Friendship lays all Things in common, and nothing can be good to one that is ill to the other; but here I would have you observe, that I do not speak of such a Community as should destroy one another's Propriety, but as the Father and the Mother have two Children, not one a piece, but each of them two.

Let us more particularly take Care that our Kindness is rightly founded, for where there is any other Invitation to Friendship than the Friendship itself, it will be bought and sold, he derogates from the Majesty of it that makes it only dependent upon good Fortune; and it is a mean and narrow Consideration, for a Man to please himself in the Thought of a Friend, because, says he, I shall have one to help me when I am sick, in Prison, or in Want; a brave Man will rather take Delight in the Contemplation of doing the same Offices for another. He that loves a Man for his own sake is in an Error; a Friendship of Interest cannot subsist

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any longer than the Interest itself; and this is the Reason that Men in Prosperity are so much follow'd, but when he is finking nobody approaches him; temporary Friends will never stand the Test, one Man is forfaken through Fear or Profit, and another is betray'd; it is a Negotiation not a Friendship that has an Eye to Advantages, but the Depravity of the Times makes that, which was formerly a Friendship, a Design upon the Booty; alter your Will, or withold your Hand, and you lose your Friend: But my View in Friendship is to have one dearer than myself, to save whose Life I would chearfully lay down my own, taking this Diffinction along with me, that only wife Men can be Friends, others are but meer Companions; there is also a great Difference between Love and Friendship, one may sometimes do us Hurt, the other always does us Good, for Friends afford each other mutual Help in all Cases, as well in Prosperity as Affiction, we receive Comfort from them, even at a Distance, though that indeed is light and faint. compared to Prefence and Conversation, which enlivens and invigorates us, especially if the Friend is a Person suited to our Wishes.

The Friendship of Princes is very hazardous, and they seldom commend the Dead, unless it is to reproach the Living, and then praise those for speaking of Truth from whom there is no longer Danger of hearing it: This was the Case with Augustus, who was forced to banish his Daughter Julia, for her slagrant Prostitutions, which were grown so common that in the public Market-place at Noon-Day she would take what Paramour she pleased to gratify her Lusts, and when repeated Informations were given him of her wanton Excesses, he would often break forth into the following Exclamation.

This had never happen'd if Agrippa or Mæcenas.

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" had lived?" The Roman Losses by War, Shipwreck, or Fire, he could quickly fupply and repair, but his two Friends he lamented his whole Life after. But where shall we fay the Fault lay? perhaps it was his own, who had rather complain for the Want of them, than feek others as good. When Xerxes puffed up with Pride and Vanity, made War upon Greece, one of his Sycophants told him, " It would never come to a Battle; another, That he would find only empty Cities and Towns, for the People would not fo much as 44 stand the Report of his Invasion." Others foothed him with the Opinion of his prodigious Numbers, and they all concurred to puff him up to his Destruction; only Demaratus advised him not to depend too much upon his Number, for he would rather find them a Burthen to him than his Advantage; and that three hundred Men at Thermopylæ, in the Streights of the Mountains, would be sufficient to give a Check to his whole Army, and that fuch an Accident would undoubtedly put his vast Numbers in Confusion; it fell out as Demaratus had foretold, and Xerxes ashamed of the Loss he had fustained, when he was too late made fensible of it, returned him Thanks for his Fidelity; but what a miserable Prince was he, that amongst so many thousand Subjects, had but one Servant to tell him Truth !

### CHAP. XIX.

Of the Shortness of Life, and the Happiness of bringing our Time to a good Account.

In the Distribution of human Life, we find that a great Part passeth away in Evil-doing; a greater yet in doing Nothing at all, and the whole in Effect in doing Things that are not our Business. How many Hours do we bestow on empty Ceremony and servile Attendance? How many upon idle Pleasures? and after all we let the Remainder run to waste. What a deal of Time is lost between Hope and Fear, Love and Revenge? What lavish Hours do we spend in Balls, Treats, making Interests, suing for Offices, solliciting of

Causes, and flavish Flatteries?

I know both Fools and wife Men commonly complain of the Shortness of Life, as if the Time we have were not sufficient for our Duties. But it is with our Lives as our Estates, a good Husband makes a small Patrimony go a great Way, but the Revenue of a Prince in the Hands of a Prodigal is diffipated in a Moment. So that the Time, allotted us, if it were well employ'd is fufficient to answer the Ends and Purposes of Mankind; but we fquander it away in Avarice, Drink, Sleep, Luxury, Ambition, fawning Addresses, Envy, rambling Voyages, impertinent Studies, Change of Councils, and the like, and when our Portion is spent we find the Want of it, though we heed it not in the Passage, so that we rather make our Life

Life short than find it so. You shall have some People perpetually playing with their Fingers, whiftling, humming, and talking to themselves, whilst others consume their Days in composing, hearing, or reciting of Songs, and Lampoons. How many precious Mornings do we spend in Consultation with Barbers, Taylors, and Tiremen, patching and painting, between the Comb and the Glass? A Counsel must be called upon every Hair we cut, and a Curl amiss is as much as the Servant's Life is worth. Indeed we are more follicitous about our Dress than our Manners, and about the Order of our Perriwigs than the Government. At this rate let us make a Discount out of a Life of an hundred Years, the Time that we have fpent upon popular Negotiations, frivolous Amours, domestic Brauls, fauntring up and down to no Purpose, and Diseases that we have brought upon ourfelves, and this large Extent of Life will not amount perhaps to the Minority of a better Man. It is a long Being but a short Life, and what's the Reason of all this? We live as if we should never die, and without any Thought of human Frailty, when the very Moment that we are throwing away upon Triffes may be our last; but the greatest Loss of Time is Delay, and Expectation which depend upon the future. let go the Prefent which we have in our Power, looking forward to that which depends upon Fortune, and fo quit a Certainty for an Uncertainty. We should do by Time, as we do by a Torrent, make use of it whilft we have it, for it will not last always.

The Calamities of human Nature, may be divided into the Fear of Death, and the Miseries and Errors of Life, and the great Business of Mankind, is to overcome one, and amend the other,

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## Ch. xix. Of the Shortness of Life, &c. 205

and so to live as neither to make Life irksome to us, nor Death terrible; it should be our Care before we are old to live well, and when we are fo to die well, that we may expect our End without Sadness; for it is the whole Duty of Life to prepare ourselves for Death; and there is not an Hour we live, that does not put us in Mind of Mortality: Time runs on, and all Things have their Fate though it lies hid in the Dark: The Period is certain to Nature, but what am I the better for it, if it be not fo to me? When we talk of Travels, Arms, and Adventures, without confidering that Death lies in the Way. Our Term is fet, and none of us know how near it is; but this we know, that the Decree is unchangeable. Why should we wonder to have that befall us to Day, which might have happen'd to us any Moment fince we were born? Let us therefore live, as if every Hour were to be our last; and set our Accompts right every Day that passes over our The Reason that we fear Death is, because we are not ready for it, and we don't know what will become of us, and the Thought of this firikes us with an inexpressible Horror. The Way to avoid this Distraction, is to contract our Business and Thoughts; when the Mind is once settled, a Day or an Age is all one to us, and the Series of Time which is now Trouble, will then be our Delight; for he that is steadily resolved against all Uncertainties, shall never be disturbed with the Variety of them : Let us make hafte therefore to live, fince every Day to a wife Man is a new Life, for he has done his Business the Day before, and so prepared himself for the next, that if it be not his last, yet he knows it might have been fo; no Man enjoys the true Tafte of Life, but he that is willing and ready to quit it, The

## 206 Of a HAPPY LIFE. Part II.

The Wit of Man is not able to express the Blindness of human Folly, in taking so much more Care of our Fortune, our Houses, and our Money, than we do of our Lives; every Body breaks in upon one without Molestation, but we betake ourselves to Fire and Sword if any Man invades the other; our Patrimony we divide with none, but People share our Time with us at Pleafure, fo profuse are we of the only Bleffing of which we may be honeftly covetous. It is a common Custom to ask an Hour or two of a Friend for fuch and such a Business, and it is readily granted, both Parties only confidering the Occasion and not the Thing itself; they never bring Time to an Accompt, though it is the most valuable of all precious Things, but because they do not see it, they reckon it as nothing; yet these easy Men when they come to die, would give the whole World for those Hours again, which they so inconfiderately cast away before, but then there's no recovering them. If they could number their Days that are yet to come, as they can those that are already past, how would those People tremble at the very Apprehensions of Death, though an hundred Years hence, that never fo much as think of it at prefent, when they don't know but it may take them away the next immediate Minute? 'Tis an usual faying, I would give my Life for such or fuch a Friend, when at the same Time we do give it without fo much as thinking of it, yet that Friend is never the better for it, and we ourselves the worfe: Our Time is fet, and Day and Night we travel on; there's no baiting by the Way, and it is not in the Power of either Prince or People to prolong it; yet fuch is our Love of Life, that even decrepit Dotards that have loft the Use of it, will yet beg the Continuance of it, and would, feem

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# Ch. xix. Of the Shortness of Life, &c. 207

feem younger than they are, as if they could cozen even Fate itself. When they fall fick, what Promises of Amendment if they escape that Bout? What Exclamations against the Folly of their mispent Time, yet if they recover, they are worse than ever. No Man takes Care to live well, but long; yet it is in every Body's Power to do the former, and in no Man's to do the latter. We confume our Lives in providing the very Instruments of Life, and govern ourselves still with a Regard to the future, fo that we do not properly live, but we are about to live. How great a Shame is it to be laying new Foundations of Life at our last Gasp, and for an old Man, that can only prove his Age by his Beard, with one Foot in the Grave to go to School again? Whilft we are young we may learn, our Minds are tractable, and our Bodies fit for Labour and Study, but when Age comes on we are feized with Languor and Sloth, afflicted with Difeases, and at last we leave the World as ignorant as we came into it, only we die worse than we were born, which is none of Nature's Fault but ours, for our Fears, Suspicions, Perfidy, &c. are from ourselves. I wish with all my Soul, that I had thought of my End fooner, but I must make the more haste, and four on now, like those that set out late upon a Journey; it is better to learn late than never, tho' it is only to instruct me, how I may leave the Stage with Honour.

In the Division of Life there is Time present, past, and to come; what we do is short, what we shall do is doubtful, but what we have done is certain, and out of Fortune's Power; the Passage of Time is wonderful quick, and a Man must look backward to see it, and in that Retrospect he has all past Ages at a View, but the present gives us

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the Slip unperceived; our whole Life is but a fingle Moment, yet we divide it into Childhood. Youth, Man's Estate, and old Age; all which Degrees we croud into that narrow Point: If we do not watch, we loofe our Opportunities; and if we do not make hafte, we are left behind; our best Hours escape us, the worst are to come. purest Part of our Life runs first, and leaves only the Dregs at the Bottom; and the Time, which is good for nothing elfe, we dedicate to Virtue; and only propose beginning to live, at an Age that very few People arrive at. What greater Folly can there be in the World, than this Lofs of Time, the future being fo uncertain, and the Damages fo irreparable? If Death is necessary, why should any Man fear it? And if the Time of it is uncertain, why should we not always expect it? We should therefore, first prepare ourselves by a virtuous Life, against the Dread of an inevitable Death; and it is not fit for us to put off being good, 'till fuch or fuch a Bufiness is over; for one Bufiness draws on another, and we do as good as fow it, one Grain produces more. We are not to philosophize when we have nothing elfe to do, but to attend Wisdom even to the Neglect of all Things else; for we are so far from having Time to spare, that the Age of the World, would be yet too narrow for the Work we have to do, nor is it enough not to omit it, but we must not so much as intermit it.

There is nothing that we can properly call our own, but our Time, and yet every Body fools us out of it, that has a Mind to it. If a Man borrows a paltry Sum of Money, there must be Bonds and Security, and even common Civility is charged upon Accompt; but he that has my Time thinks he owes me nothing for it, though it is a Debt

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hat Gratitude itself can never repay. I cannot all any Man poor that has enough yet left, be t ever so little; yet it is good Advice to those hat have the World before them, to play the good Husband betimes; for it is too late to spare at the Bottom, when all is drawn out to the Lees. that takes away a Day from me, robs me of what he never can restore; and thus our Time is either forced from us, stolen, or lost, of which the last is the foulest Miscarriage. It is in Life as in a Journey, a Book or a Companion brings us to the End, before we thought we were half Way. fhort, we waste ourselves upon one another, without any Regard at all to our own Particulars; I do not speak of such as are notoriously bad, but even they themselves, whom the World pronounces happy, are fmother'd in their Felicities, and drown'd in their Lusts. We are apt to complain of the Haughtiness of great Men, when there is scarce any of them to proud, but at fome Time or other a Man may have access to them, and perhaps gain a good Word or a Look into the Bargain, why do we not rather complain of ourselves, for being of all others, even to ourselves, the most deaf and inacceffible.

Company and Business are great Devourers of Time, and our Vices destroy our Lives as well as our Fortunes, tho' we can look back to the Time past when we please, and it will abide Examination and Inspection; but the busy Man has not Leisure to look back, or if he has, 'tis an unpleasant Thing to resect upon a Life that is fit for nothing but to be repented of; whereas the Conscience of a Life well spent, puts a Man in a secure and perpetual Possession of a Felicity never to be disturbed or taken away; but he that has led a wicked

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## Ch. xix. Of the Shortness of Life, &c. 209

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Life is afraid of his own Memory, and in the Review of himself he finds only Appetite, Avarice, and Ambition, instead of Virtue; but be fure of this, he that is not at Leisure to live, must when his Fate comes, whether he will or no, be at Leifure to die. Alas! What is the most extended Space of Time to Eternity? The Age of a Man to the Age of the World? And how much of this little, do we spend in Fears, Anxieties, Childhood, and Folly, nay at the best, we sleep away one half. How great a Part of it runs away in Luxury and Excess; the ranging our Guests, our Servants, and our Dishes? As if we were to eat and drink not for Satiety, but Ambition. The Nights may well feem fhort that are so dearly purchased, and bestow'd upon Wine and Women; the Day is lost in Expectation of the Night, and the Night in Apprehension of the Morning. There is a Terror in our very Pleasures, and this tormenting Thought intrudes in the very Midst of them, that they will not last always: This is a Canker in the Delights of the greatest and most fortunate Men.

### CHAP. XX.

It is a Degree of Happiness to have the Power of chusing our own Employment.

OH! the great Bleffings of Privacy and Retirement! the Wish of the powerful and eminent; but the Privilege only of inferiors, for they alone live to themselves; the very Hope and Thought of it is a Consolation in the Midst of all

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Il Tumults and Hazards that attend on Greates. It was the Prayer of Augustus, that he might ive to retire, and deliver himself from public Buiness, his Discourses always pointed that Way, and the highest Felicity which this mighty Prince had in Prospect, was the divesting himself of that Illustrious State, which how glorious foever in Shew, had only Anxiety and Care at the Bottom of it. But it is one Thing to retire for Pleafure, and another for Virtue, which must be active even in that Retreat, and give a Proof of what it has learned; for a wife and good Man, even in Privacy, confults the Advantage of Posterity. and Chrysippus, did greater Things in their Study, than if they had led Armies, borne Offices, or given Laws, which indeed they did not to one City alone, but to all Mankind; their Quiet contributed more to the common Benefit than the Sweat and Labour of other People. That Retreat is glorious which affords a Man greater and nobler Work than Business. There's no slavish Attendance upon great Officers, no Contention for Places, or making of Parties; no Disappointment in my Pretention to this Charge, or that Regiment, or to fuch or fuch a Title; no Envy of any Man's Favour or Fortune, but a calm Enjoyment of the general Bounties of Providence, in Company with a good Conscience. A wise Man is never busier than when he is contemplating Heaven and the Works of Nature; he withdraws himself to attend the Service of future Ages; and those Counsels which he finds falutary to himfelf, he commits to writing for the good of After-times, as we do the Receipts of fovereign Antidotes or Balfams. He that is well employed in his Study, though he may feem to do nothing at all, does much more than others in all Affairs both human and divine, To sup-

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Ch. xx. Il Tumults and Hazards that attend on Greates. It was the Prayer of Augustus, that he might ive to retire, and deliver himself from public Buiness, his Discourses always pointed that Way, and the highest Felicity which this mighty Prince had in Prospect, was the divesting himself of that Illustrious State, which how glorious soever in Shew, had only Anxiety and Care at the Bottom of it. But it is one Thing to retire for Pleasure, and another for Virtue, which must be active even in that Retreat, and give a Proof of what it has learned; for a wife and good Man, even in Privacy, confults the Advantage of Posterity. Zeno and Chrysippus, did greater Things in their Study, than if they had led Armies, borne Offices, or given Laws, which indeed they did not to one City alone, but to all Mankind; their Quiet contributed more to the common Benefit than the Sweat and Labour of other People. That Retreat is glorious which affords a Man greater and nobler Work than Business. There's no flavish Attendance upon great Officers, no Contention for Places, or making of Parties; no Disappointment in my Pretention to this Charge, or that Regiment, or to fuch or fuch a Title; no Envy of any Man's Favour or Fortune, but a calm Enjoyment of the general Bounties of Providence, in Company with a good Conscience. A wise Man is never busier than when he is contemplating Heaven and the Works of Nature; he withdraws himself to attend the Service of future Ages; and those Counsels which he finds falutary to himfelf, he commits to writing for the good of After-times, as we do the Receipts of fovereign Antidotes or Balfams. He that is well employed in his Study, though he may feem to do nothing at all, does much more than others in all Affairs both human and divine. To supply a Friend with a Sum of Money, or to give my Voice for any Office, these are only private and particular Obligations; but he that lays down Precepts for the right governing our Lives, and moderating our Passions, obliges human Nature not only in the present, but all succeeding Generations.

He that would be quiet let him repair to his Philosophy, a Study that has Credit with all forts of Men, the Eloquence of the Bar or whatsoever else pleases the People is never without Enemies; but Philosophy by only minding its own Business gains even the Esteem of the worst of Men. There can never be fuch a Conspiracy against Virtue, the World can never be so wicked, but the very Name of a Philosopher shall still continue venerable and sacred; yet Philosophy itself must be treated with Modesty and Caution: What shall we say of Cate then, for his meddling in the Broil of a Civil War, and interposing in the Quarrel between two enraged Princes, and when Rome was split into two Factions, between Pompey and Cafar, declared himself against both? I speak this of Cato's last Part, for in his former Time the Common Wealth was unfit for a wife Man's Administration, all he could do then was but bawling and beating the Air; one while he was lugg'd and tumbled by the Rabble, spit upon and dragg'd out of the Forum, at another hurried from the Senate House to the Prison. There are fome Things which we propose originally, and others that fall in as accessary to another Proposition. If a wise Man retire, 'tis no Matter whether he does it because the Common Wealth was wanting to him, or because he was wanting to that. But to what Republic shall a Man fly? Not to Athens where Socrates was condemn'd, and whence Aristotle fled for fear of being condemn'd too, and where here hage, uffice, ny Go wife hat P

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there Virtue was oppressed by Envy; not to Carbage, where there was nought but Tyranny, Inustice, Cruelty, and Ingratitude. There is scarce my Government to be found that will either endure wise Man, or which a wise Man will endure, so that Privacy is made necessary, because the only Thing which is better is no where to be had. A Man may commend Navigation, yet caution us gainst those Seas that are dangerous, so that he does as good as command me not to weigh Anchor that commends sailing only upon these Terms. He that is a Slave to Business is the wretchedest of Slaves.

The great Question is, How shall we get ourselves at Liberty? We can run any Hazards for Money, take any Pains for Honour, and why do not we venture fomething also for Leisure and Freedom? Without which we must expect to live and die in a Tumult; for fo long as we live in public, Business breaks in upon us, as one Billow drives on another, and there is no avoiding it with either Modesty or Quiet; it is a Whirlpool that sucks a Man in, from which he can never difengage himfelf. A Man of Business cannot in Reality be said to live, nor does one in a thousand understand how to do it, though how to live and how to die is the Lesson of every Moment of our Lives, all other Arts have their Masters. As a busy Life is always a miserable Life, so is it the greatest of all Miseries to be perpetually employ'd upon other People's Business, for, to sleep, to eat, and drink at their Hours, to walk their Pace, to love and hate, as they do is the vileft of all Servitudes. Now, though Business must be quitted let it not be done unseasonably, the longer we defer it the more we endanger our Liberty, yet we must no more sly before the Time than linger when the Time comes; or, howwhere Virtue was oppressed by Envy; not to Carbage, where there was nought but Tyranny, Inustice, Cruelty, and Ingratitude. There is scarce my Government to be found that will either endure wise Man, or which a wise Man will endure, so that Privacy is made necessary, because the only Thing which is better is no where to be had. A Man may commend Navigation, yet caution us gainst those Seas that are dangerous, so that he does as good as command me not to weigh Anchor that commends sailing only upon these Terms. He that is a Slave to Business is the wretchedest of Slaves.

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He that has lived at Sea in a Storm let him retire and die in the Haven; but let his Retreat be without Vain-glory, and wherein he may enjoy himself with a good Conscience without wanting, fearing, hating, or desiring any thing, not out of a malevolent Detestation of Mankind, but for Satisfaction and Repose; he that shuns both Business

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nd Men, either out of Envy or any other Disconent, his Retreat is but the Life of a Mole; nor loes he live to himself as a wise Man does, but to his Bed, his Belly and his Lusts. Many People eem to retire as being tired of public Affairs, and troubled at Disappointments, yet Ambition finds them out in their Recess, into which Fear and Weariness had cast them, and so does Luxury, Pride, and most of the Distempers of public Life : there are others that lie close, not that they may live fecurely, but that they may transgress more privately; it is their Conscience not their State that makes them keep a Porter, for they live at such a Rate that to be feen, before they are aware, is to be detected. When Crates faw a vicious young Man walking by himself, " take Care, says he, of lewd " Company." Some Men are bufy in Idleness, and make Peace more laborious and troublesome than War; nay, and more wicked too, when they bestow it upon such Lusts and other Vices, that even the Licence of a military Life would not endure. We cannot call those People Men of Leifure, who are wholly taken up with their Pleafures; a troublesome Life is much to be preferr'd before a flothful one, and it is a strange Thing for a Man to fear Death that has buried himself alive, as Privacy without the Correspondence of Friends is but a quick Interment.

Many Men make a Boast of Retirement, which is in Fact nothing but a lazy Ambition, they retreat that the World may talk of them, but they had better do it to speak with themselves, and this is no more than what we do by our Neighbours. I would enter into a strict Scrutiny on myself, sit as my own Judge, be my own Accuser, and punish my own Infirmities; I have no Ambition to gain the Plaudit of Mankind, for a great Man who quits

the World from a thorough Contempt of the Va nities and Madness of human Life. I condemn m Body but myself, and to no Body else I appeal Apply not then to me me for Advice, for inflead of a Physician I am but a poor Patient, I shall not be disappointed if People say they are mistaken in me. aud took me for a happy and learned Man, but it is no fuch Thing. May my Retreat be rather pardon'd than envy'd! A wife Man will act in his Retirement like the Creatures that confound the Footing near their Dens least they should be traced. The Thief passes by the Cottage Door that is open; and thinks it too mean to obtain a Prize, but Seals and Bolts are a Temptation to the Robber and the Inquisitive. The Man that confines himself close to his Study, and fees no Company, furnishes Matter for public Discourse; a strict and severe Retirement is an Invitation to Company to take Notice of it.

We all know our own Constitutions best; one Person's Stomach is eased by a Vomit or Purge, another's requires Nourishment rather; bathing and compound Liquors are Poison to one that is gouty, and each takes Care of the Part that is most infirm; whoever has a nervous Diftemper, or a lame Limb, is permitted to lie still and attend his Cure, and shall not the Vices of the Mind have the fame Indulgence. We must first remove all Obstructions as a Preparative for Philosophy, with the Study of which, Business is incompatible; we must openly and frankly deny ourselves to every thing else. In Sickness we refuse Visits, confine ourselves to our Chamber, and lay afide all public Cares; and shall we do less when we apply to Philosophy? Bufiness is the Drudgery of the World, and only fit for Slaves, but Contemplation is the Work of wife Men; yet Solitude nor Company, and Converfation

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tion when we are weary of being alone, so that one is a Remedy to the other. In short, this we may conclude, that there is not a more miserable Wretch than the Man that is at a Loss to spend his Time, his Thought is in a continual Fluctuation, his Counfels unsteady, and he is always distatisfied with the present, and anxious for the suture. Whereas he that makes a prudent Computation of his Hours and Business, is not only fortified against the common Accidents of Life, but is capable of improving the most severe providential Dispensations to his Advantage, and stands resolved and firm under all Trials, getting the better of human Weakness.

### CHAP. XXI.

To contemn Death is to make the Miseries of Life easy to us.

A MONGST all the Tasks enjoin'd us by A Philosophy, there is none harder than to get over the natural Defire of Life by despising Death, it is very difficult to convince Mankind that there is no Hust in it, and the Prejudice of Education makes it almost insuperable. What Succour then shall we seek? What Arguments make use of to encourage human Frailty, to fmile undaunted at devouring Flames, and daringly defy the Point of a drawn Sword? What Eloquence can obviate the universal Consent of the People to so dangerous and Error? The fophistical Subtleties of the Schools will all prove abortive, they fay many Things which carry a Poignancy, but have no Effect upon Reafon. And I must indeed confess, that the Love of Life is a Chain which holds Mankind in general in Bondage.

Bondage. I do not propose making Death a trifling or indifferent Matter to us, for what with Self-love and an innate Defire, which we all have of Self-prefervation, beside a long Acquaintance between the Soul and Body; Friends may be uneafy at parting, and Death may carry the Appearance of Evil. though in Fact it is no Evil at all; add to this the Uncertainty of where we are to go, and the Darkness of a future State; so that we die in Terror at making an unknown Voyage, and Fancy forms the most horrible Ideas of what we cannot understand, and these Reflections will startle the most resolute, without some superior Consideration to support him: This too is affifted, not only by the Scruples and Infirmities of Nature, but by vicious Wits of Men in all Ages, who have represented the other World as a Scene of the greatest Horror. Yet such is the Love of Being implanted even in them, that allowing a State of future Reward and Punishment, they dread infernal Torments less than a total Annihilation.

But let us confider a little what is the Ground of this Fear, Nature shrinks within us, and cries it is a terrible Thing to die; but is it not better to fuffer once than fear it always? The whole Globe fuffers with me and before me. How many Islands and Towns have been swallow'd up by the Sea, which our Navigators daily 'fail over? Have not whole Nations been entirely loft either by Inundations or Earthquakes? And shall I be afraid of my frail Body? Since I am fure to die, and know that all other Things are mortal, why should I tremble at my last Gasp? The Fear of Death makes us base, and troubles and destroys the very Life that we are fo anxious to preferve; this magnifies all Objects, and makes them appear formidable. Our Fate depends upon a flying Moment, die we must, the

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when alone is uncertain; and why should that perplex us, fince 'tis the Law of Nature, the Tribute due from Mortals, and a fure Remedy for all Ills? We are only frighten'd at the Difguise as Children at a Vizor Mask. Deprive Death of its horrid Instruments, the Fire, the Axe, the Guards, and Executioners with their Whips, Racks, &c. take away all these pompous Circumstances that accompany it, and Death is no more than what the meanest Slave would contemn; the Pain of it is nothing compared to a racking Fit of the Stone, if it be tolerable it is not great, and if intolerable it cannot last long. There is nothing natural to us which is easier than Death, our Entrance into the World takes up a longer Time than our going out; and yet every Minute of our Life we may reasonably expect it; one transient Moment does the Business, and separates the Soul from the Body, why then should we dread any thing fo long that may be performed fo fuddenly?

Neither is the Triumph over Death fo great a Matter as we imagine, for we have Examples of the meanest as well as the noblest Men, who have overcome this Fear. There was a Fellow to be exposed on the Theatre, who, in Disdain, thrust a Stick down his own Throat and choak'd himfelf; and another who could not endure the Shame on the like Occasion, who pretending to nod upon the Chariot, as if he were afleep, cast his Head between the Spokes of the Wheel and kept his Seat 'till his Neck was broke. The Emperor Caligula had a sharp Dispute with Canius Julius, and to cut the Matter short, " Don't flatter yourself, fays he, " for I have order'd you to be put to Death." Canius instead of being dismay'd, thank'd him for it, obliquely giving him to understand, that under his cruel Government Death was a Mercy; nor could he have any Hopes of Life, for he knew Caligula L 2 feldom feldom fail'd of keeping his Word in that Case: When the Officer came with Orders for his immediate Execution, he was playing a Game at Chess, Canius received it with all the Indifference imaginable, and calling the Centurion to him, "only defired him to bear Witness when he was dead and gone, that he had the best of the Game." He was a Man greatly beloved and lamented; and after he had advised his Friends to use Moderation in all Things, he left them with this short Farewell, "You are here disputing about the Immortatility of the Soul, I am now going to be convinced of the Truth, if I make any Discovery upon that

" Point, you shall hear of it."

Do we not daily see that the most timorous Creatures, when they have no Hopes left of an Escape, oppose themselves to all Dangers, Despair gives. them Courage, and Necessity overcomes Fear. Socrates was thirty Days in Prison after his Sentence pass'd, and had Time enough to have made away with himfelf, and fo have prevented the Poifon; but he gave the World the Bleffing of his Life as long he could, and took the fatal Draught in the Meditation and Contempt of Death, Marcellinus in a Deliberation on Death call'd a Consultation of several Friends, one was fearful and advised what he himself would do in such a Case; another gave his Opinion as he thought would best suit the Temper of Marcellinus; but at last one of them, a stout refolute Man and a Stoic, reason'd the Matter after this Manner, "Why do you trouble yourfelf, " Marcellinus? As if this were fuch a mighty Busi-" ness which you have in Hand! to live is nothing, it is a Benefit which your Slaves, nay, and your

very Beafts enjoy in common with you, but to die honestly and resolutely that is the great Point in question? Consider a little with yourself, is

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there any thing pleafant in Life which you have of not already tafted? And all that is to come is but the fame over again; are there not many in the World, that rather chuse Death than to suffer " a naufeous Succession and tedious Repetition of " Vanities?" He was fo animated with this Way of thinking, that he baffled the Deligns of his Perfecutors, and fasted himself to Death. Pacuvius was wont every Day to solemnize his own Funeral in an odd fort of Pageantry, when he had gorged himself, and swill'd to a beaftly Excess, he was carried from Supper to Bed, with Acclamations ecchoing through the House, of, He has lived, he has lived: What he did in Lewdness would become us to do in Sobriety and Prudence. If Heaven is pleafed to add another Day to our Lives, let us thankfully receive it, but the securest Course of Happiness is to compose ourselves To-night, that we may have no anxious Dependance upon To-morrow. He that can fay, I have lived this Day makes the next clear Gain.

Death is the worst that the Law's Severity or a Tyrant's Cruelty can impose upon us, and it is the utmost Extent of Fortune's Dominion; if therefore our Minds are fortified against that, we must be Superior to all other Difficulties that are in the Road to it; nay, on some Occasions it requires more Courage to live than to die. The Man that is unprepared for it shall be continually troubled, as much with vain Apprehensions, as real Dangers, for it is not Death itself that is so dreadful, but the Fear that precedes it; when the Mind is thus penplex'd every State of Life is disagreeable to us, for we do not so much endeavour to avoid Mischiefs as to run away from them, and the greatest Slaughter is upon a flying Enemy. Is it not better to breathe our last at once, than to lie in Pain and Agony, L 3 confuming consuming piecemeal, and dreining the Fountain of our Blood by Drops? Yet how many Wretches are there that would betray their native Country and their Friends, and prostitute their Wives and Daughters only to preserve a miserable Carcase? The Child and the Lunatic have no Apprehension of Death, and it were a Shame that Reason should not be as good a Security to us as Folly to them; but the great Matter is to embrace Death with a chearful Consideration founded upon Virtue, for Life in itself is irksome, and nothing but a continued

Circle of eating, drinking, and fleeping. The Miseries of Life, and the Apprehensions of Death, put some People almost beside themselves, to think how they are to act between them; let us therefore arm ourselves against this Calamity, which the Prince is as liable to as the Beggar. Pompey the Great had his Head taken off by Ptolomey a Boy, and Photinus an Eunuch. Caligula commanded the Tribune Decimus to kill Lepidus, and Chareas did as much for Caligula. Never any Man was fo great but he was liable to fuffer Mischief as to do it. Has not a Thief or an Enemy your Throat at his Mercy? The meanest Servant has Power over his Master's Life, for whoever contemns his own Life may at any Time be Mafter over another Person's; we find in all Histories, that the Displeasure of Servants has been as fatal as that of Tyrants, and what avails it to fear the Power of any Man when the Thing we fear is in every Body's Power? If I fall into an Enemy's Hands, and am condemn'd to grace my Conqueror's Triumph, what need I dread? He but conveys me whither I should have gone without him, that is, towards Death, which I have been upon the March to ever fince my Birth. The Fear of our last Hour disquiets and embitters all the zest. Justice in all Countries; for an Offence amen designation with he for

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gainst the Laws, condemns Men to a capital Punishment; look upon Death then in this Light as a general Sentence pass'd on us all. And is it not despicable for any one thus adjudged in common with the whole World, poorly to petition, only that he may be the last brought to the Block? How will fome Men particularly shudder at Thunder, yet feem undaunted at other more imminent Dangers, as if that were all they have to fear? Is not a Sword, a Stone, or a Fever, equally as hazardous? Suppose the Bolt should hit us, is it not braver to die with a Stroke than the bare Apprehension of it; befide the Vanity of imagining that Heaven and Earth should be put into fuch a Disorder, only for the Death of one Man. A good and brave Man is unmoved with Lightnings, Tempests, and Earthquakes, but upon a good Account would perhaps voluntarily plunge himself into a Gulph, where otherwise he might only fall. The cutting a Corn, or swallowing a Fly may dispatch a Man, and what Matter is it, how great a Thing brings Death, fince Death itself is so little? Life is but a small Matter, but it is of great Importance to learn to contemn it; Nature that form'd us in due Time expells us, having provided a better Place for us.

What is Death, but a ceafing to be what we were before? Like a Fire our whole Period is comprised in this, we are kindled and put out again. To cease to be and not to begin to be is the same Thing, we die daily, and even whilst we are growing Life decreases, every Moment that slies steals away part of it, all that is gone is lost; nay, we divide with Death the very Instant we live. As the last Sand in the Glass does not measure the Hour but finish it, so the last that we live does not make up Death but concludes it. Some People pray more carnestly for Death than we do for Life, but that

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again is wrong, let us chearfully receive it, but not wish to ante-date it.

But why are we thus anxious to live? What is it for? Can Pleasures entice us? We have tafted them fo often, that now Satiety waits on every Gust, and there is scarce any Part of Luxury but we are acquainted with. " No, fay you, but there " is a Love of our Country, and a focial Tie, that " makes us uneasy at leaving our Friends behind " us." What is the fum of all this, but that you are defirous they should go before you, as for any thing elfe it is the least Part of your Care; others plead in Excuse, that they only defire to live to do more Good, and discharge the Duties of Life. Is not Death the Duty of all our Lives? But the Truth is, we are unwilling to quit our Possessions, never confidering that a Man cannot fwim well with his Luggage. We are all alike fearful of Death, and ignorant of Life: But what is more shameful than to be follicitous upon the Brink of Security? If Death is to be fear'd at any Time, it is always to be fear'd; but the way never to fear it is to have it always in Mind. To what End should we put off that for a little while, which must unavoidably come at last? We follow in Succession, and the dying do but pursue the dead; Why then should we tremble whole Years for what is done in a Moment? How miserable are those People that spend their Lives in the dismal Apprehensions of Death? For they are befet on all Hands, and every Minute in Dread of a Surprize, we should therefore be as cautious as if we were in an Enemies Country, and expect our last Hour, not as a Punishment but as the Law of Nature. Life is like a Sea Voyage, where we are continually croffing and dashing against each other, sometimes we suffer Shipwreck, but whether we do or no, we are always in Danger and

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and Expectation of it, and when Death comes what is it but the End of our Journey or Passage? If we are asraid of Death, we ought to to sear old Age, nay, even Life itself, for he that would not die ought not to live, since Death is the Condition of Life; besides, it is a Madness to sear a Thing that is certain, for where there is no Doubt, there is no Place for Fear.

We are always repining at Fate, and even those that exact the most rigorous Justice between Man and Man, are themselves unjust to Providence. We are apt to fay, why was fuch an one taken away in the Prime of his Years? As if the Number of Years made Death eafy to us, and not the Temper of the Mind. He that is defirous of living longer now, would be as loath to die an hundred Years hence; but which is most reasonable, that we fhould obey Nature or Nature us? We must go at last, and therefore no Matter how soon. indebted to Fate for a long Life, but to Virtue for making a fhort one fufficient, and this Life is to be measured by the Standard of Action not Time, for a Man may die old at Thirty, and young at Fourscore; some perish before they die, and others survive even Death itself: How long I shall live is in the Power of others, but it is in my own to live well. That Man who lives till he is wife, has lived the longest Space of Time. As to old Age it is but an Effect of Chance, and dying of it is no more than going to Bed when we are weary. Death is the Touchstone of Life, That only difcovers our real Sentiments, and diffinguishes Oftentation from Virtue. A Man may dispute, cite Authorities, and talk learnedly, yet be unfound at Heart; but let us soberly attend to our Business, and fince it is uncertain when and where we shall die, let us look for Death in all Places, and at all LS Times :

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Times; we can never study a Point too much, of which we can make no Experiment to confirm our Knowledge. It is the highest Pitch of Virtue to dispatch the Business of Life before we die, and to expect Death in the full Possession of all earthly Happiness; it is the true Sign of a noble Mind to be willing to die when Life is pleasant him; an honest Life is not a greater Good than an honest Death. How many brave young Men are by an Instinct of Nature carried on to great Actions, and

even the Contempt of all Hazards?

It is childish to leave the World crying and bawling as we came into it; our Bodies, which are only the Covering of the Soul, must be thrown away, as the After-birth is from the Infant; and when we are refined from that gross Mass, all Nature will be open to us, the Darkness will be banish'd, and our Souls irradiated with Light and Glory, a Glory without Obscurity, which will not only surround us, but exalt us to a Summit of Blifs, from whence we shall look down and fee Day and Night beneath If the bright Beams of the Sun dazzle our Eyes at this Distance, how shall we be able to behold the divine Light in its illustrious Original? For this Bug-bear Death, which we so much shrink and shudder at, is not a Determination but Intermission of Life, which will return again, the very Causes of Life are the Paths of Death; we fear that as we do an ill Fame, and what a Folly is it to fear Words? On the other Hand, some People are so weary of Life that they are always wishing for Death; but take this for a Rule, that these wishers of Death never defire it in earnest, they are a meer Contradiction; if they have a Mind to live why do they wish to die? If they have a Mind to die they may do it without talking of it; let us rather want the divine Pleasure and pray for Health and Life. Men Men are generally more resolute in the Article of of Death itself than they are about the Circumstances of it, for the considering that Fate is inevitable makes a Man couragious; the slow Approaches of Death are most troublesome to us, as we may see in a timorous Combatant, who, though he is faint at first, when he seels the Smart of his Wounds, will aim directly at his Opponent's Heart. And there are some so fearful, that they dread either to live or die, and this is the most deplorable Case of all; but for a Certainty on all Sides, let us come to this Conclusion, "that the Fear of Death is a continual Slavery, as the Contempt of it is an undoubted Liberty."

#### CHAP XXII.

Of PROVIDENCE, and Confolations against Death from the Necessity of tt

HIS Life is only a Prelude to Eternity, where we are to expect another Original, and another State of Things, our Prospect of Heaven here is at a great Diffance, let us therefore expect with Courage the last Hour decreed us by Fate, what I mean by the last is with Respect to our Bodies, not to our Souls. The Flesh is a Burthen which must be dropp'd, and we must leave the World as naked as we came into it; and the Day which we fear to be the last in this World, is but our Birth-day to Eternity, and the only Passage to it; so that what we fear'd at a Distance as a destructive Rock. when we approach it proves a fafe and commodious Harbour, in many Cases to be desired, to be refused in none; and he that dies young makes the quicker Voyage; Voyage; we live as we fail, fome are becalm'd, others bear right away before the Wind; in our first Course we run our Childhood out of Sight, our Youth next, then our riper Years, and after all, old Age with a gentle Gale brings us to the common Port of all Mankind. Providence has allotted us more Ways out of the World than we have into it, and our whole Security is drawn to one Point the Article of Death; how many Bleffings are comprised in that narrow Compass; and although the Fruit of it does not feem to extend to the Dead. yet the Difficulty is over-ballanced by the Contemplation of the Future. And if the whole Bufiness of this World were to be buried in Oblivion, or my Memory traduced, I will triumph in the Con-Tcience of having discharged my Duty. How can that be an Evil in itself which puts an End to all other Evils? Yet it is no easy Thing for Flesh and Blood to despise Life. Why should not Virtue make us contemn it, fince disappointed Passions will make fome People do fo? For we are to confider that if Death comes, it is not permanent, One hangs himself for a Mistress, another leaps from a Window to avoid a choleric Master, and a third runs away and stabs himse;f, rather than be brought back again. To fuffer Death is the inviolable Law of Nature, and it is a Comfort to know it can happen but once; in the Mid'ft of its most dreadful Agonies and Convulfions, we have this Confolation that our Pain is near at an End, and we shall foon be freed from all the Miferies of Life. We are ignorant of what it is, and it would be Rashness to condemn a Thing we do not understand; but this we presume, that it is either a Transition from this to a better Life, where we shall enjoy Tranquility in the Manfions of the bleft; or else a Reduction to our first Principles, in which we can have no Sense Ch.

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of any Inconvenience. This World affords Nothing immortal, many that are lasting, but every Thing comes to an End fome Way or other ; when the World itself then stands doom'd to a Diffolution, what Arrogance is it in Man to expect to live for ever? It is unjust to dispute with the Giver, the Power of disposing of his own Bounty, and a Folly only to value the prefent. Death is as much a Debt as Money, and Life is but a Journey towards it; fome dispatch it sooner, others later; but all haften to the fame Period; the Thunderbolt draws a Veneration even from those whom it strikes; a great Soul takes no Delight in staying with the Body, it considers its Original and whither it must return. The Day will come that shall separate this Mixture of Soul and Body, and part the human from the divine; my Body I will leave on Earth where I found it, and will reftore my Soul to Heaven, which would have been there already, but for the Clog that keeps it down. Why should we repine at a short Life, fince we see that many Men have been the worse for its Duration, that might have died with Honour, if they had been fooner taken away? How many that have given great Hopes in their Youth have proved dissolute Men? Not to mention the Ruins, Shipwrecks. Torments and Prisons that must abound more in a long Life than a short one; in fine, Longævity is so deceitful a Bleffing that if a Child were capable of judging, and had it in his Option to take or refuse it, he would not accept of it.

Human Prudence should chearfully embrace whatever Providence has made necessary; as there is a Necessity of Death, so that Necessity is equal and invincible; and no Man has a Cause of Complaint for that which every Man must suffer as well

as himself; when we should die we are unwilling, and notwithstanding that Unwillingness we must, for Fate is fix'd, and the Decree is unavoid. able. Why should we stand trembling when the Time comes? why not as well lament that we did not live a thousand Years ago, as that we shall not live a thousand Years hence? it is but travelling the common Road to the Inn where we must all go at last. It is but sharing the Fate of those that are gone before us, and knowing that our Successors must do the fame. Nay, how many thousands will perhaps expire with us at the same Moment? Is it not better to yield voluntarily than be compelled, for he that will not follow shall be forced to it. The Sons of mortal Parents must expect a mortal Posterity; and Death is the End both of high and low. We are helpless from our Births, exposed to the Injuries of all Creatures and all Weathers, and the very Necessaries of Life are deadly to us. We meet our Fate in our Difhes, Cups, and the very Air we breath. Our Birth is mauspicious, for we come into the World weeping, and in the Middle of our Defigns whilst our tow'ring Thoughts are fretching to After-ages, Death comes with a filent Pace and cuts us off; thus the longest Date we can boast, is but the Revolution of a few Years. One Man dies at his Table, another goes off quietly in his Sleep; a third is flabb'd in his Mistress's Arms, a fourth flung by an Adder or crush'd by a Fall from a We have feveral Ways to our End, but the End which is Death is still the fame; whether by the Sword, a Potion, or a Disease, still it is Death. A Child that dies in fwadling Cloaths and an old Man at an hundred are mortal alike, the Time makes no Difference, the Space between ch. I the Cr pute I the Sv the w certai of the raifed

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the Cradle and the Grave is uncertain, if we compute Life by the Troubles an Infant's is long; if by the Swiftness of the Paffage, the oldest Man's short; the whole is flippery and deceitful, and nothing is certain but Death, yet we are all apt to complain of that which never deceived any Man. Senecio raised an immense Fortune from a small Beginning, being endued with the Faculties both of getting and keeping; he was a Man very careful both of his Estate and his Body, he gave me a Morning Vifit, and when he left me, fpent the reft of the Day with a fick Friend; at Night he was merry at Supper, but was feized immediately with a Quinzey, which dispatched him in a few Hours. This Man had Money at Use in many Places, and was thus cut off in the very Height and Career of his Prosperity: How foolish is it then for a Man to flatter himself with long Hopes, and pretend to dispose of Futurity? Even the prefent Now flips by us, and there is not a Moment we can call our own. How vain is it therefore, to enter upon Projects, or to say to ourselves, "I'll purchase an Estate, build a stately Mansion, " fettle my Affairs, and then retire and enjoy it?" We are all liable to the fame Cafualties, equally frail, and uncertain of To-morrow; even at the Altar, where we pray for Life, we learn to die, reminded by the Sacrifices that are killed before us. There is a Season appointed to all Things, they begin, they encrease, and they die. The Heavens and the Earth grow old, and their Periods are fixed. We misunderstand the Appellation Death, it is but a Paule or a Suspension, or rather a Progress of. Life, only our Thoughts tend downwards, and dare not look forwards on what is to come. All fublunary Things perish, Empires and Cities have MAHO

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their Periods, and the Time will come when it will be doubtful, whether they ever had a Being, War will destroy some, Luxury others, and Fire. Inundations, and Earthquakes the rest; why then should it trouble me to be the Fore-runner of an univerfal Diffolution? A great Mind fubmits itself to Heaven, and waits with Patience its Decree. The good old Man, Baffus, though finking to his Grave, bears'it with a chearful Mind. He lives in a constant View of Death, and contemplates his own End with more Serenity than he would do another Man's. To receive Death without Trouble is a hard Lesson to learn, especially in the Case of Bassus. In other Deaths there is a Mixture of Hope; a Discase may be cured, a Fire quench'd, a falling House either propp'd or avoided; a Pardon may interpose between the Scaffold and the Body, and a Wave may throw a Man ashore after a Shipwreck, but in the Case of old Age, there is no Room for either Hope or Intercession. Let us then look upon the Body only as an Inn, where we are to lodge to Night, and which To-morrow we shall quit: Thus a frequent Thought of Death, will arm us against the Necessity of it; and this can be no idle Employ, for we shall certainly want it. He that is Proof against Poverty, may perhaps, come to live in Plenty; a Man may strengthen himself against Pain, yet enjoy a perfect State of Health; against the Loss of Friends, and never lose any; but he that fortifies himself against the Fear of Death, will have Occasion to employ that Virtue. A wife and good Man will look to his Manners and Actions, and rather strive to live well than long; he does not confult whether he shall die soon, well-knowing that Death brings us to Immortality.

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## CHAP. XXIII.

Consolations against the Death of Friends.

AFTER conquering the Fear of Death ourfelves, the most sensible Calamity that can befall an honest Mind, is the Death of a Friend, nor is the World so abandoned, but we may find some Instances of those who have generously preferred a Friend's Life to their own; yet Virtue, and a due Consideration of Providence; may make

this Affliction light to us.

Nature and Justice allow us to lament a departed Friend, we may pay a Sigh, or Tear to his Memory, but a profuse or perverse Sorrow is ridiculous. Public Lamentations are more the Effect of vain Glory than Grief, and to be fadder in Company than alone, shews rather an ambitious Mourning than a pious one; for in this Extravagance of Passion, many Things will occur that are rather Matter of Laughter. Time, indeed will cure all, but it is better done by Moderation and Wifdom. Some People time their Mourning, least, Grief should escape them, and the Shew of it is commonly greater than the Grief itself; when any Body approaches, their Groans and Outcries eccho through the whole House, but when they are alone and in private, they are quiet and still; if any Body comes near them, they act over all the Farce of Grief again, and practife the Forms of Agony, 'till-Company and Conversation carry it off. It is not Nature that guides us in this Respect, but an aukward Imitation of others; if our Tears could move inexorable Destiny, there would be some Colour noturn to us, and if Reston clees not put an hed

for spending whole Days and Nights in Sadnes and Mourning, and the Solemnities of Woe. But as Fate is inevitable, and nothing can be returned from the devouring Grave, all this Grief is to no Purpose. Yet I would not be thought to be an Ad. vocate for Infenfibility or Apathy.

It is a Mark of Brutality, not Virtue, to be unmoved at the Separation of familiar Friends and Relations; in such Cases we have no Power over ourselves, our Tears will flow involuntarily, and we ought not to forbear, yet we should not exceed the Bounds of Decency, because other People do; and

thus limited it is an Eafe to the Mind.

A wife Man submits to Grief in some Cases, and in others it is unavoidable, as in the fudden Surprize of ill News, at the Death of a Friend or the like; or when we embrace an Acquaintance, going to suffer immediate Death; here there is a natural Necessity of weeping and trembling. We may be allowed likewife to indulge our Sorrows, at the Remembrance of the Kindness or Converfation of a dead Friend; Generofity and Joy too, will fometimes occasion Tears to flow. We favour one and the other overcomes us, but we are not upon any Terms to force them; they may flow of their own accord, without derogating from the Dignity of a wife Man, who though he obeys Nature, preferves his Gravity: There is a Decorum to be kept up even in weeping, for excessive Sorrow is as foolish as profuse Laughter; we may as well bewail our Trees shedding their Leaves, as the Loss of our other Satisfactions; the next Seafon indeed will repair them, or put others in their Places; but Fate is not to be moved with Tears or Reproaches, we may accuse it but cannot alter it. We may go to the Dead, but they cannot seturn to us, and if Reason does not put an End

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to our Sorrows, Fortune never will. This Life administers various Occasions of Grief; Poverty pinches one, Ambition fills another with Anxiety, and the Mifer fears the Wealth he coveted; one Parent is troubled for the Lofs of his Children, another for the Want of them; fo that we shall fooner want Tears than Matter to produce them; let us therefore be fparing of what we have fo great a Call for. I must confess, that in the Separation of Friends, there is fomething of Uneafiness and Trouble, but it is rather voluntary than natural, and Custom more than Sense affects us; fo that we rather impose Sorrow upon ourselves than fubmit to it, as some People will cry when they have Company, and when no Body looks on all is well again; to mourn without Measure is Folly, and not to mourn at all is Infenfibility; an equal Temper guided by Piety and Reason is best, neither to be elated nor depressed; he that can curb his Fears or Transports at Pleasure is safe. The Sorrows that exceed the Rule of Modesty deviates to Intemperance, yet Piety will fometimes dispense with good Manners. The Loss of an only Son or a particular Friend, affects us nearly, and there's no opposing the first Gust of this Pasfion; but if we give ourselves wholly up to Lamentations, we are to confider, that though some Tears deferve our Compassions, a Superfluity is ridiculous; a fudden Emotion of Grief finds Pity and Comfort, but if we perfift in it too long, it is look'd upon as counterfeit or foolish, and excessive weeping for the dead, is an Affront to the living; would you require a justifiable Cause of mourning, grieve when good Men come to an ill End, or Virtue is depress'd by the Petulance of Fortune, though even this should not be extravavagant; for if they fuffer resolutely their Courage

and Example gives us Delight, or if meanly, we have the less Reason to be troubled at their Loss. The Man that dies chearfully, deserves my Plaudit rather than my Tears, and he that dies whiningly does not deserve them; I would bear the Death of my Children and Friends with the same Constancy that I would expect my own, and neither lament the one nor fear the other.

If we consider how often Friends are funder'd, the living will employ our Time more than the dead; and we may commonly observe, that the deepest Mourners are those that least valued their Friends when living; their extravagant Ravings are all Oftentation to gain the Opinion of the World. Some, that pretend to be Philosophers, confound Sorrow and Pleasure together, and define Grief to be only the perverse Delight of a restless Mind. We will allow that there are fome which find Joy even in Tears, but which is the most barbarous, to be wholly infenfible of the Death of a Friend, or to feek Pleasure in Grief when a Son perhaps is burning, or one that we dearly love expiring? To forget our Friend entirely, or bury his Memory with his Body, or to lament his Los extravagantly, is equally bad. We may reduce it to this Point, the departed Friend is either sensible and would not have his Friend tormented, or he is ignorant of it; if he cannot feel it, it is fuperfluous; if he does, it is unacceptible to him. If Reason cannot prevail, let Reputation, for immoderate mourning, leffens a Man's Character; and it is shameful to seek a Remedy for Grief, only from being tired with it. In Time the most stubborn Grief will leave us, if Prudence does not disect us to leave that first, and a strat v to

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Another Question is, whether we grieve for our Friend's Sake or our own? Why should I afflict myfelf for the Lofs of him that is either happy, or not at all in Being; if the first, it is Envy, if the latter, Madnels; we are apt to wish for his Company again, and to repeat the Joys we have shared in his Conversation, and his Image is present with us where-ever we go. All I can observe is, that if the Loss is so great, the Virtue that overcomes it will shine the brighter; if grieving will do no good, it is idle to grieve; and if what has happen'd to one Man is common to all, 'tis unjust to complain, and fince all the World is moving that Way, why do we not mourn for ourselves that are to follow, as much as for those that are gone before, though in Strictness they are not gone but fent, and notwithstanding they lose many Things, they are at the same Time freed from Fear, Anger, Jealoufy, Envy, &c. And he is not more hoppy in defiring Nothing, than miserable in what he has loft. We don't mourn because a Friend is absent from us, and what is Death more than Absence? we have loft one Bleffing, but we have many left, and shall not these Satisfactions support us against a trivial Sorrow?

The Comfort of having a Friend may be taken away, but no Body can deprive us of having had one; as there is a Tartness in some Fruits, and a Bitter in some Wines that please us, so there is a Mixture in the Remembrance of Friends, when the Loss of their Company is sweeten'd by the Contemplation of their Virtues. We accuse Providence wrongfully, when we reflect upon a Friend's being taken away, without acknowledging the Benefit of his being once given us. Let us therefore make the best of our Friends whilst we have them, for how long we shall keep them is uncer-

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Fathers have been deceived in their Expectations? And how many noble Families have been deftroy'd by Luxury and Riot? Yet the Loss of a Son is Nothing, compared to that of a true Friend: We are ungrateful for what is past in Hope's of what's to come, as if that which is to come would not quickly be past too; the past we are sure of, we may receive Satisfaction it is true, both from that and the suture. Memory delights in one, and Expectation the other; only it is a Chance, whether the suture will ever happen, and it is impossible to

rob us of what has been. But there's no dealing with the first Transports of Sorrow, our talking irritates and inflames the Grief, as an improper Medicine does a Disease; if we stay till the first Violence of it is over, it will be more tractable and endure handling: Those People whose Minds are weaken'd by long Felicity, may be allowed to groan and complain; but it is otherwise with those who have done Nothing but encounter'd Advertity all their Lives, for a long Series of Misfortunes carry this Good with them, that though they vex us for a confiderable Time, they harden us at last; a raw Soldier shrinks at every Wound, and dreads the Surgeon more than an Enemy; but the Veteran fees his own Body cut and lacerated, with as little Concern as if it were another Body's: With the fame Refolution we should endure our Misfortunes, for all our Experience is good for Nothing if we have not learned to be miferable; Diversions, Sports, and Entertainments cannot cure us, when they are over we shall relapse again, therefore it is better to overcome Sorrow than delude it.

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#### CHAP. XXIV.

Consolations against Banishment and bodily

T is the great Bleffing of Virtue to advance Good from Evil, and to convert Misfortunes into Benefits. There is no Condition fo wretched you'll fay, as for a Man to lofe the Freedom of his own Country; yet we meet with Multitudes every Day that do it voluntarily upon different Motives, either Ambition, Business or Delight, or Curiosity, Luxury, Vanity, and Discontent. Some to exercife their Virtues, others their Vices: Suppose we go from a fertile pleafant Country, to a rocky barren Island; though the People are barbarous and the Climate intemperate, the Exile shall doubtless find some Strangers that inhabit there for Pleafure. The Mind of Man is naturally curious and restless, which is correspondent to his divine Original; for the Heavens are always in Motion, the Orbs and Stars are continually revolving and changing their Places according to the Law and Appointment of Nature. But you will find Fault perhaps, because there are are no Woods, no Rivers, no Gold nor Pearl, no Opportunity for Traffic or Commerce, and scarce Provision enough to keep the Inhabitants from starving: But is this a fufficient Cause for Complaint? if you cannot indulge Luxury or Excess in Palaces, or artificial Grotto's, your humble Cottage is under the Protection of Heaven, and that Retreat confecrated by an honest Man, under the Guard of his Virtue, is more noble than the most magnificent Structure. Why then should any Man think Banishment grie-

vous, who takes fuch Company along with him If we speak of Necessities, there is no Place but affords sufficient for them; if we want Super. Buities, no Kingdom can fusfice our Wishes. I is the Mind that makes us rich in a Defart, and if the Body is kept alive, the Soul may enjoy all Felicities in Abundance. The Removal from one Spot to another, is Nothing to a Man whole Thoughts can rife above the World; all Nature is open to his View, and he can look which Way he pleases; for wherever he is, he has the same Matter to work upon. The Body is but the Prifon or Clog of the Mind, it is Subject to Punish. ments, Robberies, and Diseases; but the Mind is facred, spiritual, and liable to no Violence. Are you afraid of wanting Garments, or Covering in Banishment? The Body is as easily cloathed as fed, and Nature has made nothing hard that is necelfary; but if we can't do without Embroideries and rich Vestments, it is not Fortune's Fault that we are poor but our own: Or suppose a Man should have all reftor'd to him back again that he has loft, it will fignify nothing, for he will want more to fatisfy his Defires afterwards than he did before to supply his Necessities; insatiable Desires are more a Disease than a Thirst.

Let us come closer to the Point: Where's that People or Nation, that have not changed their Place of Abode? Some by the Fate of War, others have been cast by Tempests, Shipwrecks, or other Accidents upon unknown Coasts; some have been forced abroad by Pestilence, Sedition, Earthquakes, or a Sur-charge of People at home; some travel to see the World, others for Commerce; but in sine, it is clear that upon some Reason or other, the whole Race of Mankind have shifted their Quarters,

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Quarters, changed their very Names as well as their Habitations, infomuch that we have loft the very Memorials of what they were; and what are all these Transportations of People, but public Banishments? The very Founder of the Roman Empire was an Exile, the whole World has been transported, and one Mutation treads upon the Heels. of another. What is agreeable to one Man's Stomach, is Poison to another's, and he that proscribes me to Day, may be drove away himself To-morrow; we have however this Comfort under our Misfortunes, we have the same Nature and Providence, and we carry our Fortune along with us. This Bleffing we owe to the Almighty Power, give it what Appellation you please; either of a God, an incorporeal Reason, a divine Spirit or Fate, or the unchangeable Cause of Causes and Effects. It is however fo order'd, that nothing can be taken from us, but what we can well spare, and that which is most magnificent and valuable continues with us. The Heavens are over our Heads whereever we go, and are no farther distant from us in one Place than another, aand whilft we can contemplate these Glories, what matter is it what Ground we tread upon?

On the other Hand, in the Case of Pain or Sickness, it is only the Body that is affected, it may take off the Speed of a running Footman, or bind the Hands of an Artificer; but the Mind is at Liberty to hear, learn, teach, advise, and do other good Offices. A Man that is patient in Pain, is an Example to the Public; Virtue may exert itself in the Bed, as well as in the Field; and he that encounters the Terrors of Death, and corporal Anguish, is as great a Man as he that generously hazards his Life in a Battle; a Disease may bar us of some Pleasures, but it procures us others; Drink

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is never more agreeable to us than when we are in a Fever, nor Meat than when we are heartily hungry. The Patient may be forbidden some sensual Satisfaction, but no Physician can prohibit the Delights of the Mind; shall we call a fick Man miferable, because he must give over his Intemperance and Gluttony, and comply with a foberer and less expensive Diet? or, because he must abandon his Luxury which is a Diffemper of the Mind as well as the Body. It is troublesome, I know, to abstain from the Pleasures we have been used to, and to endure Hunger and Thirst, but in a little Time the very Appetite is loft, and then it is no Trouble to be without what we cannot defire. Diseases are commonly attended with great Pains, but if they are of long Continuance, they have Intermissions, and give us Respite; if short, and violent, they either dispatch us, or consume themfelves; fo that they are either made tolerable by their Intervals or shorten'd by their Extremity. So merciful is the supreme Being to us, that our Torments cannot be sharp and lasting; a nervous Disorder is the acutest Pain, but it carries its Ease with it by quickly making us flupid and infenfible. Let us, in Cases of Extremity fortify our Minds with the most eminent Instances of Patience and Courage, and armed with their Examples turn our Thoughts from our Afflictions to the Contemplalation of Virtue; suppose it to be the Stone, the Gout, nay, the Rack itself, many have endured it without a Groan, or speaking a Word, without so much as asking Relief, or answering a Question. Some have laugh'd at their Executioners in the midst of their Torture, and provoked them to use their Skill in Cruelty, which nevertheless they have derided. Of all Diseases I look upon the Asthma to be most Vexatious; the Physicians call it the Meditation Me that fion Boo Sich Boo the

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Meditation of Death, as being rather an Agony than a Sickness; but when it comes to a Conclusion, the Fit does not last above an Hour, as no Body is long in expiring. Three Things make Sickness grievous to us: The Fear of Death, Bodily Pain, and the Intermission of our Pleasures; the first is to be imputed to Nature, not to the Disease; for Death is as much the Consequence of Life as Sickness, and even has sometimes prolong'd Man's Life.

#### CHAP. XXV.

Poverty accompanied with Wisdom is a Blessing, not a Misfortune.

NO Man can be called poor, that has what he wants within himself, and this can be called the only true Way to Wealth; Nature will be fatisfied, but whatfoever is beyond is precarious and not necessary. It is not her Business to gratily a vicious Palate, but to fatisfy a craving Appetite; the coarfest Bread will do when a Man is heartily hungry, and Water will fuffice to quench his Thirst; and as well out of the Hollow of his Hand, as the most superb Vessels of Plate. To teach a Man Poverty, and at the fame Time promise him Riches is to deceive him; but shall I call him poor that wants nothing, though he is more indebted to his Patience for it than his Fortune? Or can you deny him to be rich, whose Wealth can never be taken away? Which is the best to have, much, or enough; he that has much, defires more, which shews that he has not yet enough; but he that has enough is at rest? Or can any Man be M 2 reckon'd

reckon'd poor, for not having that which may excite Envy and cause his Banishment, or for which his Wife or Son may poison him? And yet he is possessed of that which gives him Security in War and Quiet in Piece; the contented Man can never be poor, nor the avaritious rich. Alexander after all his Conquests, weep'd that he had no more Worlds to subdue; he wanted more when he had got all; and what was fufficient for human Nature, was not enough for one Man; the richest Man that ever liv'd may be poor in my Opinion, or any Body's else; but he that asks no more than Nature requires, neither feels Poverty, nor fears it, and even the most indigent will find some Things Superfluous; the Felicity of those whom the World calls happy is a false Splendor, which only dazzles the Eyes of the Vulgar, but our rich Man finds his Happiness within. There's no Ambition in Hunger and Thirst: Let there be Food, and no matter for the Table, the Dish, and the Servants, nor with what Meats Nature is fatisfied; those are the Torments of Luxury, that rather stuff the Stomach than fill it; they fludy rather to create an Appetite than allay it. We must not say, "This Thing is not handsome, that's common, t'other " offends my Eye," Nature provides for Health, not Delicacy; when the Trumpet founds a Charge, the poor Man knows he is not aim'd at; when there is a Fire, his Body is all he has to look after; if he is to take a Journey, there's no crouding the Streets, or thronging about the Door for a parting Compliment; he lives at the present, without providing for the Morrow; the temperate rich Man is but his Counterfeit, his Wit is quicker, and his Appetite calmer.

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it fo; the rich Man sometimes chuses to travel at his Eafe, with less Luggage, and fewer Servants. Does not he eat many Times, as little and as coarse as the Labourer in the Field? Does he not for his own Pleasure, and to taste Variety, feed sometimes upon the Ground, and use only earthen Vesfels? Is he not a Madman then that always fears what he often defires, and dreads the Thing that he tikes delight to imitate? He that would know the worst of Poverty, let him compare the Looks of the rich and poor, and he shall find the poor Man to have a smoother Brow, and to be more merry at Heart; or if any Trouble befalls him, it paffes over like a Cloud; whereas the good Humour of the other is either counterfeit, or his Melancholy deeply fixed, and the worfe, because he dares not publicly own his Misfortune, but would feem like a happy Man even in whilft the Cancer is preying upon his Vitals; his Felicity is but personated, and if he he were stripp'd of his Ornaments, he would be contemptible. None of our will buy a Horse without taking of his Trappings, and examining carefully for fear of being cheated; and shall we take the Estimate of a Man by his Fortune and Quality? No, for where there is much Ornament we are always to expect some Infirmity hid under it. He that is not contented in Poverty, would not in Plenty; for the Fault is not in the Thing, but in the Mind; for if you remove the fick Man from the Cottage to the Palace, he still carries his Difease along with him; but what can be happier than a Condition of Mind and Fortune, from which we cannot fall; in the worst of Times he lives safe from Informers, Thieves and Sycophants; how happy is he that owes nothing but to himself, and what he can either pay or refuse? He is not poor that has but little, but he that covets more, and to M 3

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have our Necessaries supplied is a Degree of Plenty; is it not better to find Satiety in Want, than Hunger in Abundance? It is not the Encrease of our Fortune, but the Abatement of our Appetites that makes us rich; it is possible for a Man to contemn Riches in his own Coffers, as well as in another Man's, though it is a great Temptation to have them under the same Roof with us. He is a great Man that is temperate in the midst of Plenty, but he is more secure that is free from that Temptation, for there is no Room for defigning Men to work upon him; yet it is vain for a poor Man to preach up a Contempt of Wealth, or for a rich Man to extol the Benefits of Poverty; because it is unknown how either of them would behave in a contrary Condition. The best Proof is, the doing of it by Choice, not by Necessity; for the Practice of Poverty in Jest, is a Preparation towards bearing it in Earnest; the Premeditation makes it not only tolerable, but delightful; for by that Means we have Security, without which nothing can be comfortable. Poverty is a Bleffing, if we take it only in this Light, that it is fure to make us distinguish our Friends from our Foes; for at that Time every Man leaves us, but those that fincerely love us, and for the Honour of it we must observe, that it was both the Foundation and Cause of the Roman Empire.

All I would defire is, that my Poverty may not be burthensome to myself, or make me so to others; I would be neither necessitous, nor opulent; a gentle Mind with a Mediocrity of Fortune, will preserve us from Fear or Envy, which is a desirable Condition, for no Man wants Power to do Mischief; we do not duly consider the Blessing of coveting nothing, and being full in ourselves, without depending upon Fortune; with Parcimony little

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is sufficient, and without it nothing; and Frugality makes a poor Man rich. He that has least to lose, has least to fear; and those are better satisfied whom Fortune never savour'd, than those whom she has forsaken; a Medium between Poverty and Plenty is best: The Body is to be indulged no farther than for Health, and rather mortified than not kept in Subjection to the Mind. It is necessary to provide against Hunger, Thirst, and Cold, and something to shelter us; but no matter whether it is Turs, or Marble, for a thatch'd is as dry as a gilded Roof; in short, the suture is uncertain, and I had rather beg of myself not to desire any Thing, than of Fortune to bestow it.

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# MORALS

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PART III. ANGER.

#### CHAP. I.

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A Description of Anger, as an unnatural Vice, and only to be found in Men.

write a Treatise on the Subject of subduing Anger, and it seems to me a Task highly Praise-worthy and deserving of the Public to tame this Monster; it being a Passion very much to be sear'd, as of all others most brutal and outragious; there is scarce any besides this, but have some Intervals of Rest and Quiet; but Anger is always restless and in an Extravagance of Pain, void of Humanity, and burning with a severish Thirst of Blood, regardless of itself to hurt another, and so greedy of Revenge, that to accomplish that, it often

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often rushes on to its own Destruction, The sage Physician before he undertakes a Cure, examines well the Nature of the Disease, and why should not this Method be proper as well in the Diseases of the Mind as the Body? Let us therefore, in the

first Place, confider what Anger is.

The Stoies define it to be " a Defire of pu-" nishing another for some Injury done." To this it is objected, that we are oftentimes angry with those who never hurt us, though they may have a Delign of fo doing, therefore Anger does not always arise from the Injury done; but I say, they have already hurt us in Thought, and the Injury that is conceiv'd is as bad as done. Again, it is faid, that Anger cannot be a Defire of punishing, because the meanest People are angry with the most exalted whom they can neither think nor hope to punish. To this we reply, first, that Anger is the Defire, not the Power and Faculty of Revenge, and we often defire Things that we are not able to accomplish; in the next Place, no Body is fo despicable, but he may have the Power of hurting the greatest Man alive.

Aristotle's Definition differs not much from ours, for he fays, that "Anger is a Desire of returne" ing Sorrow for Sorrow." It is argued against both, that Beasts are angry, though neither provoked by an Injury, nor moved by the Desire of any Body's Grief or Punishment; for though they cause it, they don't desire it; but to this it may be said, that Beasts and every Thing but Man, are void of Anger, which though it is at Enmity with Reason, yet never subsists but in reasonable Creatures; Beasts indeed have an Impulse of Rage and Fierceness, as they are more intemperate in some Pleasures than Men, yet they can no more be angry, than luxurious or ambitious. The mute

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Animals are not without certain Images of human Affections, they have their Liking and their Averfions, but neither their Virtues nor their Vices; as their whole Form both outward and inward are widely different. They have an odd Kind of Fancy, and a Voice too, but inarticulate and confused, and incapable of those Variations which are familiar to us. Wisdom and Thought are peculiar to Man alone; and though the Brutes have their Fears and Anxieties, their Terrors and Difappointments, but all without Reflection; they are incensed by some Objects, and quieted by others; and when they are irritated or affrighted to the last Degree, remove but the Occasion, they fall to their Meat again, lie down, and take their Reft.

Hunger is a Vice directly contrary to Nature, for it divides instead of joining, and in some Meafure disappoints the Design of Providence in forming Man; we were born for Society, and the Help of each other, but Anger teaches us De--struction instead of Union; the one is beneficial to us, the other mischievous; the one succours even Strangers, the other preys upon the dearest Friends; one ventures all to fave another, but Anger will ruin itself, to drag another into Perdition; Nature's Works all tend to the Benefit of Mankind, but Anger is a pernicious cruel Vice; for mutial Love, not Fear, is the indisfoluble Tie of Mankind.

There are fome Motions which look like Anger that cannot properly be called fo; as the Passions of the People against the Stage Fencers, when they don't dispatch themselves so soon as the Spectators would have them; they think it a Contempt of their Authority, if the Brothers of the Blade do not immediately throw themselves upon

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the Point of the Sword, they shew their Uneasiness by their Countenance and Gesture, and every Spectator is changed into an Adversary. But this certainly is not Anger, though it is very like it, there is something of a childish Humour in it, who if they get a Fall will not be satisfied till they beat the Ground, they are angry without a Cause, or Injury; they are deluded by imaginary Strokes, and pacified with counterfeit Tears, and a salse Sorrow is appealed with as salse a Revenge.

To descend to the particular Branches and various Sorts of Anger would be unnecessary, there is a stubborn, a vindictive, a quarressome, a violent, a froward, a sullen, a morose kind of Anger; then we have this Variety in Complication too, one goes no further than Words, another proceeds immediately to Blows, a third breaks out into reproachful Language, and some are contented with barely chiding and complaining, and there are a thousand

other Species of this manifold Mischief.

#### CHAP II.

An Enquiry whence Anger takes its Rife.

THE Question here will be whether Anger arises from Impulse or Judgment? That is whether its Motion is spontaneous, or, as many other Affections are from within us, and comes we know not how; and the Disquisition of this will lead us to higher Matters.

The first Motion of Anger is indeed involuntary, and a kind of menacing Preparation towards it, the second deliberates, as if it would say this Injury

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should not pass without Revenge, the third is impotent in itself, and right or wrong resolves upon Vengeance; the first Motion is not to be avoided, nor indeed the fecond, any more than yawning for Company, Custom and Care may lessen it, but Reason cannot overcome it; the third, as it rises upon Consideration must fall so too, for the Motion that proceeds with Judgment may be suppres'd by Judgment; a Man thinks himself injur'd and hath a Mind to be reveng'd, but for some Reason lets it rest, this is not properly Anger but an Affection over-ruled by Reason, a kind of Proposal disapproved; and what are Reason and Affection but Changes of the Mind, for the better or the worfe. Reason deliberates before it judges, but Anger passes Sentence without Deliberation: Reason keeps only to the Point in View, but Anger starts at every Accident, it baffiles Reason, and bears down all before it. In Brief then, we define " Anger to " be an Agitation of the Mind, that proceeds to " the Resolution of a Revenge, the Mind affenting " to it." There is no Doubt but Anger is moved of the Appearance of an Injury, but whether that Motion be voluntary or involuntary is the Point in Debate; though it feems manifest to me, that Anger does nothing but where the Mind goes along with it; for first to take an Offence, then to meditate a Revenge, and after that to lay both Propositions together, and fay to myfelf, as this Injury is done I must do myself right, all this can never be without the Concurrence of the Will; the first Motion indeed is fingle, but all the rest is Deliberation and Superstructure: There is something underflood and condemned, an Indignation conceived, and a Revenge proposed, and this cannot be without the Agreement of the Mind to the Matter in Deliberation; the Drift of the Question is to know

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the Nature and Quality of Anger. If it be bred in us it will never yield to Reason, for all involuntary Motions are inevitable and invincible, as an Horror or fhrugging when cold Water is sprinkled upon us, the Hair standing on an End at a Fright, or being fuddenly furprifed with ill News; Giddiness at the Sight of a Precipice, or blushing at lewd Discourse, in these Cases Reason can be of no Service; but Anger may undoubtedly be overcome by Caution and good Advice, for it is a voluntary Vice, and not like one those Accidents that befalls us as Frailties of our Humanity; amongst which must be reckon'd the first Motions of the Mind, after the Opinion of an Injury received, which is not in the Power of human Nature to avoid, and this it is that affects us upon the Stage or in a Story; can any Man read the Death of Pompey without Indignation? The Trumpet's Sound rouzes the Spirits and inspires us with Courage. We are grieved to see the Shipwreck even of an Enemy, and Fear furprizes us as much in other Cases; but all these Motions are not fo much Affections as Preludes to them; the clashing of Arms or beating of a Drum excites a War Horse, and a Piece of a warlike Music perform'd by Xenophantes, would make Alexander take his Sword in his Hand; in all these Cases the Mind rather fuffers than acts, and there it is not an Affection to be moved, but to give Way to that Motion, and to follow willingly what was started by Chance, these are rather Impulses of the Body than Affections. The bravest Man in the World may look pale when he puts on his Armour, and his Heart may flutter before the Battle joins; but these are only Motions, whereas Anger is an Excursion, and proposes Revenge or Punishment, which cannot be without the Mind, as Fear flies, so Anger affaults, and

isen cold Water is sprinkled upon us,

and it is not possible to resolve either upon Violena or Caution without the Concurrence of the Will. revisible and unvincible, as an elerror

# CHAP. III.

# It is possible to suppress Anger.

gay undoubtedly be overcome by Caution HOW vainly do they talk that pretend we can-not govern Anger, when there are many of our Faults that are harder than our Duty; Dif. cipline will tame the wildest Affections, and there is hardly any thing which the Mind will do but it may do; there needs no greater Argument to be convinced of this than the Instances of several Perfons both Powerful and Impatient, that have mafter'd their Paffion

Pifistratus was abused for his Cruelties by Thra. Syppus when he was in Liquor, and being urged by his Flatterers to make an Example of him, gave this Answer, "Why should I be angry with a " Man that stumbles upon me blindfold?" indeed most of our Quarrels are of our own making, either by Mistake or Aggravation, Anger sometimes comes to us, but we go often to that, and

instead of rejecting we call it.

Augustus was a great Master of his Passion, for when Timagenes an Historian wrote several severe Things against his Person and Family, which pleased the People as Pieces of rash Wit generally do; Cæsar advised him several Times to forbear, and when that had no Effect upon him he forbade him the Court; after this, Afinius Pollio gave him Entertainment, and he was so well beloved in the City that every Man's House was open to him, whatever he

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he had wrote in Praise of Augustus he recanted and burnt, and openly profess'd himself Cæsar's Enemy: Notwithstanding this, Augustus never sell out with any Man that received him, only once he told Pollio that he had taken a Snake in his Bosom; and as Pollio was going to excuse himself and offer'd to discard him that Moment if Cæsar pleased. "No, says Cæsar, make your best of him, for do you think that I will contribute to the parting of you who made you Friends?" For Pollio was angry with him before, and only then entertain'd him be-

cause Casar had discarded him.

Nor did this great Emperor check Anger only in himself, but compell'd his Courtiers to do the same; of this we have a remarkable Instance in Vedius Pollio, who, when he had on a certain Time invited Augustus to Supper with him, one of his Boys had the Misfortune to break a Glass, Vedius taking it as an high Affront, resolved not to punish him in a common Manner, and therefore order'd him to be feiz'd and thrown into a great Pond to feed his Lampreys. Would not any one at first View take this for Luxury? But it was downright Cruelty; the Boy broke from them and flung himfelf at Cafar's Feet, only begging that he might not die fuch a Death as that; Cafar was surprized at such an uncommon Barbarity, and order'd first the Boy to be releas'd, then all the rest of the Glasses to be broke, and the Pond to be fill'd up. In this Chastifement Cæsar made a good Use of his Authority, for Nothing but a predominant Fear could have mafter'd this fanguinary Disposition in Pollio, for, shall a Man give human Flesh for a Banquet to Fishes, afterwards to feast upon them himself? Or is the Life of a Man of no more value than a broken Glass?

Cambyfes was a Prince very much addicted to Wine, Praxaspes one of his Favourites took the Liberty to tell him of it, faying that Ebriety was a great Scandal in a King on whom the Eyes of all People are fix'd, and that when he indulged in those Excesses he had no Command of himself. " Now. fays Cambyfes, to shew you your Error, I will or prove to you that after drinking I have the Ufe of my Hands and Eyes, as well as if I were " fober," upon this he drank to a higer Pitch than ordinary, and order'd the Son of his Reprover to go out and fland on the other Side of the Threshold with his Left Arm over his Head, " and now, fars " he, if I have a good Aim, have at the Heart of " him." He shot, and upon diffecting the young Man, they found that the Arrow had struck him to the very Heart. " What do you think now, fays " Cambyfes, is my Hand steady or not?" Apollo himself, replies Praxaspes, could not have outdone it. Now which was the greater Impiety of the two, the Murther itself or the Approbation of it? How base was it for him to take the Heart of his Son, yet reeking and panting under the Wound, for an Occasion of Flattery? Why did not Cambyses make an Experiment upon the Father, to try if he, could have mended his Shot? It was a most unmanly Violation of Hospitality in the King, but the Commendation of the Fact was worse than the Crime itself. Yet this Example of Praxaspes proves fufficiently that a Man may suppress his Anger, for he did not fo much as give the King an ill Word, or make a Complaint, but he paid dear for his Advice, and had better have let his Master alone in his Cups he would then only have drank Wine instead of Blood; thus we may see that it is a dangerous Office to offer Council to intemperate Princes. But

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But on the contrary, even in Princes themselves, we have met with very agreeable Instances of Moeration, as in Antigonus, when some of his Soldiers
were railing at him one Night, and there was but
Hanging between them, Antigonus overheard
hem, and putting it gently aside, gave them only
his cool Reprimand, "Soldiers, take a little more
"Care least the King should hear you." And the
ame Night hearing some of them cursing him for
bringing them so soul a Way, he went to them,
and without telling them who he was help'd them
but of it, "Now, says he, you may be allow'd to
"curse him that brought you into the Mire, pro"vided you bless him that took you out of it."

Harpagus was commanded to expose Cyprus upon Mountain, but the Child was preserved, which when Assyages came afterwards to understand, he invited Harpagus to a Dish of Meat, and when he had eat his fill he told him it was a Piece of his own Son, and ask'd him how he liked the Seasoning? Whatever pleases your Majesty, says Harpagus, must please me, and he made no Words of it. It is most certain that we might govern our Anger if we would, for the same Thing that galls as at home, give us no Offence at all abroad, and there can be no Reason assigned. but we are patient in one Place

and froward in another.

Philip of Macedon, the Father of Alexander, certainly met with a great Provocation from the Athemian Ambassadors, for after he had received them very graciously, and desired to know what there was that he could do to oblige the Athenians? Demochares one of the Legates told him, that the greatest Obligation he could confer on them would be to hang himself; the Attendants were so enraged at this Insolence, that they were going to seize him, but Philip order'd him to be discharged, and addressing

dreffing himself to the rest of the Ambassador er Pray tell the Athenians, fays he, that it is wor to fpeak fuch Things than to hear and forgi them. And not in this alone, but feveral other Occasions, Philip's Patience under Contumelies in his greatest Security. Is virged in mainting one of recruitmend, " soldiers, take a little more

# then to four A Haywent to them,

ANGER is a Short Madness, and a Vi out with she on deform'd. dad and mid his

blefs him that took you out of it." : E was certainly in the right who called Anger a fhort Madness, for their Symptoms are much alike that it is an hard Matter to know on from the other, the Indications of Anger are a bold fierce, and threatening Countenance, now pales Ashes, and the next Moment red as Blood; glaring Eye, a wrinkled Forehead, violent Motions the Hands reftless, and perpetually in Action, snap ping of the Joints, flamping with the Feet, the Hair staring, trembling Lips, a forced and squeak ing Voice, the Utterance broken, with deep and frequent Sighs, and ghaftly Looks; the Veins fwell, the Heart pants, the Knees knock together, and thousand other Incidents that are common to both Diffempers; neither is Anger a bare Refemblance of Madness, but many Times an irrevocable Tranfition in the Thing itself; how many Persons have we read and heard of who have lost their Wits in a Passion, and never came to themselves again? Our Health, therefore, as well as Moderation, require us to avoid it; for if the outward Appearance of Anger be so hideous, how deform'd must that miferable Mind be that harrass'd with it? It immediately gnallerb

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bately banishes Counsel, Friendship, Honesty, and bod Manners; there can be no Room either for the Exercise of Reason or the Offices of Life, it terms Beauty into Deformity and the calmest Countils into Fierceness, and even disorders our Garments, he must certainly then be mad, who has lost all Government of himself, and is toss'd backwards and forwards by his Fury as by a Tempest; he is the Executioner of his own Revenge and the Murtherer of his nearest Friend, the smallest Mater moves him, and makes him insociable and inaccessible, it is violent in all Things, both to itself and others, and is predominant over all Passions.

If the Impulse of Beafts can be called Anger, we may observe, that the most terrible and dangerous mongst them are made still fiercer by it; the Boar oams, champs and whets his Tusks; the Bull tosses his Horns in the Air, spurns and tears up the Ground with Feet; the Lion roars and lashes himelf with his Tail; the Serpent fwells, and there is fomething ghaftly and dreadful in the Aspect of a mad Dog. How unnatural is it then for a Man to indulge a Violence that not only turns a Man into a Beaft, but renders even the Brutes more mischievous? A Vice that carries with it neither Pleasure nor Profit, Honour nor Security, but on the Contrary destroys all the Purposes and Comforts of our rational Being. Some will have Anger to be founded on Greatness of Mind; but at this Rate Impudence may as well be called Courage; whereas one is proud the other brave, one gracious and gentle the other rude and furious; at this Rate too we may ascribe Magnanimity to Avarice, Luxury, and Ambition, which are all but fplendid Nothings without Measure and Foundation; there is nothing Great but what is Vertuous, nor indeed truly Great but what is composed and quiet; and Anger is but a

wild impetuous Blast, an empty Tumour, the very Infirmity of Women and Children, a brawling clamorous Evil, and the more Noise the less Courage, as we find it commonly that the bolden Tongues have the faintest Hearts.

## CHAP V.

ANGER is neither useful nor allowable.

IN the first Place Anger is as unwarrantable as it unjust, for it falls many Times upon the wrong Person, and discharges itself upon the Innocent in flead of the Guilty, besides the Disproportion of making the most trivial Offences capital, and punishing an inconfiderate Word, perhaps with Torments, Fetters, Infamy or Death. It allows Man neither Time nor Means for a Defence, but judges a Cause without hearing it, and admits of m Meditation; it flies in the Face of Truth itself, if it be of the adverse Party, and turns Obstinacy in an Error into an Argument of Justice; it dos every thing with Agitation and Tumult; whereas Reason and Equity can bring whole Families to condign Punishment if they are culpable, and even extinguish their Names and Memories without any Indecency either of Countenance or Action.

In the next Place it is unfociable, for it spares neither Friend nor Foe, but tears all to Pieces and casts human Nature into a perpetual State of War; it dissolves the Bond of mutual Society, and frightens our Companions and Friends from coming near us; it renders us unsit for the ordinary Offices of Life, for we can neither govern our Tongues, Hands nor any Part of of our Body; it tramples upon the

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lan his own Judge, and violates all Things, uplic, and private, facred and profane.

Lastly, it is ineffectual and unprofitable. re apt to cry, it is a fad Thing to put up these injuries, it is impossible to bear them. As if any Man that can bear Anger, could not bear an Injury, which is much more supportable. There ere some who plead in Excuse for Anger, that it does good by keeping People in Awe, and fecures Man from Contempt, never confidering that it s more dangerous to be fear'd than despis'd. If an angry Man could do all that he menaces, the more terrible, he is still the more odious, and on the other Hand, if he wants Power, he is the more despicable, for nothing is more ridiculous than a choleric Huff, which no Body heeds. Again, if Anger is to be valued because Men fear t, so are Toads, Adders, and Scorpions; it makes us lead the Lives of Prize-fighters, and makes us continually fighting together; we hate the happy, despise the miserable, envy our Superiors, and infult our Inferiors.

To be angry at all Offenders, is to make ourfelves the common Enemies of Mankind; and is not such a Proceeding very weak; we may as well be angry that our Thistles do not bring forth Apples, or that every Pebble in our Grounds is not an oriental Pearl. If we are angry with Men because they knowingly offend, why not with Infants too that do it innocently? It is laudable to rejoice for any Thing that is well done, but to be transported for another Man's doing ill, is narrow and sordid; nor is it agreeable to the Dignity of Virtue, to be either angry or sad. The Mind when tainted is like an Ulcer, the least Touch or Motion towards it, makes us shrink and cry out.

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When we choose a Sword, we take care that is well mounted and fitted to the Gripe, and we should be as wary in engaging with the Excesse of ungovernable Passions. The Speed of an Horse alone does not please us, unless we can turn and stop him when we will; it is a Sign of a Weakness and a Kind of stumbling, for a Man to run when he intends only to walk; and it behoves us to have the fame Commands of our Minds as of our Bodies. Befides that the greatest Punishment of an Injury is the Conscience of having done it, and no Man fuffers more, than he that is left to the Pain of Repentance. How much better is it to compose Injuries than to revenge them? For it does not only fpend Time, but the Revenge of one Injury exposes us to more: In short, as it is unreafonable to be angry at a Crime, it is as foolish to be angry without one.

Some will fay, " May not an honest Man then be allowed to be angry at the Murder of his "Father, or a Rape committed on his Sifter or " Daughter?" No, not at all; I will defend my Perents, and re-pay the Injuries done them; but Piety, not Anger should move me to it. I will do my Duty without Fear or Confusion, I will not rage nor weep; but discharge the Office of a Man without derogating from the Dignity thereof. If my Father be assaulted, I will endeayour to rescue him; if he be killed, I will do his Memory Right, not in any Transport of Passion, but in Honour and Conscience; and what need is there of Anger, when Reason answers the End better. A Man may be temperate and yet vigorous, and raise his Mind according to the Occasion, more or less; as a Stone is thrown according to the Discretion and Intent of the

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Some People I have feen quite outragious for e Loss of a Monkey, or a Spaniel, and is it a Shame to do the same for a Puppy that we ould do for a Friend, or cry like Children, as uch for a Bauble, as we would for the Ruin of or Country? This is rather an Infirmity than the ffect of Reason, For a Man indeed to expose is Person for his Prince, his Parents, or his Friends, out of a Sense of Honesty or Duty, is without Dispute a worthy and glorious Action; but then must be done with Sobriety, Calmness, and Resolution. It is high Time to convince the World of the Unworthiness of this Passion, since it has he Authority and Sanction of no less than Aristotle imfelf to recommend it, as an Affection highly conducive to all heroic Actions that require Heat nd Vigour. Now in Opposition to this, we will hew that it is not at all profitable, by laying open he obstinate and unbridled Madness of it; a Vice either senfible of Infamy nor Glory, without either Modesty or Fear, and if it passes once from Anger to harden'd Hatred, it is incurable. It is either fronger than Reason or weaker, if stronger there s no contending with it; if weaker, Reason will to the Business without it. Some will have it, that an angry Man is good natur'd and fincere, but they mistake, for he only lays himself open, through Heedlesness and Want of Caution. If it were good in itself, the more of it the better; but in this Case, it is the worse for an Increase, and a wife Man does his Duty without the Aid of any Thing that is ill; 'tis objected too, that the most generous Creatures are most prone to Anger; but we are to confider that Reason in Man is Instinct in Beasts, and that without Discipline, it deviates into Audaciousness and Temerity. Nor does the fame Thing affift all, for if Anger helps

Ch.

the Lion, Fear faves the Stag, Swiftness the Hawk and Flight the Pigeon; but Man is to take Exam. ple from his great Creator, who is never angre not from the Creatures. And yet it is not amile fometimes to counterfeit Anger, as upon the Stage, or the Bench, and fometimes in the Pulpit, when the Imitation is more effectual than the Thing it felf; but it is a great Error to take this Paffion either for a Companion, or an Affiltant to Virtue: for it makes a Man incapable of those necessary Counfels, by which Virtue is to govern herfelf. Those are false and inauspicious Powers, and only destructive of themselves, which arise only from the Accession or Fervour of a Disease; Reason judges rightly, Anger will have whatever it does to be right; and when it has once enter'd upon a Mistake, is never to be convinced, but prefers a Pertinacy in the greatest Evil, before the most ne-

cellary Repentance.

Some fay, that Anger inflames and animates the Soldier, that it is a Spur to bold and arduous Undertakings, and that it were better to moderate than wholly suppress it, for fear of dissolving the Spirit and Force of the Mind. To this I answer, that Virtue does not need the Help of Vice, but where there is any Ardour of Mind necessary, we may rouse ourselves, and be more or less brisk and vigorous as there is Occasion, but all without Anger still. 'Tis a Mistake to say, that Anger is neceffary for a common Soldier, and not for a Commander, but I fay, it is bad for both; as to the first, if it hears Reason, and obeys Orders it is not properly Anger, and if it does not, it is contumacious and mutinous. By this Argument, a Man must be angry to be valiant, covetous to be industrious, and timorous to be fafe, which makes our Reason confederate with our Passions, and it

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is all one, whether Paffion be inconfiderate or Reafon ineffectual; but it is fo far from being of Use or Advantage in the Field, that it is more dangerous there than any where elfe; for War is to be managed with Order and Caution; not Precipitation and Fancy. Whereas Anger is heedless and headstrong, and the Virtue only of barbarous Nations, which though their Bodies were stronger and hardier, were subdued by the Moderation and Discipline of the Romans. The Earth does not shew a bolder Nation than the Germans, none are braver upon a Charge, or more capable of enduring Heats and Colds; Arms are their only Delight and Exercise, for which they despise every Thing else; yet in an Encounter with our most effeminate Asian Troops, they are broken and destroy'd through their own undisciplin'd Temerity. The Huntiman is not angry with the wild Boar that he purfues. A good Swordsman keeps himself upon his Guard, and watches his Opportunity; whereas Paffion lays a Man open, and it is the principal Lesson in the Fencing-school to learn not to be angry. If Fabius had been choleric, Rome had been loft, and before he conquer'd Hannibal, he overcame himself. If Scipio had been angry, he would never have left Hannibal and his Army, who were the proper Objects of his Difpleasure, to carry the War into Africa, and so compass his End a more temperate Way; and yet his Sedateness was charged upon him as Want of Resolution. And did not Scipio Africanus the same when he spent so much Time before Numantia, to the common Grief-both of his Country and of himself, though he reduced it at last by o miserable a Famine, that the Inhabitants destroy'd hemselves, and left neither Man, Woman, nor Child to furvive the Ruins? If Anger may be fail

faid to make a Man valiant, so may Wine, Frenzy, and even Fear itself; for the greatest Coward when desperate, does the greatest Wonders. But suppose we allow that Anger by Accident may have done some good, why, so have Fevers removed some Distempers, but that Remedy is monstrous which where we are indebted to a Disease for; Poison has even preserved some; a Fall from a Precipice has

Ch.

a Tempest; but does it therefore follow, that we are to recommend fuch Experiments to common Practife. "What then, fay you, shall I not be angry when there is an avowed and proftitute Diffo-" lution of Manners; when Clodius shall be pre-" ferr'd, and Cicero rejected; Loyalty broke upon " the Wheel, and Treason sit triumphant upon " the Bench; is not this a Subject to move the " Choler of any virtuous Man?" No, by no means Virtue will not allow one Vice to be corrected by another, or that the greater Crime of Anger should presume to punish a less. Virtue makes a Man serene and chearful, and it is beneath the Dignity of a Philosopher to be transported with either Grief or Anger, besides that the End of Anger is Sorrow, the constant Effect of Difappointment and Repentance. But to examine it more narrowly, if a Man must be angry at public Wickedness, the higher Pitch that it rises to, the greater must be his Anger, and whilst there is any in the World, he must never be pleased; now this entirely makes his Quiet dependant upon the Humour or Manners of others; there is not a Day but the choleric Person will have some Cause of Displeasure either from Men, Accidents, or Business. He can't stir out of his House but he shall

meet with Criminals of all Sorts, the covetous,

faved the Lives of others, fo has a Shipwreck, or

bring out 1 If be a Hand feem ter o Paffie and v chief Mot when is to upon their **fhou** a litt or \ equa is ft: from per'c of th may out

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perfidious, and contentious; Children perfecuting their Parents, and Parents curfing their Children; the Innocent accused, the Delinquent acquitted, and the Judge doing the very Thing in the Cham-ber that he condemns upon the Bench; in short, wherever there are Men, there are Faults, and upon these Terms, Socrates himself, would never bring home the same Countenance that he carried out with him.

If Anger were allowable in any Cafe, it would be against an incorrigible Criminal under the Hands of Justice; however probable this may feem, it is not fo, for Punishment is not a Matter of Anger but Caution. The Law is without Passion, and strikes Malefactors as we do Serpents and venomous Creatures, for fear of a greater Mifchief: It demeans a Judge to express any angry Motions in his Looks, Words, and Gestures, when he pronounces the fatal Sentence. For he is to condemn the Vice, not the Man, and looks upon their Wickedness without Anger, as upon their Prosperity without Envy; but though he should not be angry, Humanity may move him a little, without derogating either from his Place or Wisdom. Our Passions vary, but Reason is equal, and it were a great Folly for that which is stable, faithful, and found, to feek Affistance from that which is uncertain, false and distemper'd; if the Offender be incurable take him out of the World, that if he will not do good, he may cease to do evil; yet this may be done without Anger. Does any Man hate an Arm or a Leg, when he cuts it off, or reckon that a Paffion, which is only a miserable Cure? We knock mad Dogs on the Head, and remove fcabby Sheep out of the Fold; yet this is not Anger, but Reafon, still to separate the fick from the found; N 2 Justice

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Justice cannot be angry, nor does the Punishment of foolish wicked Men require an angry Magistrate, for the Power of Life and Death must not be managed with Passion; we may lash an Horse that tries to throw us without being angry, for we only make use of Correction to bring him to Obedience.

Correction is absolutely necessary when bounded by Reason, for though it appears hurtful, it is really a Benefit. The evil Dispositions of the Mind, are to be dealt with like those of the Body; the Physician first tries purging and Abstinence, if that will not do, he proceeds to bleeding, and even to dismembring if the Case requires it; for no Operation can be severe, that ends in Health. The public Magistrate begins with Perfualion, and his Business is to beget a Detestation for Vice, and a Veneration for Virtue, from thence he advances to Admonition and Reproach, and then to Punishment, but moderate and revocable, unless the Wickedness is incurable, and then the Punishment must be so too. There's only this Difference, the Phylician when he cannot fave the Patient's Life, endeavours to make his Death easy; but the Magistrate aggravates the Death of the Criminal with Infamy and Difgrace; not as delighting in the Severity of it, for no good Man can be fo barbarcus, but to the End that they who do no good living, may do fome dead, for the End of all Correction is either the Amendment of wicked Men, or to prevent the Influence of ill Example. For Men are punished with a Respect to the suture, not to expiate Offences commited, but for fear of worse to come; public Offenders must be publicly executed in order to deter others. But still the Medicine should be fuited

fuited to the Disease; Infamy cures one, Pain another, and Exile a third, and Imprisonment a fourth; but there are fome that are incurable, but by the Gibbet. I would no more be angry. with a Thief, or a Traitor, than with myfelf when I open a Vein; for all Punishment, is but a moral or civil Remedy. Try a Man that is not very bad, but transgresses now and then, first with a private Reprimand, then with a public one; but if he perlists in Wickedness, for Wickedness Sake, and there is no Hope of reclaiming him, it is a Kind of Mercy to destroy him, but let not Anger interfere.

#### CHAP. VI.

The ordinary Grounds and Occasions of Anger.

HIS Life which is but at best a wand'ring and unfettled State, affords us many Occafions of Trouble and Displeasure, both great and trivial, and every Day brings some Cause or other of Offence, as a Man in a Crowd must expect to te jostled or dash'd. Our Expectation is either deceived, delay'd, or cross'd, and if every Thing does not succeed to our Wish, we presently accuse either the Person, the Business, our Fortune or ourselves. Wit makes some Persons mad, as others are enflam'd by Wine. Sickness, Weari-.ness, Watchings, Love and Care, make some People angry; fome are prone to it by Heat of Constitution; but moist, dry, and cold Complections, are more liable to other Affections, as Suspicion, Despair,

Despair, Fear, Jealousy, &c. but most of our Quarrels are of our own contriving; and indeed most of the Things that exasperate us, are rather Subjects of Difgust than Mischief. There's a wide Difference between opposing a Man's Satisfaction. and not affifting in it; between not giving, and taking away; but we look upon denying and deferring as the fame Thing, and interpret another's taking Care of himself, as if he were our Enemy. Nay, we many Times entertain an ill Opinion of well doing, and a good one of the contrary, and hate a Man for doing that very Thing which at another Time we should detest him if he did not We often take it ill, if a Brother or a Friend oppose us; when we ought rather to love them for it, and wish that they could honestly take our Parts. It is a base Thing to hate the Man whom we cannot but commend, but it is worse to hate him for the Thing that deserves Commendation; if we crave those Things which we cannot enjoy without Prejudice to another, that mutual Defire must needs set us at Variance; one Man likes my Mistress, another my Inheritance, and that which should make us Friends, makes us Enemies; I mean our being both of a Mind. The general Caufe of Anger is the Sense of an Injury simply done, or, of one which we have not deferved. Some are naturally addicted to Anger, and others only provoked to it by Occasion. The Anger of Women and Children is commonly sharp, but not permament; old Men are rather peevish, and complaining; whatfoever hurts the Body or the Mind makes a Man freward, but let it be our Care not to irritate him.

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The Subject Matter of all our Controversies are low and mean, and unworthy the Thought of a generous Man. But the greatest of all is Money; this it is that fets Fathers and Children together by the Ears, Husbands and Wives, and introduces Sword and Poifon. This makes Princes lay Cities in the Duft, to feek Gold and Silver in their Ruins. This it is that tires the Courts of Justice, and finds Work for the Judge to determine which Side is least in the wrong, and whether the Plaintiff's or the Defendant's, is the more plaufible Avarice; and all this Contention is but for Baubles, which ought to excite our Laughter rather than our Tears, To fee an old Mifer that has not an Heir in the World, ready to break his Heart for an handful of Dirt; or an old gouty Usurer, who has no Use lest of his Fingers, but just to count withal, to see him in the Extreuity of his Fit, wrangling for the odd Money in the Interest! If all that is precious in Nature, were gathered into one Mass, it is not worth the Trouble of a fober Mind. It were endless to enumerate all the ridiculous Passions that arise from Eating, Drinking, and Luxury; a Word, a Look, Jealousies, or Mistakes, shall make us act like Children that fcratch and cry for Toys, there is nothing great or ferious in it; but we fet too great a Value upon Trifles, one Man is tender of his Family; another of his Person; one would be thought an Orator, another a Philosopher. Man cannot bear Pride, nor that Opposition; the Tyrant at home, shall be as gentle as a Lamb abroad; some are offended if a Man asks a Favour of them, others if he does not. Every Manchas a weak Side, let us learn which it is, and take Care to avoid it, for the fame Thing does not

work upon all Men alike. We are moved like Beafts at the idle Appearances of Things, and the fiercer the Creature, the more it is startled; the Sight of a red Cloth enrages the Bull, and a Shadow the Asp; but some Men are more unreasonable, and take moderate Benefits for Injuries, for which they will fall out with their nearest Relations; "They have done fo, and fo, for others "they cry, and might have dealt better with us, " if they had pleased." Very true! but if it be less than they look'd for, it may be more than they deferved. Of all peccant Humours this is the worst, that will not let a Man be happy, whilft he fees another happier. I have known fome Men so weak, that they have thought a Horse contemmed them, because he was freakish with them, and went quietly with another, though perhaps, their own Unskilfulness caused it. What a filly Passion was this, to be offended at a mute Animal? for no Injury can be done us, without the Concurrence of Reason; a Beast may hurt us, as a Sword, or a Stone, but no otherwise. Others there are that will complain of foul Weather, a stormy Sea, or a hard Winter, as if they were espepecially directed to them; and then they quarrel with Providence, whose Operations are all of them for far from being injurious, that they are benef cirl to us. How vain and idle are many of thoe Things, that make us stark mad; the overtorning of a Glass, the dropping a Key, or the dragging of a Chair. How would that Man endure the Extremities of Hunger or Thirst, that flies in a Rage, only at putting a little too much Water into his Wine; the Servant's Head must be broke for it immediately, as if you had not the same Power over him an Hour hence, as you have at that Instant. The short Answer of a Wife,

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or a Menial, puts some People out of all Patience; yet they will blame the Government for not allowing them the same Liberty in public, which they deny to their own Families. If they fay nothing, it is Obstinacy; if they speak or laugh, it is Insolence; as if a Man had his Ears given him only for Music, whereas we must suffer all Sorts of Noifes, good or bad, both of Men and Beafts. How idle is it to flart at the tinkling of a Bell or the creeking of a Door, when for all this Delicacy we must endure Thunder. Neither are our Eyes less curious and fantastical than our Ears; when we are abroad we can bear foul Ways, nasty Streets, noisome Ditches; but a Spot upon a Dish at home, or an unswept Hearth, absolutely distracts us. Nothing makes us more intemperate than Luxury, that shrinks at every Stroke, and starts at every Shadow. 'Tis Death to some to have another fit above them, as if the Body were ever the more or less honest for the Seat; but they are certainly weak Creatures, who think themfelves wounded if they are but touched. One of the Sibarites, that faw a Fellow hard at Work in digging, defired him to give over for it made him weary to fee him; and it was a common Complaint with him, " that he could not reft, because " the Rose Leaves were doubled under him." When we are once weaken'd with our Pleasures, every Thing grows intollerable; and we are angry with those Things that cannot hurt us, as well as those that do. We tear a Book because it is blotted, and our Cloths because they are not well made; yet perhaps the Taylor did his best, and had no Intent to displease us; if so, why should we be angry at all? or why should we be angry with the Thing, for the Man's Sake?

What a blasphemous and sottish Extravagance was that of Caligula, who challeng'd Jupiter, for making such a Noise with his Thunder, that he could not hear his Mimicks, and invented a Machine in Imitation of it, to oppose Thunder against Thunder; a fond Conceit to imagine either thrt he could reach the Almighty, or the Almighty could not reach him.

And full as ridiculous, though not so impious, was that of Cyrus, who in his Design upon Babylon, found a River in his Way, that put a Stop to his March; the Current whereof was so strong, that it carried away one of the Horses belonging to his own Chariot, and upon this he swore that since it had obstructed his Passage, it should never hinder any Body's else, and presently set his whole Army to work upon it, which diverted it into an hundred and sourscore Channels, and lay'd it dry: In this ignoble and unprofitable Employment, he lost his Time and the Soldiers their Courage, and gave his Adversaries an Opportunity of preparing themselves, whilst he was waging War with a River instead of an Enemy.

## CHAP. VII.

Of ANGER in general, and the dangerous Effects of it.

THERE is not a more distinguishing Characteristic of a great Mind, than not to be transported to Anger by any Accident; the Clouds and the Tempests are form'd below, but all above is quiet and serene; and this is the Emblem of a brave Man

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Man that suppreffes all Provocations and lives within himself modest, venerable, and composed; whereas Anger transports a Man into all milbecoming Violences both of Body and Mind; and if we consider the Foulness and Brutality of that Vice, we must acknowledge that there is not such a Monfter in Nature, as one Man raging against another, and labouring to fink that which can never be drown'd without himself for Company: To shew the Power of this Passion, it will make a Man that is in Love even destroy his Mistress, the ambitious Man trample upon his Honours, and the covetous Man risque his Fortune, there is no Mortal free from the Danger of it, for it makes even the heavy and good natured to be herce and outragious; it invades us like a Peffilence, the lufty as well as the weak, 'tis not either Strength of Body, or a good Diet that can fecure us against it, the most learned and fober Men are infected with it. It is so potent a Paffion, that Socrates durst not trust himself with it, " Sirrah, fays he, to his Man, now would I " beat you if I were not angry with you." There is no Age or Sect that escapes; other Vices seize us by by Degrees, but this like an epidemical Contagion sweeps all. A whole Nation was never in Love with one Woman, or unanimously bent upon one Vice, but here and there some particular Men are tainted with particular Crimes; but Anger is diffused through all, a single Word many times inflames the whole Multitude, and they betake themfelves immediately to Fire and Sword; the Rabble prefumes to give Laws to their Governors, Soldiers to their Officers, turning their Arms against their Leaders, and chusing their own Generals. There is no public Council, no putting Things to the Vote; but the Mutineers gather together in a Rage, scarce giving themselves Time to name their Head, and force force into the Houses of the Nobility, putting them to Death with their own Hands; they violate the Laws of Nations, affront public Ministers, whole Cities are infected with a general Madness, and there is no Respite allow'd for the dissipating this public Tumour. In this rude and tumultuous Manner they march, conducted only by their Passions, whatever comes in their Way ferves them for Arms, till at last they pay for their licentious Rashness with the Slaughter of the whole Party, this commonly is the Event of an ill-concerted Civil War. When Men's Minds are feiz'd with the Opinion of an Injury, they fall on immediately wherefoever their Paffion leads them, without either Order, Fear, or Caution, provoking their own Destruction, and pursuing their Revenge, even with their Bodies upon the Points of their Enemies Weapons. So that Anger itself is more hurtful to us than the Injury that causes it, for one is bounded, but no Body knows where the other will stop, and those that serve Anger are the worst of Slaves, for they improve their Misfortunes by an Impatience more insupportable than the Calamity.

Nor does it rife gradually, but like a Mine blows up all in a Moment, neither does it only press to the Mark, but overbears every Thing in the Way, other Vices drive but this hurries us along, perhaps other Passions are so strong that we cannot resist them, but this consumes and destroys itself; it falls like Thunder, with an irrevocable Violence, that gathers Strength in the Passage though it evaporates in the Conclusion; other Distempers have their Intervals, but in this we are thrown down as from a Precipice; and when we are once in Motion there is no Stop till it comes to the Bottom; there is not any thing so amazing to others or destructive to itself, so proud and insolent if it succeeds, or so

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extravagant if it be disappointed, no Repulse discourages it, and for want of other Matter to work upon it falls foul upon itself, and finds the most trivial Grounds sufficient for the wildest Outrage imaginable. Some People would be Luxurious but they are poor, others lazy if they were not obliged to work. The Simplicity of a Country Life keeps many Men in Ignorance of the Frauds and Impieties of Courts and Camps; but no Nation or Condition of Men is exempt from the Impressions of Anger. Elephants are made familiar, Bulls will fuffer Children to ride upon their Backs, and playwith their Horns, Bears and Lions by good Ufage will be brought to fawn upon their Keepers. How desperate a Madness then is it for Men, after the reclaiming of the fiercest Beasts, and making them tractable and domestic to become yet worse than Beafts to one another. Alexander had two Friends, Clytus and Lysimachus, the one he exposed to a Lion, the other to himfelf, and he that was turn'd loofe to the Beaft escaped.

But let us rather bethink ourselves of Mortality, and not fquander away the little Time that we have upon Animolities and Feuds, as if it were never to be at an End. Had we not better enjoy the Pleafure of our own Life, than be still contriving how to gall and torment another? In all our Contentions we never think of our own Weakness, or that a Fever, or any little Accident may disappoint our most implacable Enmities; our Fate is at Hand, and the very Hour that we have fix'd for another Man's Death, may perhaps be prevented by our own. But why are we thus uneafy because our Servants, or our Masters, our Princes, or our Dependents have offended us? If we have a little Patience we shall be all equal, so that Ambushes or Combats are needless, our Wrath cannot go beyond

Death, and Death will undoubtedly come whether we are angry or pleafed: But suppose our Enemy is only banish'd, disgraced, or hurt a little, let the Punishment be more or less it is too long for him to be inhumanly tormented, or for us to be barbarously pleased with it. Anger like Grief will in Time fall of itself, but let us look to it betimes, for when it comes to an ill Habit, we shall never want Matter to feed it, and it is much better to overcome our Passions than to be overcome by them. We are toss'd backward and forward by our Affections like a Feather in a Storm, and by fresh Provocations the Madness becomes perpetual. Miserable Creatures! That ever our precious Hours should be so ill employ'd! How prone and eager are we in our Hatred, and how backward in our Love? Would not our Hours be better spent in making Friendships, pacifying Enemies, and doing good Offices, both public and private, than to be still meditating Mischief, and designing how to wound one Man in his Fame, another in his Fortune, or a third in his Person? One being easy, innocent, and - fafe, and the other difficult, impious and hazardous.

This untractable Passion is easier kept out than govern'd, when it is once admitted; for the Stronger will give Laws to the Weaker, and Appetite will make Reason a Slave. It is possible for a Man to be warm in Winter and cool in Summer, either by shifting the Climate, or bringing his Body to a. proper Temperament, and in like Manner he may provide against Anger; but it is certain that Virtue and Vice can never agree in the same Subject, and a Man may as well be fick and found at the fame Time as good and angry. All Quarrels must be either with our Superior, our Equal or our Inferior; to contend with our Superior is Folly and Madness, with our Equals it is doubtful and dangerous, and

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with our Inferiors it is base; and besides the Pleafure of being reputed good-natur'd, we don't know, but he that is our Enemy at present, may hereafter be our Friend; and what can be more honourable than to exchange a Feud for a Friendship? The Romans never had more faithful Allies than those that were at first their most obstinate Enemies, nor had their Empire ever arrived to fuch an Height of Power, if Providence had not mingled the Vanquished with the Conquerors; for there is an End of the Contest when one Side deserts it, so that returning à Benefit instead of Anger, puts a Period to the Controversy. But if it be our Misfortune to transgress, let not our Anger descend to the Children, Relations or Friends, even of our bitterest Enemies: this heighten'd the Cruelty of Sylla in his Proscriptions, for it is inhuman to entail the Hatred which we have to the Father upon his Poflerity; not even in the Case of Punishment is it allowable, for a wife Man is not to be an Enemy of wicked Men, but a Reprover. For he that will be angry with any Man he meets, must be displeased with all; which is as ridiculous as to quarrel with a Person for stumbling in the Dark; with one that's deaf for not doing as you bid him; or with a School-boy for loving his Play better than his Democritus laugh'd, and Heraclitus wept at the Folly and Wickedness of Mankind, but we no where read of an angry Philosopher.

Compare Anger with the worst Vices, and it is still more detestable than all of them. Avarice scrapes and gathers together what somebody will be the better for, but Anger launches out to no Advantage. An angry Master makes one Servant run away, and another hang himself, and his Choler causes him a much greater Loss than he suffers in the Occasion of it. It is the Cause of Mourning to

the Father, and Divorce to the Husband, it makes the Magistrate odious, and gives the Candidate a Repulfe. Luxury only aims at its own Pleafure, but Anger is bent upon another's Pain. The Malevolent, and the Envious, content themselves with only wishing another miserable, but it is the Business of Anger to make him so, and to wreak the Mischief itself; amongst the Powerful it breaks into open War, and into a private one, with the common People; it alters the very Nature of Man, and punishes itself in the Persecution of others, Humanity excites us to Love, this to Hatred, that, to be beneficial to others, this, to hurt them; and though it proceeds from too high a Conceit of ourselves, yet it is in Effect but a mean contemptible Affectation, especially when it meets with an Opponent hard and impenetrable, that returns the Dart upon the Head of the Caster.

Let us take a farther View of the fanguinary Effects of this hideous Diftemper, from hence come Wars, and Slaughters, Poisons and Desolation, the raifing and burning of Cities, making Defarts of populous Countries; public Massacres and Regicides, Princes led in Triumph, some murthered in their Chambers, others stabb'd in the Senate, or cut off in the Midst of their Pleasures. Some there are that take Anger for a princely Quality, as Darius, who in his Expedition against the Scythians, was intreated by a Nobleman who had three Sons, that he would be so merciful as to take only two of them into his Service, and leave the third at home for a Comfort to his Father, " I will do more than that, fays Darius, for you shall have them all three again." And then he order'd them to be stain before his Face and left him their Bodies. But Xerxes dealt a little better with Pythius who had five Sons, and defired only one of them for himfelf; Xerxes bade him take his Choice, and Pythius named the eldeft,

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eldest, whom Xerxes immediately commanded to be cut in halves, and one Part of the Body to be laid on each Side of the Way, where his Army was to pass between them; undoubtedly a most auspicious Sacrifice! but he came afterwards to the End that he deferved, for he lived to fee that prodigious. Power scatter'd and broken, and of victorious Troops furrounded with Carcases. But these perhaps you'll fay were barbarous Princes; unacquainted with Letters or Civility; what will you fay then of Alexander the Great, who was train'd up under the Instructions of Aristotle himself, and with his own Hand kill'd his favourite Clytus, in his own Palace in a drunken Debauch, for no other Crime, but because he would not degenerate from a Macedonian Freedom to a Persian Slavery; that is to say, he could not flatter. Lysimachus, another of his Friends he expos'd to a Lion; yet this very Lystmachus forgetting the Danger he had escaped, was as unmerciful when he came to reign himself: For he cut off the Ears and Nose of his Friend Telesphorus, and when he had so disfigured him that he had lost the Countenance of a Man, he threw him into a Dungeon, and there kept him to be shewn as a strange Sight, and the Place was so very low and strait, that his Sides were gall'd, and he was forc'd, to creep upon all Fours too. In this Misery he lay half-stifled in his own Filth, so odious, terrible, and loathsome a Spectacle, that Pity was lost in Horror; nothing could be more unlike a Man than the poor Wretch that fuffer'd this, except the Ty-

Nor did this merciles Disposition exert itself only, amongst Grecians, &c. but their Vices and Outrages infected the Romans too. Marius that had his, Statue set up every where, and was adored as a God, Sylla commanded his Bones to be broken, his Eyes pull'd

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pull'd out, his Hands to be cut off, and his Body to be torn to Pieces, as if every Wound had been a feveral Death, and Cataline was the Executioner; a Cruelty that was only fit for Marius to fuffer, Sylla to command, and Cataline to act; but most dishonourable and fatal to the Common-Wealth, indifferently to kill both Citizens and Enemies. We have a severe Instance too in Pife: a Soldier that had Leave to go abroad with his Comrade, came back to the Camp at his Time, but without his Companion, Pifo condemned him to die, upon Sufpicion that he had murdered him, and appointed a Centurion to see the Execution; just as the Executioner was ready to do his Office, the other Soldier appear'd, to the great Joy of the whole Field, and the Centurion bade the Executioner stop; hereupon Pifo in a Rage mounts the Tribunal, and fentenced them all three to death; the first Soldier because he was condemned; the fecond, because it was for his Sake that his fellow Soldier was condemned, and the Centurion for not obeying the Order of his fuperior Officer. An ingenious Piece of Inhumanity to contrive how to make three Criminals, where in Reality there was not one.

We read of a Persian King that caused the Noses of a whole Nation to be cut off; and perhaps they were obliged to him that he spared their Heads, And this doubtless had been the Fate of the Maerobii, if Providence had not prevented it, for using the Ambassadors of Cambyses too freely, and not accepting the flavish Terms that were offer'd them; this fo enraged Cambyfes, that he presently commanded all his Subjects that were able to bear Arms to attend him, and without either Provisions or Guides marched thro' dry and barren Defarts, almost unpassable, to be revenged; before he was gone far his Man began to complain for want of

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Food; they made a Shift with Buds of Trees, and boil'd Leather, and the like for some Time; but at last there was not a Root or a Plant to be got, or a living Creature to be seen, and then his Army was forced to undergo a Decimation for the Nourishment of the rest, and this was still worse than the Famine; notwithstanding which the passionate King went on, 'till one Part of his Army was devour'd and the other lost, and then he order'd a Retreat, searing that he himself might go at last, though he wanted no Delicacies all the while his Soldiers were taking their Chance, who should die miserably or live worse. Here was an Anger pursued against a Nation that had not wrong'd him, and scarce was known to him.

#### CHAP. VIII.

Against being irritated at Reproaches, or giving Way to Revenge.

Anger, an Injury, and a Contumely, the former is of the heavier Kind, the other flight in itself, and only troublesome to a wounded Imagination; and yet there are some that will bear Blows and even Death itself, rather than opprobious Words; a Contumely is an Indignity beneath the Consideration of the Law, and not worthy of Revenge, or so much as a Complaint; it shews an insolent haughty Nature in the Offender, and a weak insirm Mind in him that resents it; but to a wise and sober Man, it is an idle Dream, forgot as soon as past; 'tis true, it implies Contempt, but why need we mind being so to others,

if we are not to our own Consciences. We should no more be angry at the scurrile Jests of a Bust foon, than the Mother is at the Child'in her Arms, that strikes her, or abuses her, not knowing what it does; he that is truly wife, will behave himself to all Sneerers thus, and not take that as an Injury from one, which is Raillery in another; for they are but Children still, though they have green Hairs, they are indeed of a larger Size, and their Errors are grown up with them; they live without Rule, they covet without Choice, they are time. rous and unsteady; and if ever they happen to be quiet, it is more out of Fear than Reason. It's a wretched Condition to stand in Awe of every Body's Tongue, and whoever is vex'd at a Reproach, would be proud if he were commended. Slanders, Contumelies, and ill Words, are only the Clamour of our Enemies; Arrows shot at a Diftance that make a clattering upon our Armour, but do no Execution; a Man makes himself les than his Adverfary, in fancying he is contemned. Things are only ill that are ill taken, and a Man of intrinsic Worth is not better or Worse, for the Opinion of others; he that thinks himself injured, let him reason with himself in this Manner; " Either I have deserv'd this, or I have not; if I have, 'tis a Judgment; if not, 'tis an In-" justice; and the Doer of it has more Reason to be ashamed then the Sufferer." Nature has affigned every Man his Post, which he is bound in Honour to maintain, let him be never fo much pressed. Diogenes was declaiming against Anger, when an infolent young Fellow, to try if he could baffle his Philosophy, spit in his Face: "Young " Man, fays Diogenes, this does not make me " angry yet, but I am doubtful whether I should 66 be fo or no." Some are fo impatient, that they cannot

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annot bear a Contumely even from a Woman, whose trifling Ornaments and artificial Beauty, espeak a Littleness that may vindicate her from many Indecencies, without much Modesty or Difretion; nay, they will lay it to Heart, even from he meanest Servant. How wretched is that Man whose Peace lies at the Mercy of the People? A Physician is not angry at the Intemperancies of a nad Patient, nor does he take it ill to be railed t by a Man in a Fever; and a wife Man will treat Mankind as a Phyfician does his Patients, and look mon them only as fick and extravagant, nor heed heir Words whether good or bad, attending still his Duty in all Offices that may conduce to their Recovery; he values the Scorn of powerful Men s little as their Quality, and looks upon them as People in an Access of a Fever; if a rich Man or Beggar reverences him, or takes no notice of him, It is equal; their Honours and their Injuries he counts much alike, without rejoicing at one or grieving at the other.

The best Way to avoid Contumelies is to parion all Offences where there is any Sign of Repentanceor, or Hopes of Amendment; for we hould not behave in Injuries as in Benefits, and requite one with another; it is the Part of a a great Mind to despise Injuries, and it is a Species of Revenge to neglect a Man as not worth it, belides that refenting it makes the Aggressor too confiderable; it is hard if Philosophy cannot make us attain to as high a Pitch, as Nature does some Beafts; a generous Mastiff will hear the Barking of a thousand whishing Curs, and take no Notice of them; if our Superior does us an Injury let us bear it with Patience, and without Thoughts of Revenge; let us receive it too with a chearful Countenance, and look as if we did not un-

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derstand it; for if we appear to be sensible, we shall be fure to have more of it; and it is the Humour of great Men, that whom they wrong, they are fure to hate. It was well answer'd of an old Courtier, that was ask'd, how he had kept fo long in Favour? "By receiving Injuries. " fays he, and making no Complaint." Some take it for an Argument of Greatness, to have Revenge in their Power; but he is far from being great, that is under the Dominion of Anger, for he cannot be faid to be free; and whatever Pleasure some may take in it, a Desire of Revenge is the

Confession of an Infirmity.

It is an odd fantastical Humour, that the same Jest which makes us merry in private, should enrage us in public, and we will not allow the Liberty we take; a Jeer upon a Squint-eye, or a Hump-back, or any personal Defect, passes for a Reproach; and why may we not hear of it as well as fee it; if a Man mimicks our Gait or Speech, it puts us out of all Patience, as if the Counterfeit were more grievous than the doing of the Thing itself; some cannot endure to hear of their Age, nor others of their Poverty; and they make it more taken notice of by their defiring to hide it. You complain that a bitter Jest was broke upon you at the Tavern; keep better Company then, for in the Freedom of their Cups, the foberest Men will hardly preserve Decency. You are angry that the Porter refuses you Admittance to his Lordship; Will any but a Madman quarrel with a Cur for barking, when he may pacify him with a Crust? Fidus Cornelius, a tall thin Fellow, fell a crying in the Senate House, at Corbulo's faying, that he look'd like an Offrich. He was a Man that did not heed a Satire upon his Life

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Life and Manners, but a Reflection upon his Perfon, was worse than Death to him. No Man is ridiculous to others, that laughs at himself first; it prevents Mifchief, and is a spiteful Disappointment of those that take Pleasure in such Abuses. Vatimus was a Man formed for Scorn and hatred, scurrilous and impudent to the last Degree, but most abusively witty, and withal was very deformed and full of Difeases; his Way was always to begin to make Sport with himself, and so he prevented the Mockeries of other People. There are none more abusive to others, than they that lie most open to it themselves; and he that laughs at me Today, fomebody will laugh at him To-morrow, but there are some Freedoms that will never go down with some Men.

Afiaticus Valerius, one of Caligula's particular Friends, and a proud Man, that could not eafily digest an Affront, Caligula told him in public, how sportive his Wife was in Bed. Heavens! that ever any Man should hear this, or a Prince speak it, especially to a Man of consulor Authority, a Friend, and a Husband; and at once to own his Difgust, and his Adultery. Chareas the Tribune had a weak broken Voice like an Hermaphrodite, when he came to Caligula for the Word, he would give him fometimes Venus, other whiles Priapus, as a Slurr upon him both Ways. Valerius was afterwards the principal Instrument in the Conspiracy against him; and Chæreas to convince him of his Manhood, at one Blow cleft him down the Chine with his Sword. No Man was fo forward as Caligula to break a Jeft, nor any Man fo unwilling to bear one.

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# CHAP. IX.

Cautions against Anger in Education, Company, and other general Rules of preventing it, both in ourselves and others,

OUR Discourse upon this Subject, may be comprized under two Heads; first, that we take Care not to fall into Anger; and fecondly, that we do not transgress in it. As we have some Medicines for Preservatives when we are well, and others for Restoratives when we are sick; so it is one Thing not to admit it, and another to overcome it. In order to the first, we are to avoid all Provocations, and the Beginnings of Anger; for if we are once down, it is a hard Task to get up again. When our Passion has got the better of Reason, and the Enemy is received into the Gates, we cannot expect that the Conqueror should take Conditions from the Prisoner; and Reason when thus master'd, turns immediately into Paffion. A careful Education is a great Matter, for our Minds are easily form'd in our Youth; but it is very hard to cure ill Habits, besides that we are enflamed by Climate, Constitution, Company, and a thousand other Accidents, that we are not aware of.

The Choice of a good Nurse and Tutor, is a main Point, for the Sweetness both of the Blood and Manners will pass into the Child; there is nothing breeds Anger more than a foft effemi-

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nate Education, and 'tis very feldom feen, that either the Mother's or School-Mafter's Darling ever comes to good; but the young Gentleman when he comes into the World, behaves himfelf like a choleric Coxcomb, for Flattery and a great Fortune nourish Peevishness. But it is a nice Point, fo to check the Seeds of Anger in a Child as not to break his Spirit, therefore we must obferve a Medium between Licence and Severity. that he be neither too much embolden'd nor depress'd. Commendation gives him Courage and Confidence, but then there is Danger of blowing him up to Infolence and Wrath. Inure him to a Familiarity where he has any Emulation, and in all his Exercises let him understand, that it is generous to overcome his Competitor, but not to hurt him; allow him to be pleased, but not transported with too high a Conceit of himself; never put him upon a Necessity of begging any Thing basely, or if he does let him go without it; chide him for whatever he does amis, and make him betimes acquainted with the Fortune the was born to. Let his Diet be cleanly but sparing, and cloath him like the rest of his Fellows; for by placing him upon that Equality at first, he will be less proud afterwards, and confequently less waspish and quarreliome.

In the next Place, let us that are grown up take Care of Temptations, that we cannot refift, and Provocations that we cannot bear, and especially of capricious Company, for a cross Humour is contagious; not that a Man will always be the better for a quiet Conversation, since we see that an angry Disposition will be troublesome to itself, when it has nothing else to work upon. We should therefore chuse a sincere, easy, and temperate Companion, that will neither provoke Anger

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nor return it; for it is not enough to be gentle, fubmissive, and humane, without Integrity and plain Dealing; and Flattery is offensive, which some mistaking, run into a contrary Excess, and had rather have a Curse than a Compliment. Calius a passionate Orator, had a Friend of singular Patience at Supper with him, who had no Way to avoid a Quarrel, but by assenting to all that Calius said; Calius took this ill, " speak something against me, fays he, that we may dispute," and he was angry

with him because he would not.

The Man that is naturally addicted to Anger, should use a moderate Diet and abstain from Wine; for it is but adding Fire to Fire. Gentle Exercises and Diversions, temper and sweeten the Mind: Severe Studies, as Law, Mathematicks, &c. are not good for him; too much Intention preys upon the Spirits and makes him eager. But Poetry, History, and those lighter Entertainments, may give him Diversion and Relief. He that would live at Ease, must not venture at Things out of his Reach, or attempt a Burthen beyond his Strength; for if he does, he will flagger, or throw it upon the next Man he meets. Apply this to civil and domestick Affairs; whatever we defign, we should first compare our Force with the Undertaking, for it vexes a Man not to go through with his Work; and a Repulse inflames a generous Nature, as it makes a phlegmatic one fad. have advised a Man to look in a Glass when the angry Fit is on him, and the very Sight of his own Deformity has cured him. Many that are troublesome in their Liquor, and know their own Infirmity, order their Servants before-hand to take them away by Force for Fear of Mischief, and not to heed them; if we judge right, there needs no more to the Cure, than the bare Confideration of it;

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it; if an Horse kick, or a Dog bite, shall a Man kick or bite again? Because they are void of Reason, must we be so too? No, whilst we are among Men let us cherish Humanity, and so live that none may be either in Fear or Danger of us. Reproaches and Calumnies are but short Inconveniences, and we should bear them with Resolution, besides that some People are above our Anger, and others below it.

Patience and Confideration are the most effectual Remedies against Anger; let but the first Feryour abate, and the Mist that darkens the Mind will be either lessen'd or dispell'd; a Day, nay an Hour, does much in the most violent Cases, and perhaps totally suppresses it. Time discovers the Truth of Things, and turns that into Judgment, which at first was Anger. Plato was about to ftrike his Servant, and even when his Hand was up-lifted check'd himself. A Friend of his took Notice of it, and ask'd him what it mean'd; "I " am now, fays Plato, punishing an angry Man." So that whilft he restrain'd his own Anger, he left. his Servant, to chaftise himself. Another Time when a Servant had committed a great Fault, " Speusippus, fays he, do you beat that Fellow for I am angry with him," and forbore striking him for the very Reason that would have made another Man have done it. "I am angry, fays he, and " shall go farther than becomes me;" nor is it fit that a Servant should be in his Power, that is not his own Master. Who would trust an angry Man with Revenge, when Plato durst not venture himself. Let us do our best to overcome it, and in order to that, let us keep it close without giving it vent. If an angry Man gives himself Liberty, he will always go too far; if it once shews itself in the Eye or the Countenance, it has got the better of

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us; contrary Dispositions are the best to oppose it, which we must put on by Force; calm Looks, foft Speech, an eafy and deliberate proceeding, and by little and little we may possibly bring our Thoughts into a fober Conformity with our Actions. When Socrates was angry, he would take himself in, and speak low in Opposition to his Displeasure; His Friends would take Notice of it, but it was rather to his Credit than Difadvantage, that fo many should know that he was angry, and no Body feel it; which could not have been, if he had not given his Friends the same Liberty of Admonition which he himself took. And this Course we should take, defiring our Friends not to flatter our Follies, but to treat us with all Liberties of Reprehension, even when we are least willing to bear it. Against fo powerful and infinuating an Evil, we should call for Help while we have Eyes in our Heads, and are yet Masters of ourselves. Moderation is profitable for Subjects, but more for Princes, who have the Means of executing all that their Anger prompts them too; when that Power comes once to be exercised to a common Mischief, it can never long continue, a common Fear joining in one Cafe all their divided Complaints.

Nor is it enough that we are found ourselves, unless we endeavour to make others so, wherein we must suit the Remedy to the Temper of the Patient. Anger in some is to be treated with Artifice and Address, in some it must be openly opposed, and in others we must yield a little to the Disposition of the Person; some are moved by Intreaties and Delays, others by meer Shame and Conviction. Other Affections may be dealt with at Leisure, for they proceed gradually, but this commences and grows to a Height in the same Moment; it does not like other Passions sol-

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licit and mislead us, but it runs away with us by Force, and hurries us on by an irrefiftable Temerity, as well to our own as another's Ruin; not only flying in the Face of him that provokes us, but like a Torrent, bearing down all before it. There is no encountring the first Heat and Fury of it, the best Way is to give it Time and Rest, and let it spend itself; but however, let all Instruments of Revenge be put out of the Way. In fome Cases it may not be amis, to seem angry too, and join with him, not only in the Opinion of an Injury, but in the feign'd Contrivance of a Revenge; but this must be a Person that has some Authority over him, and may be a Way of getting Time, by advising him to some greater Punishment to delay the present. If the Passion be outragious, try what Fear or Shame can do; if weak, it is no hard Matter to amuse it, by strange Stories, grateful News, or pleafant Discourses; Deceit in this Case is Friendship, where Men must be cozen'd to be cured.

The Injuries that press hardest upon us, are those which we have not deserved or expected; and this arises from the Love of ourselves, for every Man assumes a Prerogative in this Case which does not belong to him, and practises all Liberties, though he'll allow none. What Novelty is it for People to do ill Things, an Enemy to hurt us, a Servant to transgress, or a Friend to prove treacherous, ungrateful, covetous or impious? Our Joys are mingled with Tears, and a Tempest may rise out of a Calm, but a skilful Pilot will be

provided for both.

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#### CHAP. X.

### Against rash Judgment.

TT behoves every Man to guard against his own Weakness, and if he loves Peace, not to be inquisitive and hearken to Tale-bearers, for he that is over curious to hear and fee every Thing, multiplies Trouble to himself, and what a Man does not know, he does not feel; but he that is always lift'ning after what People fay of him can never be quiet; how many Things that are innocent of themselves, are made injurious by Misconstruction? therefore fome Things we are to paufe upon, others to laugh at, and others to pardon; or if we cannot avoid the Senfe of Indignities, let us however shun the open Profession; which may be easily done, as appears by feveral Examples. It is a good Caution not to believe any Thing till we are very certain of it, for many Probabilities prove false, and a short Time will evince us of Truth, but we are prone to believe many Thing which we are unwilling to hear, and so we conclude, and take un a Prejudice before we can judge: never condemn a Friend unh ard, or without letting him know his Accuser of his Crime. It is a common Thing for a Mischiefmaker to tell a fcandalous Story, and defire the Person not to speak of it, by which Means Friends are fet at Variance, and the Informer kept fecret; but never hearken to fuch Tales, for it is an unjust Thing to believe in private, and to be angry openly; to deliver ourselves up to guess and conjecture, is to run a great Hazard; for there can he no Sufpicion, without without some probable Grounds, so that without Candour, and making the best of every Thing, there is no living socially with Mankind. Some Things that offend us, we have by Report, others we see or hear; let us not be too credulous in the first Case, for some People frame Stories on Purpose to deceive us, others only tell them by Hearsay, and are deceived themselves, some make it their Sport Sport to do ill Offices, others do it to curry Favour; there are some that would part the dearest Friends in the World, others love to do Mischief, and stand at a Distance to see what becomes of it. If it be a small Matter I would have Witnesses, but if it be a greater, I would have it upon Oath, and Time and Counsel to the Accused, and hear it over and over

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In those Cases, where we ourselves are Witnesses. we fhould confider all the Circumstances. If a Child, it was Ignorance; if a Woman, Weakness; If a Judge, he acts according to Law; if a Prince, I must submit, either, if Guilty, to Justice, or if Innocent to Fortune; If a Brute, I make myfelf one by imitating it; if the Injury is done by Command it is a Necessity; if a Calamity or Disease, Patience is the best Relief; if Providence, it is both impious and vain to be angry at it; if a good Man I'll make the best of it; if a bad one why should I wonder? Nor is it only by Tales and Stories that we are enflam'd, but by Suspicions, Countenances, and even a Look and a Smile. In these Cases let us suspend our Displeasure, and plead the Cause of the Absent, perhaps he is innocent, or if not, I have Time to consider of it, and may take my Revenge at Leifure, but when once executed it is not to be recalled; a jealous Man will apply that to himself which was never meant him; let us 0 4

therefore check ourselves and not be over-credulous; by this Method we shall not be easily imposed on, or troubled about worthless Things, as the loit'ring of a Servant, or the spilling of a Glass of Wine, for it is downright Madness to be diforder'd at fuch Fooleries. But we confider the Thing done and not the Doer. Perhaps he did it unwillingly or by chance, or he was forced to it, he did it for Reward perhaps, not for Hatred; and some Regard ought to be had to the Age of the Person or to Fortune, and we must consult Humanity and Candour in the Case. One does me a great Mischief accidentally, another a small one by Design, or perhaps none though he intended it, the latter was more in Fault, but I'll be angry with neither; we must distinguish between what a Man cannot do. and what he will not; 'tis true he has once offended me, but how often has he pleased me. Is he my Friend? Why then twas against his Will, if he is my Enemy it is no more then I look'd for: Let us give Way to wife Men and not squabble with Fools, and confider that we have all of us our Errors: No Man is so circumspect or fearful of offending, but he has much to answer for; a generous Prisoner cannot immediately comply with all the fordid and laborious Offices of a Slave; a Footman cannot keep Pace with a running Horse; and he that is overwatch'd may be allow'd to be drow-Sy. All these Things are to be weigh'd before we comply with the first Impulse. If it is my Duty to love my Country, I must also be kind to my Countrymen; if a Veneration is due to the Whole, fo alfo is Piety to particular Parts, and it is the common Interest to preserve them, we are all Members of one Body, and it is as natural to help each other, as the Hands the Feet, or the Eyes the Hands; withons - 2 1 1 2

## Ch. x. Against rash Judgment, &c. 297

without the Love and Care of Particulars, the Whole can never be preserv'd, and we must spare one another for the Good of Society; let us therefore make it a Rule never to deny a Pardon that does no Hurt either to the Giver or Receiver, and if we are not to condemn any Thing which is a national Custom, why should we those Things

which are common to all Mankind?

It is a Sort of spiteful Comfort, that whoever does me an Injury may receive one, and tho' he is fuperior, to me there is a Power above him; as it is fome Satisfaction to a Man in a mean Condition, that there is no Security in a prosperous one, and as the Lofs of a Son in a Village, is borne with more Patience upon the Sight of a Funeral carry'd out of a Palace, fo Injuries and Contempts are more tolerable to a poor Person, when he considers that the greatest Men and Fortunes are not exempt, the wifeft Mortal has his Failings, and any Man may make the fame Excuse, we should all bethink ourfelves how remifs we have been in our Duty, how immedest in our Discourses, how intemperate in our Cups, as well as extravagant in our Paffions. Let us clear ourselves of this Evil, and root out those Vices, of which, if we leave the least Sucker they will grow again, we must expect every Thing, that we may not be furprized: it is Shame, fays Fabius, for a Commander to excuse himself by faying, I was not aware of this.

### CHAP XI.

Apply every Thing to yourself before you accuse another Man.

T is not prudent to deny a Pardon to any Man. L without first examining whether we don't stand in need of it ourselves; for we may be forced to ask it perhaps even at his Feet to whom we refuse it; but we are willing enough to do what we are unwilling to fuffer. It is unreasonable to charge public Vices upon particular Persons, for we are all of us wicked, and that which we blame in others we find in ourselves, 'tis a wicked World, and we all bear part in it; " Such a Man we cry " has done me a shrewd Turn, and I never did "him any Hurt," allowing this, I have done Mischief to other People, and may perhaps live to do as much to him as that amounts to. "Such " an one has spoken ill Things of me," but I first spoke ill of him, as I do of many others; this is not an Injury but a Repayment. How many good Offices are there that look like Injuries, and how many have been reconciled and good Friends, after a profest Hatred?

Before we lay any Thing to Heart, let us afk ourselves if we have not done the same Thing to others; but where shall we find an equal Judge? The Adulterer will not fuffer his own Wife to be fo much as look'd upon. No Man is fiercer against Calumny than the Slanderer, and those who are most licentious themselves, will strictly examine the Modesty of a Servant; we carry our Neighbours Crimes in Sight, but throw our own be-

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### Ch. xi. Of Self Application. &c. 299

hind us; the Intemperance of a bad Son, is chastiz'd by a worse Father; the Tyrant exclaims against Homicide, and the sacrilegious Man against Thest.

Some Things cannot hurt us, and others will' not; the Discipline and Reproof of good Magistrates, Parents or Tutors, we are to esteem as Abstinence, Bleeding, or any Thing else that may do us good; in which we are not fo much to reckon what we fuffer, as what we have done: I take it ill, fays one, and I have done nothing, fays another, when at the same Time we make our first Error worse by Arrogance and Contumacy. We are apt to cry, " what Law have we " transgress'd?" As if the Letter of the Law were the Sum of our Duty, and Piety, Humanity, Liberality, Justice and Faith, were Things beside our Business; no, the Rule of human Duty is of greater Latitude, and we have many Obligations that are not in the Statute Books, and yet we fall short of the Exactness of that legal Innocence. We have intended one Thing and done another, wherein only the Want of Success has kept us from being criminal: This should make us favourable to Delinquents, and whilst we forgive ourselves, not permit us to accuse the Gods, of whom we feem to have harder Thoughts, intaking those to be particular Evils directed to us which are common to Mortality; in short, no Man living can absolve himself to his Conscience, though perhaps he may to the World. We are all doom'd to Pain, and Difeases, and to Death too. which is no more than quitting the Prison of the Soul. But why should a Man complain of Bondage, that wherefoever he looks, has a Way open to Liberty? There's Freedom in the Bottom of that Sea, that River, or that Well; it hangs upon every

every crooked Bough, and not only a Man's Throat or his Heart, but every Vein opens a Passage to it.

To conclude, where my own Virtue fails me, I will have Recourse to Examples, and say to myfelf; Am I greater than Philip or Augustus, who have both put up greater Reproaches? many have pardon'd their Enemies, and shall not I forgive a Neglect, a little Freedom of the Tongue? The Patience of a fecond Thought does the Bufiness, for though the first Shock be violent, take it in Parts and it is subdued; or to wind up all, the great Bufiness of Mankind in every Respect, is to do as he would be done by.

## CHAP. XII.

## Of Cruelty.

THERE is so near an Affinity between An-I ger and Cruelty, that many People confound them; as if Cruelty were only the Execution of Anger in fatisfying a Revenge, which though it holds good in some Cases, does not in all; for there are some Men, that take Delight in spilling human Blood, and in the Death of those that never did them an Injury, nor could be fo much as fufpected of it; as Apollodorus, Phalaris, Sinis, Procrustes, and others that burnt Men alive, whom we cannot fo properly call angry, as brutal. For Anger necessarily pre-supposes an Injury either done, conceived, or feared; but the other takes Pleafure in tormenting, without fo much as pretending any Provocation to it, and kills meerly for killing Sake; the Original of Cruelty, might perhaps,

be Anger, which by frequent Exercise and Custom, has loft all Sense of Humanity and Mercy; and when they are come to this Pitch, they have not the Countenance and Appearance of Anger, for they will laugh, rejoice, and entertain themselves with the most horrid Spectacles, as Racks, Chains, Gibbets, Dilacerations of Members, stigmatifing, throwing to wild Beafts, and other exquisite Inventions of Torture. And yet at last the Cruelty itself, is more odious than the Means by which it works; it is a bestial Madness to love Mischief, besides that it is womanish to rage and tear; a generous Beaft will fcorn to do it, when it has any Thing in his Mercy; it is the Vice of Wolves and Tigers, and no less abominable to the World than dangerous to itfelf.

The Romans had their Morning and Afternoon Spectacles; in the former they had their Combats of Men with wild Beafts, and in the latter the Men fought one with another. " I went fays " Seneca, the other Day to the Meridian Specta-" cles, in Hopes of meeting some Mirth and Di-" version, to soften the Humours of those, who " had been entertained with Blood in the Morn-"ing; but it proved otherwise, for compared " with this Inhumanity the former was a Mercy, " the whole Bufiness was only Murder upon Mur-" der; the Combatants fought naked, and every "Blow was a Wound; they did not contend for " Victory, but Death, and he that kills one Man " is to be kill'd by another: Burn that Rogue " they cry, what is he afraid of his Flesh? Do " but see, how sneakingly that Rascal dies?" But look to yourselves Gentlemen, consider on't, who knows but this may come to be your own Case, wicked Exemples feldom fail of coming home at

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may be dangerous, but to murder whole Nations is only a more glorious Wickedness. Private Avarice and Rigour are condemned; but when Oppression is authorised by an Act of State, and publickly commanded, though particularly forbidden it becomes a Point of Hononr and Dignity, Is it not a Shame for Men to worry one another, when even the fiercest Beasts are at Peace with their own Kind ? This brutal Fury puts Philofophy itself to a Stand; the Drunkard, the Glutton, the Covetous, may be reduced; but the Mischief is, that no Vice keeps itself within proper Bounds; Luxury runs into Avarice, and when the Reverence of Virtue is extinguished, Men will flick at Nothing that carries Profit along with it; Man's Blood is fhed in Wantonness, his Death is a Spectacle for Entertainment, and his Groans are the Music. When Alexander deliver'd up Lysima. chus to a Lion, how glad would he have been to have his Teeth and Nails to devour him himfelf? But perhaps he thought it would too much have derogated from the Dignity of his Wrath, to have appointed a Man for the Execution of his Friend; private Cruelties cannot do much Mischief, but in Princes they are a War against Mankind.

Caligula would make a common Practice of putting Senators and Roman Knights to the Torture for his Diversion, that Emperor, who wish'd the People of Rome had but one Neck, that he might behead them at one Blow; Cruelty was all his Study and Joy, and he would not give the expiring Wretches leave to groan; but caused their Mouths to be stopp'd with Sponges, or for Want of them with Rags of their own Cloaths, that they might not so much as breathe out their last Pangs at Liberty; dreading perhaps, least the Tormented should speak something that the Tormentor had

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no Mind to hear. Nay, he was so impatient of Delay, that he would frequently rife from Supper to have Men kill'd by Torch-light, as if his Life and Death had depended upon their Dispatch before the next Morning. Several Fathers were put to Death by him, in the fame Night with their Sons, which he faid was Mercy to prevent their Mourning. Sylla's Cruelty was as enormous, which only flopp'd for Want of Enemies; he caused seven Thousand of Rome's Citizens to be slaughter'd at once, and when some of the Citizens were startled at their Cries, which were heard in the Senate-House. " Let us mind our Business, says Sylla, " this is nothing but a few Mutineers, that I " have order'd to be difpatch'd out of the Way." When Hannibal said that it was a glorious Spectacle to see the Trenches flow with human Blood, would he not have been more delighted, if the Rivers had done the fame?

Amongst the detestable Speeches that are committed to Posterity, I know of none worse than the tyrannical Maxim, "Let them, hate me if they fear me." Not confidering, that they who are kept in Fear are both malicious and mercenary, and only wait for an Opportunity to change their Master; beside that, he who is terrible to others, is likewise afraid of himself. It is common for a Tyrant to be destroy'd by his own Guards, which is no more than putting the Crimes in Practice, which they learned of their Masters. How many Slaves have revenged themfelves of their cruel Oppressors, though they were fure to die for it; but when it comes once to a popular Tyranny, whole Nations conspire against it; for he that threatens all, is in Danger of all, and a Prince should consider that his Cruelty en-

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creases the Number of his Enemies; for by destroying some of them, he entails an hereditary Hatred upon the Friends and Relations of those that are taken away; then he must continue wieked upon Necessity, for there's no going back, fo that he stills lives in Fear, though he betakes himself to Arms; he can neither trust his Friends nor his Children, but dreads Death and wishes it, and becomes a greater Terror to himself than he is to his People. It is enough to make Cruelty detestable, only to think that it paffes all Bounds both of Custom and Humanity, and is followed close by Sword and Poison. A private Malice indeed does not move whole Cities, but what extends to all is every Body's Concern. One fick Perfon is no great Diffurbance in a Family, but from a general Peftilence all People fly; and how can a Prince expect any Man to be good, whom his Example teaches to be wicked?

But, what if it were fafe to be cruel? The very State of fuch a Government is horrid, where every Thing is like a fack'd City, nothing but Sorrow, Trouble, and Confusion: Men dare not so much as trust their Friends with their Pleasures; there is not any Entertainment fo innocent, but it affords Pretence of Crime and Danger. People are betray'd at their Tables and in their Cups, and drawn from the very Theatre to the Prison. Madness is it to be still raging and killing, to have the rattling of Chains always in our Ears, bloody Spectacles before our Eyes, and to carry Terror and Dismay wherever we go? If Lions and Serpents were to rule over us, this would be the Manner of their Government, though they would agree better amongst themselves. It is reckon'd a Mark of Greatness to burn Cities and

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nd ay lay whole Kingdoms waste; nor is it for the Honour of a Prince to appoint a single Man to be kill'd, but they must have whole Legions to work upon. Though it is not the Spoils of War or bloody Trophies that make a Prince glorious, but the divine Power of preserving Peace and Unity; Ruin without Distinction is more properly the Business of a general Deluge, or a Conslagration. Neither does sierce and inexorable Anger, become the supreme Magistrate; Greatness of Mind is always meek and humble, but Cruelty is a Mark and Effect of Weakness, and brings a Governor to the Level of a Subject.

### The End of the THIRD PART.



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# SENECA.

PART IV.

Of CLEMENCY.

HE Excellence of this Virtue is confess'd by all Men, as well by the voluptuous who think every Man was made for himself, as by the Stoics that make Man a sociable Creature, born for the common Good of Mankind; for of all Dispositions it is the most quiet and peaceable: But before we enter further upon the Discourse, let us examine what Clemency is, that we may distinguish it from Pity, which is a Weakness, tho many Times mistaken for a Virtue, and then let us try to bring the Mind to the Habit and Exercise of it.

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Clemency is a favourable Disposition of the Mind in inflicting Punishment, or a Moderation that remits somewhat of the Penalty incurr'd; as Pardon is the total Remission of a deserv'd Punishment. We must be careful not to consound Clemency with Pity, for as Religion worships God, and Superstition profanes that Worship; so Pity proceeds from a Narrowness of Mind, that respects rather the Fortune than the Cause: It is a Kind of moral Sickness contracted from other People's Missfortunes, a Weakness like laughing or yawning for Company; 'I'll give a Ship-wreck'd Man a Plank, a Lodging to a Stranger, or a Piece of Money to him that wants it; I will sooth my Friend, yet not weep with him, but treat him with Con-

stancy and Humanity.

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It is objected by some, that Clemency is an infignificant Virtue, and that only the Bad are the better for it, for the Good have no Need of it; but as Phylic is useful only among the Sick, yet the Healthy esteem it; so the Innocent have a Reverence for Clemency, though Criminals are properly the Object of it: And on the other Hand a Man may be innocent and have Occasion for it too, for by the Accidents of Fortune or Conditions of the Times, Virtue itself may come to be in Danger. What a Solitude would the most populous City or Nation be, if none should be left there, but those that could stand the Test of severe Inflice? We should have neither Judges nor Accusers, none either to grant Pardon or to ask it; we are all Sinners more or less, and he that has best purg'd his Conscience was brought by Errors to Repentance. There is a Tenderness to be used even towards our Slaves, and those that we have bought with our Money, how much more then to free and honest Men, that are rather under

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our Protection than Dominion? Not that I would have it so general neither, as not to distinguish between the good and the bad, for that would introduce a Consusion and give Encouragement to Wickedness; it must therefore have Respect to the Quality of the Offender, and separate the curable from the desperate, for it is an equal Cruelty to pardon all, and to pardon none: Where the Matter is upon a Poise, let Mercy turn the Scale, for if all wicked Men should be punished, who

would escape?

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Though Mercy and Gentleness of Nature keeps all in Peace and Tranquility even in a Cottage, yet it is much more beneficial and conspicuous in a Palace; private Men in their Condition, are likewise private in their Virtues and their Vices; but the Actions of Princes are the Subject of public Rumour, and therefore they had need take Care what Occasion they give People for Discourse. There is the Government of a Prince over his People' a Father over his Children, a Master over his Scholars, an Officer over his Soldiers. He is an unnatural Father, that for every Trifle beats his Children. Which is the better Master, he that rages at a Scholar for missing a Word in a Lesson, or he that tries by Admonition and fair Words to instruct and reform him? An outragious Officer makes his Men desert. A skillful Rider brings his Horfe to his Paces, by mingling fair Means with foul, but to be perpetually switching and spurring, makes him vicious and jadish; and shall we not have more Care of Men than Beafts? it breaks the Hope of generous Inclinations, when they are depress'd by Servility and Terror, there is no Creature so hard to be pleased with ill Usage as Man. Clemency V.

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Clemency does well with all, but best with Princes; for it makes their Power beneficial. which otherwise would be the Pest of Mankind; it establishes their Greatness, when they make the Good of the Public their particular Care, and employ their Power for the Safety of the People. The Prince in Effect is but the Soul of the Community, as the Community is only the Body of the Prince; fo that in being merciful to others, he is tender to himself; nor is any Subject so mean, but he feels the Loss of him as a Part of his Empire; he is not only entrusted with the Lives, but the Reputations of his People, and allowing all Virtues to be equal in themselves, yet it cannot be deny'd, but that they may be more beneficial to Mankind in one Person than in another.

A Beggar may be as magnanimous as a King, for what can be greater or braver than to baffle ill Fortune? But this does not imply, that a Man in Authority and Plenty, has not more Matter to work upon than a private Person, and Generosity is more taken Notice of in an exalted Station than a mean one. When a gracious Prince shews himself to his People, they do not fly from him as a Tyger, that had rous'd himself out of his Den, but they worship him as a benevolent Influence; they fecure him against all Conspiracies, and interpose their Bodies between him and Danger; they guard him while he fleeps, and defend him in the Field against his Enemies; nor is this unanimous Agreement of Love and Loyalty without Reason, for the Safety of a good Prince is the Interest of the People; Life or Death are in his Words, and his Sentence stands good right or wrong; if he be angry, no Body dares advise him, and if he does amis, who shall call him to an Account? He therefore, that has so much Mis-

chief in his Power, and applies that Power to the common Utility and Comfort of his People, diffusing Clemency and Goodness into their Hearts, what can be a greater Bleffing than fuch a Prince? Any Man may kill another against the Law, but only a Prince can fave him fo. Let him deal with his Subjects, as he defires God should deal with him; if Heaven should be inexorable to Sinners and deftroy all without Mercy, what Flesh would be fafe? but as the Faults of great Men are not presently punished with Thunder from above, let them have a like Regard to their Inferiors here upon Earth; he that has a Revenge in his Power and does not use it, is the great Man. Which is a more beautiful and agreeable State, a calm, temperate, and clear Day, or that of Light. ning, Thunder and Tempests? and this is the Diference between a moderate and a turbulent Government. 'Tis for low and vulgar Spirits to brawl and transport themselves, but it does not suit with the Majesty of a Prince, to launch out into an Intemperance of Words. Government itself, is but a more illustrious Servitude; but he that uses it as he should, takes as much Delight to make it comfortable to his People, as glorious to himself; he is affable and easy of Access, his very Countenance makes him the Joy of the People's Eyes, and the Delight of Mankind; he is beloved, defended, and reverenced by all his Subjects, and Men speak as well of him in private as in public; he is fafe without Guards, and the Sword is rather his Ornament than Defence. It is not Flattery to call a Prince the Father of his Country, the Titles of Great and August are only Compliment; but in calling him Father, we remind him of that Moderation and Indulgence which

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which he owes to his Children, and like a good Father he will make many Experiments to try if he can reclaim his Son before he proceeds to Extremities. His Subjects are his Members, and if there must be an Amputation let him come slowly to six even when the Part is off let him wish it on again, and grieve in the doing of it; He that passes a Sentence presently, does it willingly, and there is an

Injustice in the Excess.

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How glorious are the Contemplations of a merciful Prince, when he confiders the vast Multitudes of People whose divided Passions would throw all into Confusion, and destroy themselves and Order too if the Band of Government did not restrain them; How bleffed a Reflection must it be when he can examine his Conscience and say, "It is the Di-" rection of Providence that I am here made God's "Deputy upon Earth, the Arbitrator of Life and " Death, and upon my Word depends the Fortune " of my People, My Lips are the Oracles of their " Fate and upon them hang the Destinies both of " Cities and Men, from Me they feek Prosperity " and Protection, Thousands of Swords are drawn " or sheathed at my Pleasure, their Freedom or " Slavery depends upon my Will, and yet in this " arbitrary Power of acting without Controll, I "was never transported to do any cruel Thing either by Anger in myself or the Rashness and " Provocations of others, I was never moved by " the odious Vanity of making myself terrible by " my Power.

"My Sword has scarce ever been drawn, and I have always been tender of shedding Blood; I I have been flow to Severity, and prone to fore give, some I have pardoned for their Youth, o-

" thers for their Age, one Man for his Dignity

and another for his Humility, and where I find 16 no other Motive to Compassion, Humanity itself is fufficient, yet have I kept as strict a Guard to 46 observe the Laws as if I were accountable for " the breaking of them; fo that were the Supreme "Being immediately to call me to an Account. the whole World would witness for me that I " have not by any Force either public or private defrauded the Common-Wealth, and the Repu-" tation I have ever fought for, has been that which few Princes have obtained, the Confci-" ence of my own Innocence; neither have I loft " my Labour, for no one Man was ever more dear to another, than I have made myself to the whole Body of my People; I have left nothing " for the Subject to with for beyond what he en-" joys, and there is nothing can make their Felicity greater unless it were perpetual, nor are they deny'd any Liberty but that of destroying one another."

It is the Interest of the People, by the Confent of all Nations, to run all Hazards for the Safety of their Prince, and by a Thousand Deaths to redeem that one Life upon which fo many Millions depend. Does not the whole Body obey the Mind, though only one is exposed to the Eye and the other not, but thin and invisible, the very Seat of it being uncertain? Yet the Hands Feet and every Part observe the Motions of it, and we do as that commands us; if we are avaritions we ranfack Earth and Seas for Treasure; if ambibitious we burn our Flesh with Scavola, or cast ourselves into the Gulf with Curtius; so would tle Multitude of People destroy itself with its own Strength if it were not supported by Wisdom and Government, wherefore it is for their own Security that the People expose their Lives for their Prince

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as the very Bond that ties the Republic together; the vital Spirit of fo many Thousands which would be nothing else but a Burthen and Prey without a Ruler, and when this Union is once diffolv'd All falls to Pieces, for the Empire and Obedience must stand and fall together. It is no Wonder then if a Prince be dear to his People, when the Community is wrapp'd up in him and the Good of both as inseparable as the Body and the Head the one for Strength and the other for Counsel, for what signifies the Force of the Body without the Direction of the Understanding? the People sleep whilst the Prince watches, his Labour keeps them at Ease and his Bufiness makes them quiet. We may observe that Nature intended a Monarchy by the Discipline of the Bees, they assign to their King the safest and best Cell, and his Office is only to see that the rest perform their Duties; when he is loft the whole Swarm diffolves, more than one they will not admit and then they contend who is best; they are of all Creatures the hercest for their Bigness, and leave their Stings behind them when they strike, only the King himself has none, intimating that Kings should neither be vindictive nor cruel. Does not the Moderation of these Creatures shame the Intemperance of Men? It were well if they loft their Stings too in their Revenge, as well as the other, that they might hurt but once, and do no Mifchief by their Proxies, it would tire them out if they either were to execute all with their own Hands, or to wound others at the Peril of their own Lives.

A Prince should behave himself generously in the Power which God has given him of Life and Death, especially towards those who have at any Time been his Equals, for the one has his Revenge and the other his Punishment in it, he that stands indebted for his Life has lost it, but he that receives

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his Life at the Foot of his Enemy lives to the Honour of his Preferver, and is the lafting Monument of his Virtue, but had he been led in Triumph the Spectacle would have been quickly over. suppose he should restore him to his Kingdom again, would it not be an ample Accession to his Honour to shew that he found nothing about the Conquered that was worthy the Conqueror? There is nothing more venerable than a Prince that does not revenge an Injury; he that is gracious is reverenc'd and belov'd as a common Father, but a Tyrant stands in Fear and Danger even of his own Guards, He cannot be fafe whom all are afraid of, for to spare none is to enrage all; it is an Error to imagine that any Man can be secure that suffers no Body else to How can any Body endure to lead an unbe fo. eafy suspicious anxious Life when he may be fafe if he pleases, and enjoy all the Blessings of Power with the Prayers of his People? Clemency protects a Prince without a Guard and there is no Need of Troops or Fortifications, Security on one Side is the Condition of Security on the other; and who would not venture his Blood to protect him under whose Government, Juffice, Peace, Modesty and Dignity flourish, under whose Influence Men grow rich and happy, and whom they venerate as they would the immortal Gods if they were perceptible? And thus indeed he is the true Representative of the Almighty when he is gracious and bountiful and employs his Power to the Advantage of his Subjects.

When a Prince proceeds to Punishment, it must be either to vindicate himself or others, and it is an hard Matter to govern himself in his own Case, if a Man should advise him not to be credulous but to examine Matters and indulge the Innocent, this is rather a Point of Justice than Clemency, but in Case he be manifestly injured I would have him

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forgive, where he may fafely do it and be tender where he cannot forgive, but far more indulgent in his own Cafe than another's, 'tis nothing to be free of another Man's Purse, and it is as little to be merciful in another Man's Cause, he is the great Man that mafters his Paffion where he is stung himfelf, and pardons when he might destroy. The End of Punishment is either to comfort the Party injur'd, or to fecure him for the future. A Prince's Fortune needs no fuch Comfort, and his Power is too eminent to feek and advance by doing a private Man a Mischief. This I speak in Case of an Affront from those that are below us, but he that of an Equal has made any Man his Inferior, has his Revenge in bringing him down. A Prince may be destroyed by the meanest Person, but whosoever preferves a Man is greater than him preferved. With Citizens, Strangers, and People of low Condition, a Prince is not to contend, for they are beneath him, he may spare some out of Good Will, and others as he would do some little Creatures that he cannot touch without fouling his Fingers, but as for those that are to be exposed to public Punishment or pardon'd, he may use Mercy as he sees Occasion, and a generous Mind can never want Inducements or Motives to it.

But to come more particularly to Punishment in general, there must be a Regard had either to the Amendment of the Person punished, or deterring others by the Dread of it, an Amendment may be secured by a small Punishment, for he lives more carefully that has something yet to lose, and it is a kind of Impunity to be incapable of a surther Punishment. The Corruptions of a City are best cured by a few sparing Severities, for the Multitude of Offenders creates a Custom of Offending, Company authorizes a Crime, and there is more Good to

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be done upon a dissolute Age by Patience than Rigour, if it does not pass for an Approbation of ill Manners, but feems only an Unwillingness to proceed to Extremities; under a merciful Prince a Man will be ashamed to offend, because a Punishment that is inflicted by a gentle Governor feems to fall heavier and with more Reproach; besides, it is remarkable that those Sins are oftener committed which are more punished. Caligula in five Years condemned more People to the Sack than ever were before him, and there were fewer Parricides before that Law against them than after; for our Ancestors wisely presumed that the Crime would never be committed, 'till by a Law for punishing it they found that it might be done. Parricides began with the Law against them, and the Punishment instructed Men in the Crime; where there are few Punishments, Innocence is indulged as a public Good, and it is a dangerous · Thing to flew a City how strong it is in Delinquents; there is a certain Contumacy in the Nature of Man that makes him oppose Difficulties: We are better to follow than drive, as a generous Horse rides best with an easy Bit, and People obey willingly where they are commanded kindly. When Burrhus the Præfect was to sentence two Malefactors, he brought the Warrant to Nero to fign, who, after a long Reluctance, did it at last with this Exclamation, I wish! could not write, a Speech that deferved the whole World for an Auditory, but Princes more especially. \*-What's the Difference between a King and a Tya fant but a Diversity of Will under one and the same Power? One is armed as well as the other, but it is for the Defence not the Ruin of his People, and no King can have faithful Subjects that accustoms them to Tortures and Executions; the Sufferers do not lead fo anxious a Life as the Perfecutors, for

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they are not only afraid of Justice both human and divine, but it is dangerous for them to mend their Manners, for when they are once in they must continue wicked upon Necessity, a temperate Fear may be kept in Order, but when it comes to be universal it provokes People to Extremes, and transports them to desperate Resolutions, as Beasts when they are prest upon the Toils, turn back and assault their very Pursuers. A turbulent Government is a perpetual Trouble both to prince and People, and he that is a Terror to others is not without Trouble himself. Frequent Punishments and Revenges may suppress the Hatred of a few, but then it stirs up the Detestation of all, so that by the Destruction of one Enemy you make many. It is good to mafter the Will of being cruel even whilft there may be Cause

for it and Matter to work upon.

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Augustus was a gracious Prince when he had the Power in his own Hands, but in the Triumvirate he made Use of his Sword, and kept his Friends ready arm'd to fet upon Anthony during that Dispute, but this was in his Youth. When he was between Forty and Fifty Years of Age, he was told by one of the Conspirators, that Cinna was in a Plot to murther him, with the Time, Place, and Manner of the Delign. Upon this he refolv'd on a Revenge, and fent for several of his Friends to advise about it. The Thought of it kept him waking, to confider that there was the Life of a young Nobleman in the Case, the Nephew of Pompey and a Person otherwife innocent, he was doubtful whether he should put him to Death or not. " Shall I live in Trouble " and Danger myself, says he, and the Contriver " of my Death walk free and fecure? Will nothing " ferve him but that Life which Providence has " preferv'd in fo many civil Wars, in fo many Battles both by Sea and Land, and now in the

State of an universal Peace? and not a simple " Murther, but a Sacrifice; for I am to be af-" faulted at the very Altar, and shall the Contriver. of all this Villany escape unpunish'd?" Here he paufed a little, and then recollecting himfelf. " No, no, Cinna, fayshe, 'tis rather Cafar than " Cinna that I am to be angry with; Why do I live any longer, fince my Death is become the In-" terest of so many People? If I go on, what End will there be of Blood and Punishment? If the Nobility arm themselves against my Life; the 46 Prefervation of that fingle Life is not worth the " the Destruction of fo many." Here Livia interrupted him, and defired that he would for once admit of a Woman's Counsel. " Act like a "Physician, says she, who when common Reme-" dies fail, tries the Contrary, your Severity hitherto has got you nothing; after Salvidianus there follow'd Lepidus, after him Murana, Ca-" pio follow'd him, and Egnatius follow'd Capio: "Try what Mercy will do; forgive Cinna, he is " discover'd, and cannot hurt you in Person, yet will contribute to your Reputation." Augustus thank'd her for this Advice; he countermanded the Meeting of his Friends, and order'd Cinna to be brought to him alone. When he was fat, Augustus address'd himself to him in this Manner: " Cinna, " you must promise not to interrupt me in one " Syllable, 'till I have told you all I have to fay, and afterwards you shall have Liberty to reply. "You may remember, that when I found you in " Arms against me, and not only made my Enemy, 66 but born fo, I gave you Life and Fortune; when you petition'd for the Priefthood I granted " it with a Repulse to those who had been my Fel-" low Soldiers, and you are at this Day so happy " and rich that even the Conquerors envy him that e

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is overcome, yet after all this, Cinna, you are in 46 a Plot to murther me." At that Word Cinna ftarted, and interposed with Exclamations " that he was not either so wicked, or mad." This is a Breach of Conditions, Cinna, says Augustus, it is not your Time to speak yet. I tell you again that you are in a Plot to murther me: Then he told him the Time, the Place, the Confederates, the Order and Manner of their Delign, and who was to do the Deed. Cinna fix'd his Eye upon the Ground without any Reply, more in a Confusion of Conscience than for his Word's Sake; and then Augustus went on: " What can be your Design in all this? Would you assume my Place? the Common-Wealth is in a bad Condition if only Augustus " flood between you and the Government: You " were cast t'other Day in a Cause by one of your " freed Men, and do you expect to find a weaker " Adversary in Cæsar? But, suppose I were re-" moved, there's Amilius Paulus, Fabius Maximus, " and many other Men of the first Rank in Rome " that would never endure it." But to make the Story short, for the Discourse lasted above two Hours, and Augustus lengthen'd the Punishment in Words, fince he intended that should be all, he concluded as follows: "Well Cinna, fays he, the Life that I gave you once as an Enemy, I will " now repeat it to a Traytor and a Parricide, and this shall be the last Reproach I'll give you; for the Time to come there shall be no Contention between us but who shall outdo each other in Point of Friendship." After this Augustus made Cinna Conful, an Honour which he confess'd he could not so much as desire, and Cinna in Return was ever after affectionately faithful to him, and when he died made Cafar his fole Heir, and this was the last Conspiracy that was form'd against him. This

This Moderation in Augustus was the Excellence of his maturer Age, for in his Youth he, did many Things which he afterwards reflected on with Horror; For after the Battle of Actium, fo many Fleets destroy'd in Sicily and other Parts; the Perusian Altars where he facrificed three hundred Lives to the Ghost of Julius; his frequent Proscriptions and other Severities; his Temperance at last seem'd to be nothing but a worn-out Cruelty. If he had not forgiven those whom he had conquer'd, he would have had none to govern; he chose his Life-Guard from amongst his Enemies, and the Flower of the Romans owed their Lives to his Clemency; He only punished Lepidus himself with Banishment, and permitted him to wear the Enfigns of his Dignity without taking the Pontificate to himself so long as Lepidus lived, for he would not possess it as a Spoil but an Honour. This Clemency secured his Greatness and ingratiated him with the People, this made his Name famous to Posterity; and this has made him divine without the Formality of an Apotheofis.

Another Instance of his Clemency is this; a Son of Titus Arius being examined and found guilty of Parricide was banished Rome, and confined to Marfielles where his Father allow'd him the same Annuity that he had before, which made all People conclude him guilty, when they faw that the Father had condemned the Son, though he could not hate him. Augustus was pleased to sit upon the Fact in the House of Arius, only as a private Member of the Council that was to examine it; if it had been in Cæfar's Palace, the Judgment must have been his and not the Father's. Upon a full Hearing Cæfar directed that every Man should write his Opinion whether guilty or not, without declaring his own least it should induce them to Partiality; and to shew

thew that he had no Interest in the Sentence, he took an Oath that he would not be Heir to Arius. And when the young Man was condemned, he was by the Mediation of Augustus only banished Rome, infifting that the Father should content himself with an easy Punishment, arguing that the young Man was not moved to the Attempt by Malice, for that he waver'd in it and was but half resolved. was like a Prince who should mitigate Punishment wherever he comes. How miserable is that Man who when he has employ'd his Power in Rapines and Cruelty upon others is yet more unhappy in himself when he comes to look about him and confider what he has done, through the Wickedness and Torments of his Conscience, he fears Death and often wishes for it, and lives more odious to himfelf than his Subjects. On the Contrary, he that takes Care of the Public, though he may be fonder of one Part than another, looks upon every Individual as a Part of himself, his Mind is tender and gentle, and if he is constrained to punish, he does it without Rancour or Enmity; let the Authority, in short, be what it will, Clemency becomes it, and it is a truely royal Virtue for a Prince to free his People from other Mens Anger, and not oppress them with his own.

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### PART V.

### EPIST. I.

General Rules for modulating the Voice in different Manners of speaking, and concluding that Speech is the Index of the Mind.

o U observe rightly, Lucilius, that it is a Consideration worthy of a wise Man, to well order the Voice in speaking, not to say any thing of the Visage, Gesture and other Circumstances that accompany it. Some Persons prescribe certain Modes of rising and falling, and if you will be governed by them, you shall not speak a Word, or walk, or eat, but by Rule. Though I think these too critical, yet I would make a Difference between entring upon a Discourse loud or soft; for

the Affections naturally rife by Degrees, and in all Pleadings whether public or private, a Man should begin with Modesty and Temper, and advance gradually, if the Case requires it into Clamour and Vociferation. And as the Voice rifes by Degrees, fo let it fall too, not fnapping off fuddenly, but abating moderately; it is unmannerly and rude to do otherwise; he that is precipitate in his Speech, is commonly violent in his Manners, befides the Vanity and Emptiness of it, for no Man takes Satisfaction in a Flow of Words without Meaning, where the Noise is more than the Value. Fabian was a Man eminent for his Life and Learning, no less than his Eloquence, his Speech was rather easy and fliding than quick, which he thought liable to many Errors, and a Suspicion of Immodesty; for let a Man have Words never fo much at Will, he should no more speak fast than he should always run because he is active.

The Speech of a Philosopher should be like his Life, composed, without pressing or stumbling; yet to drawl is as bad on the other Side, the Interruption is tedious and tires the Auditor with Expectation; Truth and Morality should be deliver'd in plain Words without Affectation, for like Remedies unless they stay with us, we are never the better for them; he that would work upon his Hearers must no more expect to do it upon the Post, than a Physician to cure his Patients only in paffing by them. Not but that a wife Man may be allow'd fometimes to mend his Pace, if he regards the Dignity of Morals, though I have observed that Moderation generally carries the greatest Force. I would have his Discourse smoothly flowing like a River, not impetuous like a Torrent; there is a rapid lawlefs, and irrevocable Velocity of Speech, which I would scarce allow even to an

Orator

Orator; for if he is transported with Passion or Oftentation, a Man's Attention can hardly keep him Company; it is not the Quantity but the Pertinence that does the Bufiness, let the Words of an antient Man flow foft and gentle, let those of an Orator come off round and powerful, but not run on without Fear or Wit, as if a whole Declaration were to be but one Period.

Speech is the Index of the Mind, and all public Languages are according to the Humour of the Age: a wanton and effeminate Speech denotes Luxury, for the Wit is the Consequence of the Mind; if the latter be found, composed, temperate, and grave, the Wit is fo too; but if one be corrupted, the other is likewife unfound; when a Man's Mind is heavy, he creeps and draws his Legs after him; a finical Temper is feen in the very Gesture and Cloaths; and it does not become a Man to be too delicate, for when you fee his Dress thus in Print, you shall be fure to find his Words fo too, and Nothing in them that is firm and weighty; a choleric Man discovers it in his Motions, and he speaks short and quick; the Speech of an effeminate Man, is loofe and melting; a quaint and follicitous Way of speaking, is the Sign of a weak Mind, but a great Man fpeaks with Ease and Freedom, and with more Assurance, though less Care; as in Drink, the Tongue never trips 'till the Senses are over-born, so it is in Speech, whilft the Mind is whole and found, the Speech is masculine and strong, but if one fails the other follows. el chat Mederation generaly carries the

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#### EPIST. II.

Of Stile, Composition, and the Choice of Words; the natural Way of Speaking and Writing is the best; Advice on Reading.

A Certain and universal Rule for the Stile in either speaking or writing is not to be expected, because they vary according to Custom and Occasion, so that we must content ourselves with Generals. Men generally write or speak according to the Humour of the Age they live in, besides that Conversation and Company affect the Language of particular Persons; all which should be restrained by Caution and Prudence from becoming

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In the first Place therefore, let the Sense be honest and noble; let the Words be suited to the Matter, and where the Subject is familiar, let the Stile be so too. Great Thoughts should have suitable Expressions, that they may convey an equal Transport to the Hearers. A pleasant Tale may tickle the Fancy, but weighty Matters must be treated in grave and fober Terms. There are fome that have not fo much Oratory as a fententious Sharpness, yet the nervous Sense makes amends for the Lowness of the Stile. Thus our Ancestors delighted not in fine Words, but strong manly Compositions; our modern Writings have here and there a particular Sentence, but the whole is uneven; we never admire a fingle Tree, where the whole Wood is of an equal Height; a specious Title Page can never commend a Book to Ufe,

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Use, though it may to Sale; an eminent Author. is to be taken down whole, and not here and there a Bit; we main the Body if we take the Members apart, nor is it an handsome Leg or Arm that makes a Beauty, but the Symmetry and Agreement of all together. It is the Excellence both of speaking and writing to do it in few Words adapted to the Intention, and it is a Mark of Strength and Solidity of Judgment to fignify more than is deliver'd. The Propriety of Words in fome Cases is wonderful, especially where a Man's Knowledge is universal; and there is a particular Grace in fmooth Periods and flowing Numbers. Sonorous Words rouse some, as a Drum does a Horse; others are moved with a yielding Softness in the Cadence; and some are inspired with Fortitude, when they hear any Thing argued against the Fear of Death or Fortune, and fecretly wish for some Occasion of trying that generous Spirit in themselves, but they seldom carry that Resolution home with them. Where an Audience have already the Seeds of Virtue in them, it is an easy Matter to excite them to the Love of Goodness, as it but awakens their Confideration.

Leave forced Metaphors, and tinkling Sounds and Conceits to the Poets, not that I would wholly exclude Hyperboles, for though they exceed Truth they may be a Means of bringing us to Certainty by Incredibilities; Parables also may be of Use, for the Application oftentimes brings them more home than the downright Meaning; and that Speech which affects the Passions, is more profitable than that which only works upon the Judgment. Chryfippus was a great Man, and an acute Wit; but the Edge of it was fo fine that every Thing turned it, and he may be faid rather to prick the Subject

that he handled, than pierce it through,

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### Epist. ii. Of Stile, Composition, &c. 327

As a Philosopher should not be follicitous about Words, so neither should he be negligent, but let his Discourses be powerful and clear; though strong, yet sweet and graceful. Some Things please us in the Delivery, that will not bear Examination, but the Eloquence which diverts us from Things to Words is only a Proflitution of Letters, for what avails the chiming of Syllables to making a Man wife! Cicero wrote with Care, and what will for ever stand the Test; his Numbers are harmonious, free, and eafy, and yet he no where forfeits his Gravity. Fabian is a great Man in being fecond to him; as is Pollio, though he is below him, and so is Livy, though he comes after the other three. Several Subjects require several Excellencies; the Orator should be sharp, the Tragedian lofty, and the Comedian pleasant. When a Man declaims against Vice, let him be bitter; against Dangers, bold; against Fortune, proud; against Ambition, reproachful: Let him chide Luxury, defame Lust, and break an Impotence of Mind.

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As to Composition, I would write as I speak, with Ease and Freedom; it is more natural and friendly, for if I could make my Mind visible to you, I would neither speak nor write it. Let me put my Thoughts in good Sense, and leave Flourishes to the Orators; there are some Things that a Man may write in haste, others require Privacy and Leisure; but in Writing as in other Cases, we should reserve the best to the last. A Philosopher may express his Meaning in proper Words without tossing his Hands, stamping, or any violent Agitation of the Body. Let his Life and his Speech be plain and simple, and then both hearing and seeing, we shall find him to be the same Person. Yet if a Man can be eloquent without more Pains

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than it is worth let him use his Faculty, provided that he value himself upon the Matter more than the Words, and apply rather to the Understanding than the Fancy, for this is a Business of Virtue not a Trial of Wit; Who would not rather have a healing than a rhetorical Physician? I would no more esteem a Man for his Rhetoric only, than I would chuse a Pilot for a good Head of Hair.

Next as to Reading; I would fix upon some particular Authors and make them my own; to be every where is to be no where, and this is he that fkips from one Book to another; the Variety distracts his Head, and for Want of digesting turns to Corruption rather than Nourishment; when a Man loves Home and keeps Company with himself it argues a well-composed Mind, but a rambling Head is a certain Sign of a fickly Humour; many Books and much Acquaintance bring us to a Levity of Dispofition and Love of Change. What is the Body the better for the Meat that will not flay with it? and nothing hurts a Wound more than the trying different Salves. Of Authors, be fure to chuse the best, to them adhere, and though you take some others by Chance, referve those you select for your Study and Retreat. In the Course of your Reading you will every Day meet with various Subjects, extract what you like and fingle out some Particular for the rest for that Day's Meditation; Reading feeds and entertains the Understanding, and when a Man is dozed with one Study he relieves himself with another, but Reading and Writing should be used alternately; for as the Meat, that lies undigested upon the Stomach is a Burthen to it, but when it is concocted paffes into the Strength and Blood, so our Studies whilst they remain whole clog the Memory without affecting the Understanding, but by Meditation they become our own and **fupply**  Epist. iii. Against Affectation, &c. 329

fupply us with Fortitude and Virtue. The industrious Bee that fips from every Flower disposes what she has gather'd into her Cells.

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### EPIST. III.

Against Affectation in Discourse, vain and impertinent Subtleties, &c. Man's Business is Virtue not Words.

MANY Men lose both the Profit and Reputation of good Thoughts by their uncouth Expressions, they affect talking in Mysteries, and take it for a Mark of Wisdom not to be understood; theyare fond of appearing in public and had rather be ridiculous than obscure. They despite Things common as fordid and mean, and must coin new Words and Phrases, thinking it an Ornament to borrow from other Tongues though they may be better furnished from their own. These foreign Aids betray a squeamish Mind. One to be concise renders his Argument mysterious; another launches out in Words, and when he thinks himself copious is both tedious and ridiculous; fome will have no Words but what are antique and long fince obsolete; others chuse only such as are popular and coarse, but they are both wrong, for too little Care is as bad as too much; fome endeavouring to be manly break into a rough broken Stile; others are affectedly nice in their Numbers and make it rather finging than speaking. Some carry the Sense to the End of the Period and then it is hard to be understood. A bold Stile often wants Modesty, and a too florid one Effect; these Errors are commonly introduced by fome Person that is famous for his Eloquence, others follow him and so it becomes a Fashon.

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Nor are we more out in the Choice of Words, than of the Matter itself, for there are some Studies that only ferve for Curiofity and Trial of Skill, others for Pleasure and Use; and there are many Things worth knowing that are not worth Learning. How much Time do we spend in cavilling and captious Disputations, that work us up to a Pitch of Anger without any Thing coming of it. These Tricks of Wit are like Slight of Hand where we tye Knots only to loofen them again, and are pleased with the Deceit; for when we know how they are done the Satisfaction is at an End. If we do not understand these Sophisms, we are never the worse; and he that does is never the better. If a Man tells me I have Horns, I can tell him I have none without feeling on my Forehead. Bion's Dilemma makes all Men facrilegious, yet at the fame Time maintains that there is no fuch Thing as Sacrilege. " He that takes to himfelf, fays he, what belongs to God, commits Sacrilege; but all 15 Things belong to God, therefore he that applies any Thing to his own Use is facrilegious." On the other Side, the very rifling of a Temple he makes to be no Sacrilege; "For, fays he, 'tis but 45 taking something that belongs to God out of one Place, and removing it to another that be-16 longs to him too. The Fallacy lies in this, though all Things belong to him, yet all Things are not dedicated to him. There is no greater Enemy to Truth than over much Subtlety of Speculation. Protogoras will have every Thing disputable, and as much to be faid on one Side as the other, then he makes it another Question, whether every Thing be disputable or not. Others make it a Science to prove that a Man knows nothing, but the former is the more tolerable Error, for the other takes away the very Hope of Knowledge, and

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it is better to know that which is superfluous than nothing at all; yet it is a Kind of Intemperance to know more than enough, for it makes Men troublesome, talkative, impertinent, conceited, &c. There is a certain Hankering after Learning, which if it be not put in a right Way, hinders and falls foul of itself; therefore the Burthen should be fuited to us that we may have no more than we are able to bear. It is a great Fault in our Tutors than they teach their Disciples rather how to dispute that live, and the Learner himself is to blame for applying rather to the Improvement of his Wit than Mind, his by which Means Philosophy is now turned into Philology. Put a Grammarian to Virgil, and he never heeds his Philosophy but his Verse; In the same Meadow the Cow finds Grass, the Dog starts a Hare, and the Stork fnaps a Lizard. Thus every Man takes Notes for his own Study; Tully's de Republica finds Work for the Philosopher, the Philologer, and the Grammarian. The Philosopher wonders how it was posfible to speak so much against Justice; the Philologer makes this Observation that Rome had two Kings, one without a Father and the other without a Mother; for it is a Question who was the Mother of Servius, and of Ancus's Father there is no Mention; the Grammarian takes Notice that Reaple is used for Re ipsa and Sepse for Seipse. But these Fooleries apart, let us learn to do Good to Mankind, and put our Knowledge into Action; our Danger lies in being miftaken in Things, not in Words and in confounding Good and Evil; There are many Things to be studied and learn'd, and therefore we should discharge the Mind of Things unnecessary to make Way for greater Matters; the Business of the Schools is rather a Play than a Study, and only to be done when we can do nothing elfe; there are

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many People that frequent them to hear, and not to learn; and to pick up Words which they vent with as little Benefit to others as they heard them to themselves; we plague ourselves and offend others to purchase the Character of a learned Man, but let me content myfelf with the coarfer Title of an honest one; Wisdom delights in Openness and Simplicity, in the forming our Lives, rather than the Niceties of the Schools, which at best bring us Pleasure without Profit. And indeed those Things which the Philosophers impose upon us with so much Pride and Vanity, are but the fame Leffons over again; but some Authors have their Names up though their Discourses are mean, they dispute and wrangle but they do not edifie; and there ought to be a Difference between the Applauses of the Schools and the Theatre, the one being moved with a popular Conceit which is inconfistent with the Dignity of the other; whereas there are some Writings that excite generous Refolutions and inspire a Man as it were with another Soul, they difplay the Bleffings of an happy Life, and fill him at the same Time with Admiration and Hope, they give us a Veneration for the Oracles of Antiquity, and a Claim to them as a common Inheritance, for they are the Treasure of Mankind, and it must be my Duty to improve the Stock and transmit it to Posterity. Yet I do not love to hear a Man cite Zeno, Cleanthes, Epicurus, without something of his own too, for why should I value the bare Hearing of what I may read? Not but that the Word of Mouth makes a great Impression especially when they are the Speaker's own Words, but he that barely recites another's is no more than a Notary. Besides that, there is an End of Invention if we rest upon what is invented already; for he that only follows another is fo far from finding out any any Thing new that he does not so much as look for it; yet I do not pretend to be Master of Truth, but a resolute Enquirer after it; and as I ascribe much to great Men, I challenge something to mysfelf, for our Fore-sathers have left us not only their Invention but Matter for surther Enquiry. Is it not a fine Time to be sooling about Words, when there are so many necessary Things to be learnt and imprinted on our Minds? for 'tis not enough to rememember and understand unless we do what we know.

#### EPIST. IV.

Business and want of News are no Excuse amongst Friends for not writing, wife Men prosit each other. How far Wisdom may be advanced by Precept.

TOUR last Letter was very short, and the Y whole was little more than an Excuse for the Brevity of it. One Time you are fo full of Business you cannot write at all; another Time you have fo little News you don't know what to write; but be affured that he who has a Mind to write may always find Leifure for it, and as to your other Excuse, it looks as if we ourselves were the least Part of our own Business. If the whole World were in a profound Peace and there were no Contentions between People upon any Account whatfoever, yet there is a large Field left for the Offices of Friendship and for the Exercise of Philosophy and Virtue. Let us rather mind our own than hearken after the Actions of Others, for, will their Errors amend ours? It is more glorious to write the History of Providence

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Providence than to record the Usurpations of ambitious Princes, and to celebrate the Bounties of the Almighty rather than the Robberies of Alexander. Nor is Business any Excuse for Neglect of our Studies or our Friends, for we increase our Business when we have no Occasion for it, and instead of following it give ourselves wholly up to it, and seek colourable Pretences of mispending our Time, but I say wherever we are, or however employed we have

our Thoughts at Liberty.

You have here drawn a long Letter from me, and if you find it tedious thank yourfelf, for requiring me to be as good as my Word, not but I write by Inclination too, for if we esteem the Pictures of our Friends, how much more should we rejoice in their Letters, which are undoubtedly the lively Pictures of the Mind; by Letters absent Friends are in a Manner brought together; besides the Epistolary Discourses are more profitable than public premeditated Declamations; for they infinuate into the Affections with more Freedom and Force, though with less Pomp and Pretence; you expect perhaps that I should acquaint you with what Weather we have had in this Part of the Country, or some other Fooleries to as little Purpose; but what should you or I be the better for such idle Difcourses, we should rather lay the Foundations of a good Mind, and learn to diftinguish between the Bleffings of Virtue and the Amusements of Imagination. I had fome Friends who took Part with me Yesterday in a moderate Repast; we had Variety of Discourse and passing from one Thing to another, we at last read some of Quintus Sextius, whom I think a great Man notwithstanding others gainfay it. O the Force and Vigour of that Man's Writings! how much above the Level of common Philosophers! We cannot read him without defying Fortune Fortune and spurning Ambition and Violence; the

mere I consider him the more I admire him, for I find in him as in the World itself every Day to be a new Spectacle, and to afford fresh Matter for Veneration; and yet the Wisdom of our Forefathers has left Work enough for Posterity by applying what they had transmitted to us. Suppose they had left Remedies for such and such Diseases, must we seek after no other Medicines; and if not, there is some Skill required in the proper Application of them. I have an Honour for the Memorials of our worthy Progenitors; If I meet a Conful or a Prætor upon the Road, I'll pay him the Obeifance due to his Post, and give him the Way, and shall I shew no Respect to the Governors of Mankind? No Man is fo wife as to know all Things, or if he were, one wife Man may yet be helpful to another, for it is a Sort of Affistance to

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ig 16 tual Approbation of each other. When we were last together, you know the Point in Debate was, whether or not Wifdom may be perfected by Precept? Some think only that Part of Philosophy profitable to Mankind which is deliver'd in particular Precepts, without forming the whole Man, fuch as instructing Husbands how to behave to their Wives, Parents how to train up their Children, and Masters how to govern their Servants, &c. as if a Man could be fufficiently instructed in the diffinct Parts of Life without comprehending the Defign of the Whole. Others like Ariston the Stoic are for the general Dictates of Philosophers, which whofoever is acquainted with, must understand every Particular; as he that learns Archery, when by Practice and Exercise he has got a true Aim, he will not only hit any Particular, but whatever he

has

encourage him to continue his Courfe, belides the

Comforts of loving and being beloved, and the mu-

has a Mind to, so that he who is well informed in the whole Principles of a good Life will know how to behave himself in all the Circumstances of it.

Cleanthes allows the paranetic or preceptive Phile-- fophy to be profitable in some Sort but yet very short and defective, unless it flows from an universal Knowledge of the Decrees of Philosophy. So that the Question remains, " Whether this alone can make a good Man; and whether it be superfluous in itself, or so sufficient as to make all other " Knowledge appear fo?" They that think it fuperfluous argue thus; If they Eyes are covered, thereis no feeing without removing the Impediment, and in that Condition it is to no Purpose to bid a Man go to fuch or fuch a Place, or to reach any thing with his Hand; and so it is with the Mind while it continues clouded with Ignorance and Error; 'tis idle to give particular Precepts, as if you should teach a poor Man to behave like a rich one, or the hungry Man like one with a full Stomach; while one is necessitous and the other half starv'd, neither of them are the better for it. And then shall we give Precepts in manifest Cases or doubtful, the former need none, and in the latter we shall not be believed; nor is it enough fimply to advise unless we give Reasons for it. There are, two Errors which we are liable to in this Case, either when a wicked and perverse Opinion has taken Possession of us; or when there is a Disposition to retain Error under the Resemblance of Truth, so that we must either cure a fick Mind already tainted; or disperse evil Thoughts before they come to an ill Habit Now Philosophy directs us in both these Cases, not is it possible to obviate all particular Occasions One Man marries a Widow, another a Maid, fla may be rich or poor, barren or fruitful, young antient, inferior, equal, or superior. One Ma

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follows public Business, another slies it, so that the fame Advice which is profitable to one, may be mischievous to another. Every one is a particular Case, and must be suited with particular Counfel; the Laws of Philosophy are brief and extend to all, but the Variety of the other is incomprehensible, and can never make that good to all which it promises to a sew. The Precepts of Wisdom lie open, but the Decrees of it are hid in the dark.

So far the Objections, and in Answer to them I fay; it is not with the Mind as the Eye, if there be a Suffusion, it is to be help'd by Remedy and not Precept; the Eye is not to be taught to diffinguish Colours, but the Mind must be informed what to do in Life; we are told that Precepts neither extinguish nor abate false Opinions of Good and Evil; and I grant that of themselves they are not able to fubdue vicious Inclinations, but this does not hinder them from leing useful to us in Conjunction with other Helps. First, they refresh the Memory, and fecondly they bring us to a more distinct View of the Parts which we faw, but confusedly in the whole. If Precepts are superfluous, fo are Confolations, but daily Experience teaches us the contrary. It is urged that Precepts are infufficient without Proof; but I fay, that the very Authority of the Adviser, gives a Sanction to the Advice, as we depend upon the Opinion of a Lawyer, without demanding his Reason for it. Again, I cannot allow that the Variety of Precepts are infinite, for our greatest and most necessary Affairs are not many; and in the Application to Time, Place, and Persons, the Differences are so fmall, that a few general Rules are fufficient. There are many Things that may affift in a Cure, though they cannot perfect it; but it is a hard Matter, I

consess, to give Counsel at a Distance; for Advice depends much upon the Opportunity, and that perhaps which was proper when desired, may be pernicious when it is received. Some indeed may be prescribed at any Distance, and transmitted to Posterity; but for others, we must be upon the Spot, and deliberate on Circumstances, and not only be present but watchful to take the very Nick of Occasion.

#### EPIST. V.

Seneca's Account of himself, his Studies, &c. with Reflections on the Duties and Errors of human Life.

70UR Letters were old before they came to my Hand, so that I made no Enquiry after you, taking it for granted that you are still upon the great Work of perfecting yourfelf; go on as you have begun, and compose your Resolutions; not to an effeminate E but to a Frame of virtuous Quiet. I am o ... ged to you for calling me to fo strict an Account of my Time, that Nothing less than a Diary of my Life will fatisfy you; for I take it as a Mark both of your good Opinion and your Friendship, first, in believing that I do nothing I would care to conceal; and next in being fure that I will make you my Confident. Hereafter I will watch myself more narrowly, and acquaint you not only with the Course and Method, but the Business of my Life.

This Day I have had entire to myself, without any Disturbance; I have been left at Liberty to do my own Bufiness, and have divided it between my Book and my Bed, for all the Impertinents were either at the Theatre or fome other Diversion. My Body does not require much Exercise, and I am beholden to my Age for it; a little makes me weary, and that's the End of the most robust; my Dinner is a Piece of dry Bread, without a Table; my Sleeps are short and indeed a little doubtful, between flumbring and waking. One while I am reflecting upon the Errors of Antiquity, and then I apply myself to correct my own. In my reading, with all due Respect to the Antients, some Things I take, others I alter; and some again I reject; others I invent, without confining myself to another's Judgment, so as not to preserve the Freedom of my own. Sometimes in the Midst of my Meditations, my Ears are struck with the Shouts of a thousand People, enraptured at some Spectacle or other. The Noise does not at all discompose my Thoughts, it is no more to me than the dashing of the Waves, or the Wind in a Wood; the possibly it may please them, yet I cannot help making this Reflection upon it, " That " it is a strange Thing Men will not exercise their " Brains as they do their Bodies, and take as much " Pains for Virtue, as they do for Pleasure." For Difficulties strengthen the Mind, as Labour does the Body.

You desire my Books rather than my Counsels, which is just the same as asking for my Portrait; for I have the same Opinion of my Wit, that I have of my Beauty; you shall have both them and

myself.

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When I examine my Heart, I find fome Vices that lie open, others more obscure and out of Sight, and some that only take me by Fits; which last, I look upon as the most dangerous and troublefome, and a Man must be upon perpetual Guard against them; for we are neither provided against them in a State of War, nor fecure in any Affurance of Peace. To confess freely we are all of us as cruel, ambitious, and luxurious as our Neighbours, but we want the Fortune or Occasion perhaps to shew it; the frozen Snake is harmless, but the Poison is still in it, though it is benumbed. We . hate those that are insolent in their Power, when it is Odds but in their Condition we should do the fame Things ourselves.

To give you now my own Character in Brief, I am none of those that take Delight in Tumults and struggling with Difficulties, for I had rather be quiet than at Arms; but, I think it my Duty to bear up against ill Fortune without chusing it; I am no Friend to Contention, especially that of the Bar, but am ready for any Bufiness that may be done honeftly. There is no Retreat but what may yield Entertainment for a great Mind, and make a Man serviceable to his Country and his Friends, by his Wisdom, Interest, or Counsel. Which is most the Patriot, he that appears in public Life, or he that instructs Youth in Virtue, and furnishes the World with Precepts of Morality? Who is the greatest Man, he that pronounces a Sentence upon the Bench, or he that in his Study reads us a Lecture of Justice, Piety, Patience, Fortitude, the Knowledge of Heaven, the Contempt of Death, and the Bleffings of a good Cona zi ence? Was not Cato a greater Example than sertner Ulyffes or Hercules? They had the Reputation of despising Pleasures and conquering both their

### Epist. v. Of SENECA's Studies, &c. 341

their Enemies and their Appetites. Cato indeed had no Encounters with Monsters, but he contended with Ambition, and the unlimited Desire of Power, which the whole World divided under a Triumviarte was not able to satisfy; he opposed himself to the Vices of a degenerate City, even when it was finking under its own Weight, and singly supported the Commonwealth, 'till at last as inseparable Friends they were crushed together; for Cato could not survive the public Liberty, nor could

that Liberty out-live Cato.

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I am naturally a Friend to all Rules of Sobriety and Moderation; I like the old fashion'd plain Plate that was left me by my country Father, yet methinks there is fomething dazzling in Splendor and Luxury; it strikes the Eye more than the Mind, and though they may shake the Constancy of a wife Man, they cannot alter it. Thefe Thoughts fometimes make me fecretly diffatisfied with my Condition, but then I apply to my Philo-Sometimes I am fired with a public Spirit, and long for Employment, not with a View of Profit, but to be ferviceable to my Country and Friends; but when I consider on the other Side, the Uneafiness, the Abuses, and Loss of Time that attend public Affairs, I refolve upon spending the Remainder of my Days in my own peaceful Habitation.

How mad are we to set our Hearts upon Trisles, and neglect the most serious Offices of our Lives, and the most important End of our Being! How many of those Things which Reason formerly told us were superstuous, do we now find to be so by Experience! but we are missed by a counterseit Good on one Hand, and the Suspicion of Evil on the other; not that Riches are an efficient Cause of Mischief, but they are a precedent Cause as

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they

they irritate and attract, for they have fo near a Resemblance of Good, that most People take them to be good; nay, Virtue itself is a precedent Cause of Evil in others, as Wisdom and Justice will often create Envy, which does not arise from the Thing itself, but from the Power of Virtue, that forces all Men to admire and love it. The Amiableness of which tortures the Wicked to behold it.

### EPIST. VI.

Of Retirement; of the Knowledge of Virtue; a Distinction between Good and Honest.

HERE is no Opportunity of enquiring where you are, what you do, or what Company you keep; and I am not at all displeased that I can hear Nothing concerning you, for it shews that you live retired; yet I think you might be trusted with the wide World, for such a general Conversation is not easy, neither is it safe; for if it could not corrupt you, it might hinder you. Wherever you are, my Mind is with you; your Letters are really Bleffings to me, and the Sense of your Improvements relieve me, even under the Consideration of my own Decay. Remember that as I am old, so are you mortal; be true to yourfelf, and examine whether you are of the same Mind to Day, that you were Yesterday, for that's a Sign of perfect Wisdom; and yet give me leave to tell you, that though change of Mind is a Token of Imperfection, it is the Business of my Age to un-will one Day what I willed another; and let me recommend it to your Practice too in many

many Cases. It is for young Men to gather Knowledge, and old Men to use it; and who can give a fairer Account of his Time, than he that daily studies to make him better? The greatest Actions of our Lives, are those we do in a Recess from Business, and Contemplation is undoubtedly the best Entertainment of Peace, and only a shorter Cut to Heaven itself. These Considerations should have come earlier, for it is too late when we are in View of Death, to project the Happiness of Life; yet there is no Age better adapted to Virtue than that which by Experiments and long Suffering, comes to the Knowledge of it, for our Lusts are then weak and our Judgments strong; and Wisdom is the Effect of Time.

Some think we come to the Knowledge of Virtue by Chance, others by Observation and comparing Matters of Fact with one another, understanding by a Kind of Analogy, approving this or that for good, and honest. These are two Points which others make wholly different, but the Stoics only divide them. Some will have every Thing to be good that is beneficial to us, as Money, Wine, and so downwards to the meanest Things we use, and they reckon that to be honest where there is a reasonable Discharge of a common Duty; as Reverence to a Parent, Tenderness to a Friend, exposing ourselves for our Country, and regulating our Lives according to Moderation and Prudence; the Stoics reckon them to be two, yet fo as to make those two but one. They will have Nothing to be good but what is honest, nor any Thing to be honest but what is good, which is making them blended and inseparable. But there are some Things that are neither good nor bad, as War, Embassy, and Jurisdiction; but these in the Q4 laudable

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laudable Administration of them do of doubtful become good, which Good is only a Confequent upon Honesty, and flows from it, but Honesty is good in itself. And there are some Actions which bear the Appearances of Virtues, which we are apt to admire as perfect, yet upon Examination we find that great Vices are concealed under them; and the Skill is to distinguish, between Things that are fo much alike in Shew, and difagreeing in Effect. We are led to the Understanding of Virtue by the Congruity we find in fuch and fuch Actions to Nature and right Reason; by the Order, Grace, and Constancy of them; and by a certain Majesty and Greatness, that surpasses all other Things: From hence proceeds a happy Life, where all Things are fair and even, and Nothing jarring or diffonant. In short, the Sum of human Duty is comprized in two Words; Patience in what we are to fuffer, and Prudence in what we are to do.

True Joy is everlasting, Pleasures are salse and fugitive; and it is a great Encouragement to well-doing, that when we are once in Possession of Virtue, it is our own for ever. While I speak this to you, I prescribe to myself; what I write, I read; and reduce all my Meditations to the ordering of my own Manners. There is nothing so mean and ordinary but it is illustrated by Virtue; and Externals are of no more Use to it, than the Light of a Candle is to the Glory of the Sun.

It is often objected to me, that I advise People to quit the World, to retire, and content themselves with a good Conscience; but what becomes of your Precepts then, say they, that enjoin us to die in Action. To this I must answer: "That I am

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### Epist. vii. Of impertinent Studies, &c. 345

" never more in Action, than when I am alone

" in my Study, where I shut up myself in private,

to attend the Bufiness of the Public; I do not

" lofe fo much as one Day, nay, and Part of the

" Night too, I borrow for my Book; when my

"Eyes begin to fail me I fall asleep, and till then

46 I work; I retire myself not only from Men,

but Business too, and my own in the first Place

is to attend the Service of Posterity, in Hopes

" that what I now write, may in fome Measure

I rough from to be a serie, a friend to viction

46 be profitable to future Generations."

# EPIST. VII.

Of impertinent Studies, and Men. Philofophers the best Companions.

THERE are impertinent Studies as well as impertinent Men; Life and Death ought to be our main Considerations, yet we trifle away our Hours upon empty Niceties and Cavils. Will Plato's imaginary Ideas make me an honest Man? There's neither Certainty nor Substance in them. All logical playing with Words is ridiculous. "A " Moufe is a Syllable, but a Syllable does not eat " Cheese; therefore a Mouse does not eat Cheese." Oh! these childish Follies, is it for this we spend our Blood and good Humour, and grow grey in our Closets; we are jesting when we should be helping the miserable; ourselves as well as others. Didimus the Grammarian, wrote four thousand Books, in which he endeavoured to find out where Homer was born; who was Æneas's true Mother; and whether Anacreon was the greater Drunkard or Whoremaster; with other Fopperies, which a Man would

would endeavour to forget if he knew them; it is not an impertinent Question which of the two first, the Mallet or Tongues? Some are extremely inquifitive to know how many Oars Ulysses had; which was first written, the Iliad or the Odyssey, or if they were both done by the fame Hand. Am I ever the more just, moderate, valiant, or liberal, for knowing that Curius Dentatus was the first that carry'd Elephants in Triumph. What a Fuss is there to make Homer a Philosopher, and next in what Class they shall range him; one will have him to be a Stoic, a Friend to Virtue, and an Enemy to Pleafure. Another makes him an Epicurean, one that loved Quiet and good Company; some are positive that he was a Peripatetic, others a Sceptic; but it is clear, that in being all these Things, he was not any one of them; nor do these divided Opinions hinder us from agreeing that he was a wife Man; let us therefore apply to ourselves the Things that made him so, and e'en let the rest alone.

It was a pleafant Humour of Calvicius Sabinus, one that manag'd a good Fortune with a very ill Grace; he had neither Wit nor Memory, yet would pass for a learned Man, and so took several into his Family, and whatfoever good Things they faid he affum'd to himself. There are some who frequent all public Places, and would be thought Men of Buliness, but they only carry it in their Countenances, and wander up and down without any Defign, like Pilmires, eager and empty; and what is this but a Kind of reftless Laziness? Others are perpetually in hafte, as if they were upon some urgent Business, and all this Hurry perhaps is only to falute fomebody that has no Mind to take Notice of them, or some such trivial Errand: When

# Epist. vii. Of impertinent Studies, &c. 347

they come home at Night tired and weary, ask them why they went out, where they have been, or what they have done? And they are able to give you but a very slender Account, yet the next Day they take the fame Jaunt over again. What do these Men of idle Employment get by it? When their Folly has gone the Round, they close the Day with Shame and Repentance. Whereas Zeno, Pythagoras, Democritus, Aristotle, Theophrastus, and all the Patrons of Philosophy and Virtue, are always at Leisure and in good Humour, familiar and profitable, and a Man never comes from them without Comfort and Satisfaction; they make past Ages present to us, or us their Contemporaries; they are always ready to receive us, and in their Conversation, there is neither Danger, Treachery, nor Expence; but we are wifer, happier, and richer for it. Here's Counsel without Reproach, and Praise without Flattery; we cannot chuse our own Parents, but we may our Friends, and adopt ourselves into noble Families. This is in a Manner making Mortality immortal, the Time past our own by Remembrance, the present by Use, and the future by Providence and Forefight; but yet it is not fufficient to know what Plato or Zeno faid, unless we make it our own by Habit and Practice, and improve both the World and ourfelves by a Life answerable to their Precepts.

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#### EPIST. VIII.

Against Singularity of Manners and Bebaviour.

IT is an odd Humour in some People, that they will be singular in their Dress and Manners, only to be taken Notice of; their Cloaths must be coarfe and flovenly, their Heads and Beards neglected, they will lodge upon the Ground, and live in open Defiance of Money. This is Nothing but an ambitious Vanity, that has crept in at the back Door. A Philosopher will keep himself clear from these Fooleries, he has enough to do, to fland right in the World, let him be ever fo modeft; his Outfide should be still like that of other People, though he is unlike them within. His Garments should be neither rich nor fordid, no Matter for Arms or Curiofities on his Plate, yet he need not make it a Point of Conscience to have no Plate at all; he that uses Plate and reckons it as Dirt, may have as great a Mind, as he that likes an earthen Vessel as well as Silver. It is our Duty to live better than the common People, but not in Opposition to them; for that is making Philosophy a Faction, and instead of reforming them driving them from us, and when they find it unreasonable to imitate us in all Things, they will follow us in none; we must live according to Nature, and enjoy its Gifts in common with other People. Wifdom preaches Temperance, not Mortification; and a Man may be a good Husband without being a Sloven. Philosophy obliges us to Humanity, Society, and the ordinary Use of external

nal Benefits; it is not an Amusement for an idle Hour, but a Study for forming the Mind and the Guidance of human Life; and a wife Man should first set a Value upon himself, or he cannot be valuable to others. Our good Deeds are recompensed as well as our evil; he that is charitable, makes others fo by his Example, and finds a Return of that Charity when he stands in Need of it himself; and he that is cruel, seldom finds Mercy. It is an hard Matter for a Man to be both popular and virtuous, for he must be like the People that would oblige them; and the Kindness of dishonest Men is not to be acquired by honest Means. He lives by Reason, not by Custom; he fhuns the very Conversation of the intemperate and ambitious; he knows the Danger of great Examples of Wickedness, and how public Errors impose upon the World, under the Authority of Precedents.

We are beset with Dangers, and therefore a wise Man should have his Virtues in continual Readiness to encounter them. He still maintains his Post; whereas a Fool is surprized at every Thing, and either makes no Resistance at all, or does it by Halves; he looks upon Philosophy as not worth his Time, and if he can gain the Reputation of a good Man amongst the common seople, he takes no farther Care, but thinks he has done his Duty.

#### EPIST. IX.

The Blessings of a vigorous Mind in a decay'd Body, with some suitable Reslections of SENECA upon his own Age.

WHEN I call Claranus my School-fellow, I need not fay any more of his Age, having told you, that he and I were Cotemporaries; you would not imagine how vigorous his Mind is, and the perpetual Conflict it has with his Body, they were naturally ill match'd, unless it be to shew that a generous Spirit may be lodg'd under any Shape; he has furmounted all Difficulties, and from a Contempt of himself, is advanced to the Contempt of all Things else; if Nature could have brought the Soul into the World, perhaps she would have done it; but she does greater in exalting that Soul, above all Impediments of the Flesh. It is a great Happiness to preserve the Force of Mind in the Decay of the Body, and to see the Loss of Appetite more than requited with the Love of Virtue; but it is a Question whether I owe this Comfort to my Age or to my Wisdom, and would I not, if I could still pursue the Vanities of Youth? There is this Pleasure in Age, if no other, that it neither cares for nor stands in Need of any Thing, and that I have left all my painful troublefome Lusts behind me; the less my Mind has to do with my Body the better, and if Age puts an End to my Defires, and does the Bufiness of Virtue, there can be no Cause of Complaint, nor any gentler End than to melt away in a Kind of Diffo-Where Fire is opposed and meets Matter

# Epist. ix. Of a vigorous Mind, &c. 351

to work upon it is furious and rages, but where it finds no Fuel as in old Age it goes out quietly for Want of Nourishment. The Body is not the fettled Habitation of the Mind, but a temporary Lodging which we must quit whenever we are called upon; neither does the Soul when it has left the Body, at all concern itself what becomes of the Carcale; yet every Man is loth to part with it as poor People love their own beggarly Cottages. We are all fond of it and I would indulge this Fondness, provided I did not make myself a Slave to it, for he that ferves it has many Mafters; befides being in continual Diforder with one Distemper or other; yet this frail and putrid Carcafe of ours values itself as it were immortal; we put no Bounds to our Hopes, our Avarice, and Ambition. The same Man that is Vatinius To-day, shall be Cato To-morrow, this Hour as luxurious as Apicius and the next as temperate as Tubero; imperious, now; then, fervile; prodigal and thrifty by Turns; but still the Good or Ill of the Body concern that only without any Effect upon a well composed Mind.

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I was the other Day at my Country House, and complaining of my Charge in Repairs; my Bailiff told me "It was none of his Fault; for the "House was old and he had much ado to keep "it from falling upon his Head." Well! thought I, and "What must I myself be then, that saw "the first Stone laid?" In the Gardens I found the Trees as much out of Order, the Boughs knotted and wither'd, and their Bodies over-run with Moss. "This would not have been, said "I, if you had trench'd them and water'd them, as you should have done." "Indeed Master, "fays the poor Fellow, I have done what I could, "but alas! they are all Dotards and spent. What

" am I then, that planted all these Trees with my own Hands?" Yet upon Reflection, I find that Age itself is not without its Pleasures, if we did but know how to use them, and that the best Morfel is referved for the last, or at worst it is an Equivalent to the Enjoyment of Pleasures not to fland in Need of any; Nature may use her Bodies as she pleases, but a good Man has this Confolation, that Nothing perishes which he can call his own.

# EPIST. X.

Custom is a great Matter either in Good or Ill; we should check our Passions betimes; we are moved by a Kind of facred Instinct.

USTOM makes the hardest Things easy to us; there are some that never laugh'd, others have wholly abstained from Wine, and Women, and almost from Sleep; much Use of a Coach makes us lose the Benefit of our Legs; so that we must be infirm to be in the Fashion, and at last lose the very Faculty of walking by disusing it. Some are fo plung'd in Pleasures, that they cannot live without them; and their Infelicity feems then to be incurable, when Senfuality has laid hold of the Judgment, and Wickedness is become a Habit, they then both hate and perfecute Virtue, and that's the last Act of Desperation. It is much easier to check our Passions in the Beginning, than to stop them in their Career; but the Stoics will allow a wife Man to have no Paffions at all; the Periand W. manifeling absented his end want I wan paterio

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patetics temper them, but that Mediocrity is false and unprofitable, and it is all one as if they had faid we may be a little mad, or a little fick; if we give any Allowance to Sorrow, Fear, Defires, or Perturbations; it will not be in our Power to restrain them, they are fed from Abroad, and will encrease with their Causes; and if we yield never fo little to them, the least Diforder works upon the whole Body. It is not my Purpose all this while wholly to take away any Thing, that is either necessary, beneficial, or delightful to human Life, but that which may be vicious in it; fo that I permit you the same Things, and those very Pleafures will have a better Relish too when they are enjoy'd without Anxiety; and when you come to commend those Appetites which before you served, 'tis natural you'll fay, to weep for a Friend, to be moved at a good or ill Report, and to be fad in Adverfity; all this I'll grant you, and there is no Vice but fomething may be faid for it; at first it is tractable and modest, but if we give it Entrance we shall hardly get it out again; as it goes on it gathers Strength, and quickly becomes ungovernable. It must be owned that all Affections flow from a Kind of natural Principle; Nature has mingled Pleafures even with Things most necellary, not that we should value them for their own Sakes, but to make them more acceptable to us; for if we esteem the Pleasure for itself, it turns to Luxury.

There are some natural Motions which we cannot overcome, nor can all the Refolution in the World mafter them; fome redden when they are angry, Sylla was one of those, and when the Blood flush'd in his Face, you might be sure he had Malice in his Heart. Pompey on the other Hand, that hardly ever spoke in public without a Blush had a

wonderful

wonderful Sweetness of Nature, and it became him very much. The Comedians will represent Fear, Sadness, Anger, and the like; but when they come to a bashful Modesty, though they'll give you humble Looks, Softness of Speech, and down-cast Eyes, yet they can never express a Blush, for it is a Thing neither to be commanded nor hinder'd, but comes and goes of its own Accord. The Course of Nature is smooth and easy, but when we come to cross it, we strive against the Stream. There is a Kind of facred Instinct that moves us, and we are not fo ignorant as we are careless. Whence comes it that the Beafts in grazing diftinguish falutary Plants from deadly? A Chicken is afraid of a Kite, and not of a Goofe, or a Peacock, which is much bigger, a Bird of a Cat, and not of a Dog. This is Impulse and not Experiment; the Cells of Bees and Webs of Spiders are not to be imitated by Art, but Nature teaches them. We come into the World with this Knowledge, and we have it by a natural Institution, we brought the Seeds of Wisdom with us, but not Wisdom itself. There is the Goodness of God, and that of Man; the one is immortal, the other mortal; Nature perfects the one, and Study the other.

#### EPIST. XI.

We are divided in ourselves and confound Good and Evil.

WHY should we wender at our being disatisfied with the World, when we can't agree with ourselves? and that's the Root of our Misery, only

only we are willing to charge our own Vices upon the Malignity of Fortune, we are never alone, but in perpetual Conflict and Controversy with our Lusts; we are startled at all Accidents, boggle at our own Shadows, and frighten one another. Lucretius says, that we are as much assaid in the Light, as Children are in the Dark; but I say we are altogether in Darkness, without any Light at all; and we run on blindfold, without so much as groping our Way; and this Rashness in the Dark is the worst Sort of Madness." He that is in his Way may be in Hopes of coming to his Journey's

End, but Error is endless.

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We must not live by Chance, for there can be no Virtue without Deliberation and Election, and where we cannot be certain, let us follow that which is most probable. Faith, Justice, Piety, and Prudence, are venerable, and the Possessions only of good Men; but a plentiful Estate, a strong Arm, and a firm Body, are many Times the Portion of the Wicked; and it is a Weakness for a Man to value himself upon any Thing wherein he may be outdone by Fools and Beafts. We are to confider Health, Strength, Beauty, and the Advantages of that Kind, only as adventitious Comforts, and may preferve them with Care, provided we are always ready to quit them without Trouble. There is a Pleasure in Wickedness as well as Virtue, and there are some that glory in it too; wherefore our. Forefathers prescribed us the best Life, and not the most plentiful; and allowed us Pleasure for a Companion, not for a Guide.

We are continually fluctuating from one Thing to another, and all for Want of laying down some certain Principles, to make the Judgment inflexible and steady; when we do any Evil it is either for Fear of a greater Evil, or in Hopes of such a

Good

Good as may more than ballance that Evil; fo that we are distracted between the Hope of finishing our Purpose, and the Fear of Danger and Mischief; this Infirmity must be discharged. In the Pursuit of Pleasures we should take Notice, that there are not only sensual, but sad Pleasures also; all true Goods hold an Affinity and Friendship one with another, and are equal; but false ones have in them much Vanity, they are large and specious to the Eye, but upon Examination they want Weight. Now though all Virtues are alike, they may yet be distinguished into Virtues of Patience and Delight; but common Accidents should give us neither Joy nor Fear, for Reason is immoveable, and does not ferve, but command our Senfes. What is Pleafure, but a low and brutish Thing? Glory is vain and volatile, and Superffition a frantic Error, that fears where it should love, and rudely invades where it should reverentially worship. Let our Vices die before us, and let us discharge ourselves of our dear-bought Pleafures that hurt us, as well past as to come, for they are followed with Repentance like our Sins; there is neither Substance nor Truth in them, for a Man can never be weary of Truth, but there is Satiety in Error. By the Help of Philosophy the Soul quits the Body, and refreshes itself in Heaven; Pleasure is short-liv'd, but the Delights of Virtue are secure and perpetual, but we must watch and labour for it; nor is it properly a Virtue to be little better than the worst, nor is he a good Man that only thinks ill of the bad; for wicked Men do the same, and perhaps one of the greatest Punishments of Sin may be the Displeasure it gives the Author. Yet our greatest Excesses are in private, which if any Body had look'd on, we should never have committed; wherefore let us bear in our whe wil rify us ( pio

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our Minds the Idea of some great Person, for whom we have an awful Respect, and his Authority will not only make us mend our Manners, and purify our very Thoughts, but in good Time render us exemplary and venerable to ourselves: If a Scipio or a Lælius were but in our Eye, we should not dare to transgress.

#### EPIST. XII.

We are moved at the Novelty of Things, for Wamt of understanding the Reason of them.

Atural Philosophy is comprized under three Heads, the Heavens, the Air, and the Earth. We may treat of the Magnitude and Nature of the Stars under the First; of Rain, Snow, or Thunder, under the Second; or of Soils, Minerals, Metals, Plants, or Groves, under the Third; but these are Considerations foreign to our Purpose in the Nature of them, though they may be proper and pertinent in the Application. is not any Man fo brutal or grovelling upon the Earth, but his Soul is raised to higher Matters upon the Appearance of any new Lights in the Heavens. There is Nothing more glorions than the Sun or Stars in their Courfes, yet fo long as Nature proceeds in her ordinary Ways there's no Body takes Notice of them. There are many Things which we know to be, yet we know not why or what they are. Is it not the Mind that moves and ref rains us? But what that ruling Power is, we no more understand than where it is. 'One will have it to be a Spirit, another a divine Power, some only a subtle Air, others

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an incorporeal Being, and fome again will have it only Heat and Blood; thus is the Mind fo far from a perfect Understanding in other Things, that it is still in Search of itself: It is not long fince we came to find out the Nature of Eclipses, and farther Experience will bring more Things to Light, which are yet in the Dark. But one Age is not fufficient for fo many Discoveries, it must be the Work of Posterity; and the Time will come, when we shall wonder that Mankind should be so long ignorant of Things that lay fo open, and fo eafy to be known. The exact Truth of Things is only known to God, yet it is lawful for us to enquire and conjecture, though not with too much Confidence, nor altogether without Hope. first Place, however, let us learn Things necessary, and if we have any Time to spare, we may apply it to Superfluities.

The deadly and the hourly Danger that threatens human Life, is from one Man to another; other Calamities commonly give us Warning; the Smoak gives us Notice of a Fire, and the Clouds bid us prepare for a Storm; but human Malice has no Prognostic, and the nearer it is, the fairer it looks; there is no trufting to the Countenance, we have the Shapes of Men, but the Hearts of Beafts; nay we are worse than Beafts, for they have no Reason, and what they do is through Fear and Hunger; but we having Reason, pervert it into Mischief. From the Dangers we are in from Men, we may confider our Duty to them, and take Care that we neither do nor fuffer Wrong. The Things that most provoke one Man to hurt another, are Hope, Envy, Hatred, Fear, and Contempt; but Contempt is the flightest, and some seek it only for Security. He that is contemned shall be trod upon, but then his Enemy passes over him as not EPIST.

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#### EPIST. XIII.

Every Man makes his own Fortune. Of Justice and Injustice.

THE short Question between you and me is, "Whether a Man had better part wirh himfelf, or fomething elfe that belongs to him?" And this is eafily refolved. In all Competitions between the Goods of Sense and Fortune, and those of Honour and Conscience there is no substantial Satisfaction in what we covet, they are all but specious Outfides; nor is there any Thing fo hard in the Word Calamity, as the Vulgar imagine. What have I to complain of, if I can turn that into a Happiness which others count a Misery? Our Condition is good enough if we make the best of it, and our Felicity is in our own Power. It is not with the common Accidents of Life, as with Fire and Sword; that cut and burn all alike, but Misfortunes work more or lefs, according to the Weakness or Resolution of the Patient; and he that grieves for the Loss of casual Comforts, shall never want Occasion for Sorrow. Where Laws are neglected Corruption must be inevitably introduced, for the Authority of Virtue is shaken; and what are Laws, but only Precepts mingled with Threats, with this Difference, that the former deter us from Wickedness, and the latter advise us to Virtue? A Preamble derogates from the Honour of a Law, which ought to be fhort and clear, and to command without fuffering any Expostulation. Let me be only told my Duty, and I am not to dispute but obey. Justice is a natural Principle; I must live thus with my Fellow-Citizen, thus with my Companion,

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panion, and why? Because it is just not for Defign or Reward, for it is Virtue itself, and nothing else, that pleases us; there is no Law extant, for keeping the Secrets of a Friend, or not breaking Faith with an Enemy; yet to betray our Trust is a just Cause of Complaint. If I owe Money to a wicked Man, I'll make no Scruple of pouring it into the I ap of a common Proflitute, if she be appointed to receive it; for my Business is to return the Money, not to order him how to dispose of it; I must pay it alike to a good Man or a bad.

#### EPIST. XIV.

Of Trust in Freindship, Prayer, or Bodily Exercise.

THERE are many Things which in their own Nature may feem to be Privacies, and which Custom has ever reputed so, in which Cases there is Room enough for the Offices of Friend. thip, in the mutual Communication of our most fecret Cares and Counfels, yet we are fo to govern ourselves that even an Enemy shall not turn our Actions to Reproach. There is a certain Softness of Nature and Spirit that steals upon a Man, and like Wine, or Love, draws every Thing from him. No Man will tell or recal all that he hears, but if he tells the Thing he will hardly conceal the Author; fo that it passes from one to another, and that which was at first a Secret, presently becomes a Rumour; for this and many other Reasons, we should fet a Watch upon our Lips, and attend the more useful and necessary Work of Contemplation. And

### Epist. xiv. Of Friendly Trust, &c. 361

And Nothing helps this Contemplation more than often addressing ourselves to the Almighty. The first Petition we are to make him is for a good Conscience; the second, for Health of Mind, and then of Body. There are some Things which we directly wish for, as Joy, Peace, and the like; some that we pray for only in Case of Necessity; as Patience in Pain, or Sickness, &c. Others that concern our external Behaviour, as Modesty of Countenance, Decency of Motion, and such a Demea-

nour as may become a prudent Man.

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But we should likewise observe that the Mind is to be now-and-then unbent, a Glass of Wine, a Journey, or a pleasant Walk relieves it; but there's a wide Difference between a Remission and a Dissolution; without Exercise, a Dulness of Spirits invades us, and it is remarkable that Men of brawny Arms and round Shoulders have commonly weak Souls; some Exercises are short and gentle, and set the Body to rights presently, but whatever we do let us return quickly to the Mind, for that must not lie idle; not that I would have you perpetually poring upon a Book neither, but allow yourselves feasonable Respites; a Couch or a Walk does your Body good without interrupting your Study, for you may discourse, dictate, read, and hear at the fame Time. As to the public Exercises though they are laudable and healthful in themselves, yet the Masters of them are for the most Part of leud Example; they divide their Lives between the Tavern and the Bagnio, and a fwinging Debauch is a good Day's Work with them: But how are we apt to fet Bounds to others, and none to ourfelves, and to observe their Warts when our whole Bodies are covered with Ulcers. There might be fome Hope of our Amendment if we would but confess our faults, as a Man must be awake that tells his R Dream, Dream, but we are loath to be at the Pains of attending our own Business. We lead the Life in the World that some lazy People do in a Market, who stand gaping about them without either buying or selling.

### EPIST. XV.

Of Flattery, and wherein a Man is allowed to commend himself.

EMETRIUS used to say, that Knavery was the ready Way to Riches, and that the casting off Virtue was the first Step to thrive in the World. Study but the Art of Flattery, and you do your Business without running any Risques at Sea, or any Hazards of Commerce, Husbandry or Suits of Law; there is not one Man in a Million that is Proof against an artificial Flatterer, but something or other will hit if he gives him the hearing; we like him though we oppose him, besides that, a Man commonly lies most open where he is attack'd; how shamefully are great Men fawn'd upon by their Slaves and inured to fulfome Praifes, when the only Business of those who call themselves their Friends, is to try who can most dextrously deceive his Master; for want of knowing their own Strength they believe themselves as great as their Paralites represent them, and venture upon Broils and Wars to their irreparable Destruction; they break Alliances and transport themselves into Pasfions, which for Want of better Counsels hurry them on to Blood and Confusion, they pursue every wild Imagination as a Certainty, 'till they come at last to see the Ruin of themselves and their

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their Possessions, and too late understand that their Misfortunes and Flatteries were of the same Date. There is an artful crafty Flattery that looks like plain Dealing, but all Flatteries are Words of Courfe, and he that receives them will give them; and let it be never fo shameless, a Man takes all to himself. though his Conscience gives him the Lie. Cruelty shall be called Mercy; Extortion and Oppresfion, Liberaliey. And what Hopes are there of a Man's changing for the better, who thinks himfelf the best already? The Stroke of an Arrow convinced Alexander that he was not the Son of Jupiter, but a mortal Man; and thus upon the Experiment of human Frailty should every Man fay to himself; am I not sad sometimes, and tortur'd between Hopes and Fears? And do I not hanker after vain Pleasures?

Let every Man live whilft he may, and make the best of the present, and not govern himself at a Rate as if he were to keep a Diary for his Father. What Madness is it for a Man to starve himfelf to enrich his Heir, and to turn a Friend into an Enemy! for his Joy will be proportion'd to what you leave him. The Words of Flatterers and Parasites seldom die in the hearing, and when they have gained Admittance, they grow more and more upon you; and shortly they'll tell you, that Virtue, Philosophy, and Justice are but empty Sounds. Never trouble yourselves with these Cenfors of other Men's Lives, and Enemies of their own: These are the People that draw us from our Parents, our Country, our Friends, and other neceffary Duties.

I would neither be deceived myself nor deceive others; but if a Man cannot live without it, let him commend himself, and say thus. "I have ap-"plied myself to liberal Studies, tho my Poverty

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and Reason might rather have put me upon making my Fortune; I have given Proof that " all Minds are capable of Goodness, and have " illustrated the Obscurity of my Family by the Eminence of my Virtue. I have preferved my Faith in all Extremities, and have ventur'd my " Life for it; I never spoke one Word against my " Conscience, and have been more sollicitous for my Friend than myself; I never made a base " Submission to any Man, nor everdid any Thing " unworthy a resolute and honest Man; my " Mind is raifed fo much above Danger, that I " have mafter'd all Hazards; and I bless the Providence that has thus proved my Virtue. I 66 flood my Ground without laying violent Hands 44 upon myfelf to escape the Rage of the power-46 ful; though under Caligula; I faw Cruelties to " fuch a Degree, that to be killed outright was accounted a Mercy. My Mind was never cor-" rupted with Gifts, and when Avarice reign'd " o'er all, I never laid my Hand on unlawful "Gain; I have been temperate in my Diet, modest in Discourse, courtecus and affable to my "Inferiors, and have always paid a Respect and « Reverence to my Superiors." After all, what I have faid, is either true or falfe; if true, I have commended myself before a great Witness, my own Conscience; if false, I am ridiculous without any Witness at all. Let every Man retire into himself, for all are wicked; not only one, or a few, but there is a general Conspiracy in Evil; we should therefore fly the World, withdraw into ourselves, and in some Sort avoid even ourselves too.

### EPIST. XVI.

only rare, but entirely lost. 3

A general Dissolution of Manners, with a Censure on corrupt Magistrates.

THE Corruption of the present Times is the general Complaint of all Ages, it ever has been fo, and ever will, not confidering that the Wickedness of the World is always the same, as to the Degree of it, though it may change Places perhaps, and vary a little in the Matter; one while Whoring is in Fashion, another while Gluttony; then Luxury in Apparel, or a Vien of Drinking; this Prostitution of Manners makes Way for Sedition and Cruelty. The Plague of Delaters or Informers under Tiberius, were worse than the civil War. In those Times the Words of Men in their Cups, the most innocent Railleries, and Freedom of Conversation, were made capital; then it was dangerous to be honest, and Vice alone was profitable.

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The worst is, that in other Cases the People are ashamed of their Errors, but in those of Life they take Delight, and so become incurable; the Pilot takes no Pleasure in running on a Rock, nor the Physician in the Death of his Patient, nor the Advocate in the Loss of his Client's Cause; but the Criminal rejoices in his Uncleanness, his Ambition, and his Thest, and never troubles himself for the Fault, but the Miscarriage; he makes Insamy the Reward of Lewdness, and values himself upon the Excellence of Ill-doing. The Question now is, who shall be most impious? Our Appetites every Day grow worse and worse, and Sobriety

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briety and Conscience are become foolish and scandalous Things, infomuch that Innocence is not only rare, but entirely loft. All the Bonds of human Society are cancelled, Adultery is the ready Way to Wedlock, and Marriage to a fingle Life again, for parting is one Condition of it, they divorce to marry, and marry to be divorced; what Shame can there be in Incontinence, when Modesty is become a Reproach, and when it is the Mode for every Wife to provide a Gallant or two besides her Husband? It is an idle Thing to think of ever converting those People, that find both Advantage and Reputation in their Wickednef.

Who could have imagined that Clodius would have got off by Bribery, for debauching the Wife of Cafar, and profaning the facred Rites? But the Judges were corrupted not only with Money, but the Bodies of young Men and Women, fo that his Absolution was fouler than his Crime; the Bribe was Adultery as well as the Offence, and he had no Way to escape but to make his Judges like himself; nay the Practice was so gross, that the Bench defired a Guard of the Senate to keep them from the People, a Lust that spared not the Altar, and perverted Justice upon the very Judgment-Seat.

The Corruptions of our Times are moderate, compared with those when the Delinquent pleaded not guilty to the Bench, and the Bench confess'd itself guilty to the Delinquent, and when one Adultery was excused by another. Unmerciful Oppressions, and mercenary Magistrates, are the common Grievances of a licentious Government: The Baths and the Theatres are crowded, when the Temples and the Schools are empty; for Men mind their Pleafures more than their Manners.

### Epist. xvii. Virtue is the only Nobility. 367

All Vices gain upon us by a Promise of Reward, Avarice promises Money, Luxury sensual Satisfaction, Ambition Preferment and Power; and a Man had better have one great Vice, than a Spice of several Sorts of Vices in him; that is, he is free from none, but they do not all appear, and he is more prone to one than another. But we are not to ask the Stoics if Achilles be a Coward, Aristides unjust, Fabius rash, Mucius a Traitor, or Camillus a Deserter.

### EPIST. XVII.

All Men are equal in their Original, Virtue is the only Nobility, and there is a Tenderness due to Servants.

TE are always murmuring at Nature and Fortune, as if their Unkindness made us inconsiderable, when it is only our own Weakness; for it is Vi:tue, not Pedigree, that renders a Man either valua le or happy. Philosophy does not reject or choose any Man for his Quality. Socrates was no Patrician, Gleanthes but an Under-Gardener, neither did Plate dignify Philosophy by his Birth, but his Goodness. All these worthy Mon are our Progenitors, if we do ourselves the Honour to become their Disciples; our Original is the same, and it is only a good Conscience makes a Man noble, for that is derived from Heaven itself. It is the Saying of a great Man, that if we could trace our Descents, we should find all Slaves to come from Princes, and all Princes from Slaves; but Fortune in a long Series of Revolutions has clang'd every Thing. It is certain that our Ancestors were R 4 fome

fome of them splendid, some fordid, but we have lost the Memorials of our Extraction, nor does it fignify whence we came, but whither we go. The Glory of our Predecessors is no more to our Honour, than our Wickedness is to their Shame; we are all composed of the fame Elements, and why should we value ourselves upon Nobility of Blood, when if we could but recover our Evidence, we are all equal; but when we can carry it no higher, the Herald provides us some Hero to supply the Place of an illustrious Original, and there's the Rife of Arms and Families. It is beneath the Dignity of a wife Man to spend his Life in Pursuit of a Title, which ferves only when he dies to furnish out a

a fulsome Epitaph.

I am very much pleafed to hear that you behave yourself in an humane tender Manner towards your Servants. It is the Part of a wife and good Man to deal with his Inferior as he would have his Superior deal with him, for Servants are not only Men, but humble Friends, and Fortune has no more Power over them than their Masters. It is worthy Observation, that the most imperious Masters over their own Servants, are at the same Time the most abject Slaves to the Servants of other Masters. I would not diftinguish a Servant by his Office but his Manners; Why should not a brave Action rather dignify his Condition, than the Condition of a Servant lessen a brave Action? In the Civil Wars between Pompey and Cafar, the Question was not who should be Slaves or free, but who should be Master. Ambition is the same Thing in Private that it is in Public, and the Duties are effectually the same between the Master of a Kingdom, and the Master of a Family. As I would treat some Servants kindly because they are worthy, and others to make them fo, fo on the other Side, I would

Epist. xviii. Of Life and Death, &c. 369

I would have a Servant reverence his Master, and rather love him than fear him; for the Body of a Servant may be bought and fold, but his Mind is free.

# EPIST. XVIII.

We are juster to one another than to Providence: Of Life and Death, Good and Evil.

WITHOUT Dispute the Loss of a Friend is one of the greatest Trials of human Frailty, but I wonder to see a Person so just and temperate in all his Business and Dealings with Men, should so much forget himself upon this Head; yet you may plead in Excuse of your Error, the Failings of the whole World; for those who are most scrupulously conscientious towards Men, are

vet unthankful and injurious to Providence.

What an Happiness it is to distinguish Good from Evil; but instead of raising our Thoughts to the Contemplations of divine Matters, we are digging the Earth, and flaving for Avarice, yet neglecting the good Things which Nature fo frankly offers us. In a Word, between those Things which are fought and coveted, wet complained of, and those Things which we have loft, and cannot live without, our Misfortunes are purely voluntary, and we are Slaves rather by Choice than Necessity. No Man can be happy but he that is free and fearlefs, and none can be so but he that by Philosophy has got the better of Fortune; we should keep at a Distance therefore, and withdraw into the Knowledge of Nature and ourselves. We know the R 5 Caufes Causes of Day and Night, of Light and Darkness, but it is at a Distance; let us direct our Thoughts then to that Place where we shall see nearer at Hand: Neither is it this Hope that makes a wife Man resolute at the Point of Death, because Death is the Road to Heaven , for the Soul of a wife Manis there before-hand, and if there were Nothing after Death to be expected or feared, he would leave this World with as great a Mind as though he was to pass into a State of Annihilation. Fate is doing our Work whilft we fleep. Death fleals upon us infensibly, and the more so, because it passes under the Name of Life: We take it to be before us, but it is behind us, and has already swallowed up what is past; therefore make Use of the present, and trust nothing to the Morrow, for Delay is just so much Time lost; we catch hold of Hopes of longer Life, as drowning Men do of Thorns and Straws, that either bunt us or deceive us. You will ask perhaps what I do myfelf, that preach at this Rate? Why like fome ill Husbands, that spend their Estates and yet keep their Accompts, I run out, but I can tell which Way it goes; and I have the Fate of ill Husbands too another Way, for every Body pities me, and no Body helps me.

Life itself is neither Good nor Evil, only a Place for Good and Evil; it is a Kind of Tragi-Comedy, and let it be well acted, no Matter whether it be long or short. He that is wife will compute the Conditions of Humanity, and contract the Subject of both his Joys and his Fears, and it is Time well spent, so to abate one as to diminish the other; and by this Method he will understand how fhort, uncertain, and fafe, many of those Things are which we fear. When I fee a fplendid House, or a glittering Train, I look upon it as I do upon Courts, which are only the Schools of Avarice and Ambition; and they are at best but a Pomp, which is more a Shew than a Poffession; befides that great Goods are feldom long-lived, and the fairest Felicity is of the shortest Growth.

#### EPIST. XIX.

### Of Fortitude.

Portitude is properly a Contempt of all Hazards, according to Reason, though it is commonly used also for a Contempt of all Hazards. even against Reason; but this is rather a daring brutal Fierceness, than an honourable Courage. A brave Man fears nothing more than the Weakness of being affected with popular Glory; his Eyes are not dazzled either with Gold or Steel, and he tramples indifferently upon the Glories and Terrors of Fortune, looking upon himself as a Citizen and Soldier of the World, and in Despight of all Accidents and Oppositions, maintains his Station; he not only fuffers, but courts the most perilous Occasions to shew his Virtue, and is more ambitious of being reputed good than happy: Mucius lost his Hand with more Honour than he could have preserved it, for with the very Stump of it he overcame two Kings, Tarquin and Porsenna. Rutilia followed Cotta into Exile, she staid and returned with him, and foon after loft him, without fo much as fhedding a Tear; a great Instance of her Courage in his Banishment, and of her Prudence in his Death. When Phaeton begg'd of Phabus the Government of the Chariot of the Sun for one Day, the Poet makes him fo far from being

being discouraged, by his Father's telling him of the Danger of his Undertaking, and that he himfelf had much ado to keep his Seat, that it proved an Excitement to his Importunity: " That's the "Thing, fays Phaeton, that I would be at, to " frand firm in that Difficulty where Phæbus him-" felf trembles." Security is the Caution of narrow Minds, but Difficulties try virtuous Men as the Fire tries Gold. Yet there is a vast Difference in the very same Action, done by a brave Person and another; as the Death of Cate was honourable, and that of Brutns shameful. The Stoics, and other Philosophers, may justly be compared to Men and Women, and the Difference between them is exactly the fame; they are both necessary for Society, only one is born for Government, and the other for Subjection. Other Sects deal with their Disciples as flattering Physicians do with their Patients, they flatter and humour them; but the Stoics go a bolder Way to Work, and confider rather their Profit than their Pleasure.

#### EPIST. XX.

It is never too late to pursue Wisdom; a private Life is best.

I T is as hard a Matter to give good Counsel as to take, and none but experienced Persons should attempt it; though whoever does, designs to confer a Benefit. Some People scorn to be taught, others are ashamed of it, and imagine it makes them look like over-grown School-Boys; but it is never too late to be instructed in necessary

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Knowledge, nor any Shame to learn fo long as we are ignorant, that is, fo long as we live. When any Thing is amiss in our Bodies or Estates, we have presently Recourse to the Physician or Lawyer for Help; and why not to the Philosopher in the Disorders of the Mind? No Man lives but he that applies to Wisdom, and there is a great Difference between a Life of Leisure and of Laziness. When People would express their Envy of a Man in an happy Condition, they'll fay, he lives at his Ease, when indeed the Man is dead alive. There is a long Life and a long Death, the former when we enjoy the Benefits of a right Mind, and and the other when the Senses are extinguished. and the Body dead before-hand: He that makes me Master of my own Time, places me in a State of Freedom, and lays the greatest Obligations upon me; as a Merchant that has a confiderable Fortune aboard, is more fensible of the Blessing of a fair Wind, and a fafe Paffage, than he that has only Ballast, or some coarse Commodity in the Vesfel, fo that Man who employs his Privacy in divine Contemplations, is more fensible of the Comfort of that Freedom, than he that bends his Meditation an ill Way. A Man's Self is commonly the worst Company he can keep; if he be good, quiet, and temperate, he is as well alone as in Company, but if otherwise, let him converse with others, and avoid himself; he that has made himfelf good Company, can never be too much alone. But this however is certain, he that cannot fecure himself in Privacy, will be much more exposed in Public: What the World calls Felicity, is greedy itself, and exposed to the Greediness of others. Prosperity, like a fair Gale upon a strong Current, carries a Man prefently out of Sight of Peace and Quiet, and if it be not temper'd and regulated.

regulated, it is so far from easing us, that it proves an Oppression to us; a busy and a fortunate Man in the World, calls many Men his Friends that are at most but his Guests, and if People slock to him, it is as they do to a Fountain, which they both exhaust and trouble.

### EPIST. XXI.

A found Body and a quiet Mind are the two great Blessings of Life; the Extravagance of the Roman Luxury, and the Simplicity of former Times.

E PICURUS makes the two Bleffings of Life to be a quiet Mind in a found Body, which is only a compendious Reduction of human Felicity, to a State of Health and Virtue. Those Things which the common People gape after are transitory and vain, whereas Happiness is permanent, nor is it to be estimated by Number, Measure, or Parts, for it is full and perfect.

Some place their Happiness in Wealth, some in the Liberty of the Body, and others in the Pleasures of Sense and Palate; but what are Metals, Tastes, Sounds, or Colours, to the Mind of a reasonable Creature? What Happiness can there be in Luxury, when a Man divides his Life between the Kitchen and the Stews, an anxious Conscience and a nauseous Stomach? Caligula, who was born to shew the World what Mischief might be done by the Concurrence of great Wickedness and a great Fortune, spent near Ten Thousand Pounds Sterling upon one Supper; the Works and Inventions,

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tions of it were prodigious, not only in counter-

feiting Nature, but furpaffing it.

The Romans had their Brooks even in their Parlours, and found their Dinners under their Tables: the Mullet was reckoned stale, unless it died in the Hands of the Guest, then they had Glasses to put them into, the better to observe the Changes and Motions of them, in the last Agony between Life and Death; so that they fed their Eyes before their Bodies. "Look how it reddens, fays one, " there's no Vermilion like it; take Notice of those Veins, and that fame grey Brightness upon the Head of it; and now he's at the last Gasp; " fee how pale he turns, and all of a Colour." These People would not have given themselves half this Trouble with a dying Friend, and would leave a Father or a Brother at his last Hour, to entertain themselves with the barbarous Spectacle of an expiring Fish. And what enhances the Esteem of every Thing is the Price of it, infomuch that Water itself, which cught to be gratuitous, is exposed to Sale in their Confervatories of Ice and Snow; nay we are disturbed because we cannot buy Breath and Light, and have the Air itself gratis. Good Gods! how eafy is it to quench a found and honest Thirst? But when the Palate is grown callous we can tafte nothing, and that which we take for Thirst is only the Rage of a Fever. Hippocrates delivered it as an Aphorism, that Women are never bald or gouty but in one particular Case; Women have not altered their Nature since, but they have changed the Course of their Lives; for by taking the Liberties of Men, they partake as well of their Difeafes as their Wickedness; they fit up as much, drink as much, and their Appetites are fo very masculine, that they have lost the Advantages of their Sex by their Vices. Our

Our Ancestors when they were free lived in their Caves or Arbours, but Slavery came in with Gildings and Marble. In the first Age Nature was both a Law and a Guide; the largest and the strongest Bull leads the Herd, so does the goodliest Elephant, and amongst Men too, in the bleffed Times of Innocence, the best were uppermost. No Man in those Days had either a Mind to do an Injury, or a Cause for it; he that commanded well was obeyed, and the worst Menace Governors could then make to the Disobedient, was to forfake them; but with Corruption of Times Tyranny crept in, and the World began to have Need of Laws; those Laws were made by wife Men too, as Solon and Lycurgus, who learned their Trade in the School of Pythagoras.

# EPIST. XXII.

Man is continually at War within himself, the Difference between a Life of Virtue and a Life of Pleasure.

THERE is nothing can be more disproportioned than the Mixture of Man, that is, Soul and Body; there is Intemperance joined with Divinity, Folly with Severity, Sloth with Activity, and Uncleanness with Purity. Our Passions are nothing else but certain disallowable Motions of the Mind, sudden and eager, which, by a Frequency and Neglect, turn to a Disease, as a slight Cold brings us first to a Cough, and then to a Pthysic: Whilst we are governed by our Affections, and not by Virtue, we are carried up unto the Heavens, and down into the Deep alternately: Passion

### Epist. xxii. Of a virtuous Life, &c. 377

and Reason are at a Civil War within us, and as one or the other has Dominion, we are either good or bad; fo that it should be our Care that the worst. Mixture may not prevail. Every Man knows his own Disease, and should provide against it: Anger, Love, Sadness, Fear, may be read in the Countenance, and so likewise may the Virtues. tude makes the Eye vigorous, Prudence makes it intent, Reverence shews itself in Modesty, Joy in Serenity, and Openness in Truth and Simplicity. It may admit of a Question, whether a virtuous Man goes to Heaven, or Heaven descends to him, for a good Man is influenced by God himself, and has a Kind of Divinity within him. Suppose one good Man lives in Pleafure and Plenty, and another in Want and Mifery, it is no Virtue to contemn Superfluities, but Necessities, and they are both of them equally good, though under feveral Circum-Stances and in different Stations.

You will find Virtue in the Temple, in the Field, or upon the Walls, covered with Dust and Blood, in Desence of the Public. Pleasure you shall find sneaking in the Stews and Bagnios, powdered and painted; not that Pleasures are wholly to be disclaimed, but to be used with Moderation, and made subservient to Virtue. Good Manners are always delightful to us, but Wickedness is restless, and perpetually changing, not for the Better, but

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### EPIST. XXIII.

We abuse the Blessings of God, and turn them into Mischief; Meditations upon Earthquakes, and Consolations against them.

THERE is no one Benefit in Nature but may be perverted to an Injury: Without the Use of the Winds what should we do for Commerce? Besides that, they keep the Air sweet and healthy, and bring feafonable Rains upon the Earth. It was never the Intent of Providence that they should be employed for War and Devastation, yet that's the greatest Use we make of them, purfuing one Hazard through another; we expose ourselves to Tempests, and to Death, without so much as Hopes of a Sepulchre; and what's the Fruit of all this Labour and Terror? only War; to burn and ravage, as if Earth were not large enough for the scene of our Destruction. Why do we press upon our Danger, and provoke our Fates? What do we look for? Only Death, which is to be found every where. But to pass from these Hazards, which we may avoid, to those which we cannot, as in the Case of Earthquakes.

In what Condition can any Man be fafe, when the World itself is shaken? Where shall we fly for Security, if wheresoever we are, the Danger is still under our Feet. Upon the cracking of an House every Man runs, and leaves all to fave himself; but what Retreat is

there.

### Epist. xxiii. Of Earthquakes, &c. 379

there, when that which should support, fails us? When the Foundation, not only of Cities, but even the World itself, opens and totters? What Help, or what Comfort, where Fear itself can never carry us off? A Wall may keep an Enemy at a Distance, a Castle put a Stop to an Army, a Port may protect us from the Fury of a Tempest, Fire does not follow him that runs from it; a Vault may defend us against Thunder, and we may quit the Place in a Pestilence: There is no Evil of fuch an Extent, fo inevitable, and fo publickly calamitous, as an Earthquake; for it does not only devour Houses, Families, or fingle Towns, but ruins whole Countries and Nations, either overturning or fwallowing them up, without fo much as leaving any Footstep, or Mark of what they were. Some People have a greater Horror for this Death than any other: " To be taken away, they cry, out of the Number of the living," as if all Mortals, by what Means foever, were not to come to the fame End.

Nor will it make us any fecurer to avoid the Places that are infested with Earthquakes, for none can be warranted against them. If the Earth be not yet moved, it is moveable, for the whole Body of it lies under the same Law, and is exposed to Danger; only this Part falls now, and then that. Tyre was formerly subject to Earthquakes: In Asia twelve Cities were swallowed up in a Night; Achaia and Macedonia have had their Turns, and now Campania. The Fate goes round, and strikes at last where it has a great while pass'd by; for no Place is totally free and exempt. Nothing can promise to itself a lasting Quiet, and the Certainty of our Fate is no small Comfort to us; for it is a Folly to fear where there is no Remedy. Wife Men fortify themselves by Reason, and Fools by Despair:

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Despair: That Saying which was apply'd to a conquered Party under Fire and Sword, might have been spoken to all Mankind; That Man is in Some Sense out of Danger that is out of Hope. That Man has too high an Opinion of himself, who is only afraid of Thunder and Earthquakes; if he were conscious of his own Infirmities, he might as much fear being choaked with Phlegm. are we, that Heaven and Earth should be convulsed to procure our Dissolution, when the ripping of an Ag-Nail is fufficient to dispatch us? Why should we dread Inundations, or Tempests at Sea, when a Glass of Wine is enough to choak us? There is nothing fo little, but it is of Force enough to bring us to our last End; and so far should we be from dreading an eminent Fate more than a vulgar, that on the contrary, fince we must die, we should rather rejoice in breathing our last under a more glorious Circumstance; for is it not all one, whether I am laid under the Earth, or the Earth itself lays over me. " But it is a terrible Thing for the Earth to gape and fwallow up a " Man into a profound Abyss." Why so? Is Death any easier above Ground? What Cause have I to complain, if Nature will do me the Honour to cover me with a great Part of herfelf? Since we must fall, there is a Dignity in the Manner of it, when the World itself is shock'd for Company. Not that I would wish for a publick Calamity, but it is some Satisfaction, that in my Death I see the World also is mortal.

He that contemns Death fears neither Fire, Water, nor the entire Dissolution of the Universe; should the Earth open under him, and fhew all the Secrets of the Infernal Pit, he would look down upon it undifinay'd. In the Place where we are all of us to go, there are no Earthquakes

quakes or Thunder-claps, no tempestuous Seas, no War nor Pestilence; Why should I dread my own End, when I know that an End I must have, and that all created Things are limited?

## EPIST. XXIV.

Of God's Providence in the Misfortunes of good Men.

YOU are troubled at your Servant's running away from you, but I do not hear that you are either robb'd, poison'd, betray'd, or accused by him; fo that you have escaped well in Comparison with some others. Why then should you complain under the Protection of fo gracious a Providence as fuffers no Man to be miserable but by his own Fault? Advertity indeed is terrible in Sound and Opinion, and that's all. As in the Discharge of a Piece only with Powder, 'tis not the Stroke, but the Crack that affrights the Birds. If it might be imagined, that the Almighty should take off his Thought from the Care of his whole Work, what more glorious Spectacle could he reflect upon, than a valiant Man struggling with adverse Fortune. Prosperity shews a Man but one Part of human Nature, no Body knows what fuch an one is good for, neither does he understand it himself for Want of Experiment.

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fome Colours at once dipping, but others must be fteep'd over and over, before they will imbibe them; and fo for Disciplines they must lie long, before they take the Tincture. No Man can receive an Injury and not be moved at it, yet he'll be fo far unmov'd at it, that he will only make Use of it for the Trial of his Virtue, keeping himself still moderate, placid, chearful, quiet, and fixed in his Station.

# EPIST. XXV.

# Of Fate.

THE Book you promised me, I have just received, and I thought to have laid it by, to read at my Leisure; but when I had once got in, I could not lay it down again, 'till I had read it thro'. At present, I shall only tell you, that I am exceedingly pleafed with the Choice of the Subject, you shall hear further from me, after a second

Reading.

Happy is the Man that fets himfelf right at first, and continnes fo to the End. There are many Madmen that are confined in Bethlem; we find fome at the Bar, some upon the Bench, and not a few in the Senate itself. "But all these you'll " fay, are govern'd by Fortune; and what figni-" fies Philosophy, if there be Fate, and we are " determined by an over-ruling Power? For Certainties are unchangeable, and there's no pro-" viding against Uncertainties. If what I shall do " and refolve, be already destined, what Use can we make of Philosophy?" Great Use, notwithflanding this; for Philosophy instructs and advifes

vifes us to obey God, and to follow him willingly, to oppose Fortune resolutely, and to bear all Accidents.

Fate is an irrevocable, and invincible Decree, a Necessity of all Things and Actions, according to eternal Appointment; it moves like a River in an irresistable Flow, where one Wave pushes on another; and he knows little of God, that imagines it may be controul'd. There is no changing the Purpose even of a wise Man, for he sees before-hand what will be best for the suture. How much more unchangeable then is the Almighty, to whom all Futurity is always present?

"If Fate is inexorable, to what End then is it to offer Prayers and Sacrifices, any farther than to relieve the Scruples and Weaknesses of

" fickly Minds."

My Answer is, first, that the Gods take no Delight in the Sacrifices of Beasts, or in the Images of Gold and Silver, but in a pious or obedient Will; and, secondly, that by Prayers and Intercessions, Dangers and Afflictions may be sometimes removed, sometimes lessen'd, and at other Times deferr'd, and all this without Offence to the Power, or Necessity of Fate. There are some Things which Providence has lest so far in Suspence, that they seem to be in a Manner conditional, in such Sort, that even appearing Evils, may upon our Prayers and Supplications be turned into Good, which is so far from being against Fate, that it is a Part of Fate itself.

You will fay, "Either this should come to pass or not, if the former, it will be the same Thing

" if we do not pray; and if the other, it will be

" the fame Thing if we do."

This Proposition is false, for want of the middle Exception, between one and the other. This will be, fay I, that is, if any Prayers interpose in the Case; but then they object on the other Side. that this very Thing also is necessary, for it is likewise determined by Fate, whether we shall pray or not. Suppose I grant this: It is decreed, that a Man shall be eloquent, but upon Condition that he apply himself to Letters; by the same Fate is it also decreed, that he shall so apply himself and shall learn? Such a Man shall be rich, if he betake himself to Navigation; but does the same Fate appoint also that he shall fail? These Arguments are made use of to prove, that there is Nothing left to our Will, but that we are all over-ruled by Fatalities; but it is certain, that notwithstanding the Order of Fate, Judgments may be averted by Prayers and Supplications, without any Repugnance to Fate, for they are Part even of the Law of Fate itself.

You will say, "What am I the better for the "Priest or Prophet, for whether he bids the Sa-"crifice or no, I lie under the Necessity of doing it?" Yes, in this I am the better for it, as he is the Minister of Fate: We may as well say, it is a Matter of Fate that we are in Health, and yet we are indebted for it to the Physician, because the Benefit of that Fate is convey'd to us by his

Hand.

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### EPIST. XXVI.

All Things are produced out of Cause and Matter.

I HAD but one Half of Yesterday to myself, my Distemper took up the Morning, and being something better in the Asternoon, I tried how far I could endure Reading, and when I sound I could bear that, I sell to Writing; but some of my Friends coming in, persuaded me from it; so that from Writing we pass'd into Discourse, and made you

the Judge of the Question.

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The Stoics will have all Things to be produced out of Cause and Matter; the Matter is dull and passive, susceptible of any Thing, but not capable of acting itself; and the Cause is the Power that forms the Matter. Something there must be of which every Thing is made, and then there must be a Workman to form every Thing: All Art is but Nature imitated, and the World in general holds this good in every Particular. As for Example, the Matter of a Statute is the Wood, the Marble, or the Brass; the Statuary shapes it, and is the Cause of it. Aristotle affigns four Causes to every Thing; the Material, without which it cannot be; the Efficient, as the Workman; the Formal, as that which is stamp'd upon all Operations; and the Final, which is the Design of the whole. Now to explain this, the first Cause of the Statue is, the Copper; the second, is the Artificer; for if he had not understood his Art it had never succeded; the third Cause is the Form, for it could never properly have been the Statue of such or such a Person

### V. paskvi. Of. Langeral & Hier, Sec. 3885

Person, if such a Resemblance had not been put upon it; the sourth Cause is the End of making it without which it never had been made; as Money, if it were made for Sale; Glory, if the Workman made it for his Credit; or Religion, if he design d to make a Present of it to a Temple. Plate adds a sifth, which he calls the Idea, or the Exemplar by which the Workmen draws the Copy; and he shakes God to be full of these Figures, which he represents to be inexhaustible, unchange-

able, and immortal.

Now give us your Opinion upon the whole; it seems to me, that there are either too many Causes assigned, or too sew, and they might have introduced Time or Place, as well as the rest; therefore clear the Matter in Question, or plainly tell us you cannot. And so let us return to those Cases wherein all Mankind is agreed, the Resorming of our Lives, and Regulation of our Manners; for those Sophisms are but Time lost; let us search ourselves in the first Place, and afterwards the World, for true Wildom braves all Dissiculties; Temples may be prophaned and demolished, but the Deity will still remain untouch d.

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Some Traditions of the Antients concerning Thunder and Lightning.

Prognostications of Futurity, and thus in some Measure laid open the Decrees of Fate, only some we take Notice of, and others omit. There is Nothing in the Course of Nature, but what is preceded

## Ep. xxvii. Of Thunder and Lightning 387

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There are several Opinions as to the Signification of Thunder; the Stoics hold, that because the Cloud is broke, therefore the Blast is made, or vulgarly the Bolt is shot. Others conjecture, that the Cloud is broke for that very Purpose, referring all in such Sort to God; as if the Signification did not arise from the Thing done, but as if the Thing itself were done for the Signification's Sake; but whether that goes before or follows, it is all one.

Of Lightnings they fancy three Sorts symonitory, menacing, and promiting; the first they attribute to Jupiter, which he casts of his own Accord; the fecond they make an Act of Council, as being done by the Advice of awelve Gods. This they fay, does fometimes Good and fometimes Mischief, as the Destruction of one Man may prove the Caution of another. And the third is the Refult of a Council of the superior Deities. from whence proceed great Mischiess both public and private. What an Absurdity is this to fancy the Almighty would waste his Displeasure upon Pillars, Trees, and even Temples, yet let the Sacrilegious go free; and that for this too he should confult the Gods, as if he wanted either Skill or Justice to govern his own Affairs by himself. Where is the Wisdom of all this? Why our Fore-fathers found it necessary to keep People in Awe, by the Apprehension of a superior Power, and to fright them into good Behaviour, by the Fear of avenging

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Juffice over their Heads. But how comes it that the Lightning which is from Jupiter himself, should be faid to be fo harmless, and that which he casts upon Counfel and Advice to be fo dangerous? The Moral is this, that Kings after Jupiter's Example, should do all Good by themselves, and when Severity is necessary, permit that to be done by others. 1 Neither did they believe that Jupiter to be the Thunderer, whose Image was worthipped in the Capital; but intended it of the Maker and Governor of the Universe, by what Name soever you will call him. Now my humble Opinion is, that Jupiter does not immediately dart the Lightning himself, but leaves Nature to her ordinary Method of Operation, fo that what he does not immediately by himself, he yet causes to be done; for whatfoever Nature does, God does. There may fomething be gather'd out of all Things, that - a Man may be the better for; and he does a greater Thing that mafters the Fear of Thunder, than he that discovers the Reason of it. The they five done to net times Good and former

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